ERRATA IN VOLUME II.

Page 136, line 27, *for* 'handed' *read* 'handled.'
" 250, " 25, *for* 'south-west' *read* 'north-west.'
" 258, " 28, *for* 'gentlemen' *read* 'gentlewomen.
" 361, " 4, *dele* 'that.'
" 415, " 14, *for* 'when' *read* 'where.'
" 418, " 22, *for* 'Ionaleara' *read* 'Isnaleara.'

WORKS

THE LATE

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SELECT SPECIMENS

OF THE

THEATRE OF THE HINDUS

TRANSLATED FROM

THE ORIGINAL SANSKRIT.

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M.A., F.R.S.,

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ETC. ETC.

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CONTAINING SHORT ACCOUNTS OF DIFFERENT DRAMAS.

MÁLATÍ AND MÁDHAVA;

OR,

THE STOLEN MARRIAGE.

A Drama,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRIT.

VOL. II.

INTRODUCTION.

MÁLATÍ and MÁDHAVA; or, The Loves of the Youth MÁDHAVA and the Maiden MÁLATÍ, has been already introduced to the knowledge of European readers, as an outline of the plot and a translation of part of the fifth Act were published by Mr. Colebrooke in his Essay on Sanskŕit and Prákŕit Prosody.* The specimens then given were calculated to convey a favourable impression of the merits of the drama, which the perusal of the entire piece will probably confirm.

The story of *Málatí and Mádhava* is one of pure invention, and the piece belongs to the class of compositions termed *Prakaraña*. It is referred to as an example of the class by all the works on *Rhetoric*, the oldest of which it consequently precedes. The history of the drama, however, or more correctly of its author, is attended with more certainty than most of the topics of the literary history of the Hindus.

By the introductions to *Málatí and Mádhava*, and the other dramas of the same writer, the *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra* and the *Víra-Charitra*, we are made fully acquainted with his origin and family. It appears from these accounts that BHAVABHÚTI, also named S'RÍKAŃT́HA, or he in whose throat eloquence resides, was the son of a native of the South of India, a Brahman of Berar or Beder, and a member of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the sage KAS'YAPA, of whom it is said that some are still to be found in the vicinity of Condavir. The site of BHAVABHÚTI'S birth-place is fully cor-

* "Asiatic Researches," vol. x. p. 51.

roborated by the peculiar talent he displays in describing nature *in her magnificence, a talent very unusual in* Hindu bards, who delight to portray her minuter beauties, and one which he no doubt derived from his early familiarity with the eternal mountains and forests of Gondwana.

It appears, however, that the place of BHAVABHÚTI'S nativity was not the scene of his literary triumphs, and that these were attained under the patronage of the princes of Hindustan. The precision with which he delineates the topographical features of Ujjayiní and its vicinity, leaves little doubt of his having spent some time at that city, for accuracy in this respect could have been obtained at any time in India only by actual observation. The *Bhoja-Prabandha*, indeed, includes BHAVABHÚTI amongst the writers at the Court of BHOJA at Dhár, but, as intimated elsewhere,* this work can only be received as an authority for the priority of the writers described in it to the date of its own composition; the grouping, whether as regards place or time, being altogether fanciful. A preferable authority, the text of the *Daśa-Rúpaka*, refers BHAVABHÚTI to some period anterior to MUNJA, the predecessor of BHOJA, by its alluding clearly to *Málatí and Mádhava*, and from it therefore we gather that the play was composed before the eleventh century. How long anterior to that date we have also evidence to substantiate, and from the History of Cashmir we learn that BHAVABHÚTI flourished in the eighth century, being patronised by YAŚOVARMAN, the sovereign of Kanoj, who reigned about A.D. 720.

The date thus given to the compositions of BHAVABHÚTI is quite in harmony with their internal evidence. The manners are purely Hindu without any foreign admixture. The appearance of women of rank in public, and their exemption from any personal restraint in their own habitations, are very incompatible with the presence of Mohammedan rulers. The licensed existence of *Bauddha* ascetics, their access to the great, and their employment as teachers of science, are other peculiarities

* "Sanskrit Dictionary," Preface.

characteristic of an early date, whilst the worship of S'IVA in his terrific forms, and the prevalence of the practices of the *Yoga*, are indications of a similar tendency. The *Linga* worship of S'IVA, we know, was everywhere the predominant form of the Hindu faith when the Mohammedans first invaded India. With respect to the *Yogins*, by whom mystical rites were mostly cultivated, it may be observed that there are many reasons for giving them a remote date: the excavations at Elephanta and Ellora appear to be their work; the sect is now almost extinct in Hindustan; and the *Kásí-Khańďa*, a work probably of seven or eight centuries remote, states that the *Yoga* cannot be practised in the present age. Mysticism, in fact, gave way first to the philosophy of S'ANKARA ÁCHÁRYA in the seventh or eighth century, and was finally expelled by the new doctrine of *Bhakti*, or faith, which was introduced by RÁMÁNUJA and the *Vaishńavas* in the eleventh century, and has since continued to be the ruling dogma of every sect of Hindus.

The style of *Málatí and Mádhava* may also be referred to the period at which we may conclude that it was written. It is free from the verbal quibbling and extravagance of combination which the compositions of the time of BHOJA offer, but it comes very near to them: although classical, it is highly laboured; although forcible, it is diffuse, and is not unfrequently obscure. It abounds in the most complicated prosody, and is cited by Mr. Colebrooke for a specimen of the measure called *dańďaka*, or a verse of fifty-four syllables, and a stanza consequently containing two hundred and sixteen. The author is also fond of an unreasonable display of learning, and occasionally substitutes the phraseology of logic or metaphysics for the language of poetry and nature. At the same time, the beauties predominate over the defects, and the language of the drama is in general of extraordinary beauty and power. The blemishes of the composition have materially affected the translation; and while it is very probable that the obscurity of some passages has led to an inexact interpretation of their import, the prosaic prolixity of others has involved the necessity of considerable compression

and occasional omissions. The latter, when of any importance, will be particularised as they occur.

Málatí and Mádhava divides with *Śakuntalá* the honour of being still occasionally, although not very commonly, read by the Pandits; copies of it, therefore, are not very scarce. That used for the present translation was transcribed from Mr. Colebrooke's, as being singularly free from errors. It had the advantage also of being illustrated by two excellent commentaries. The most copious of these is the work of JAGADDHARA, the son of RATNADHARA, described as a learned teacher, the prince of Pandits and poets, and administrator of law; the other is by a royal hand, the *Rájádhirája* MALANKA. We have no further particulars of these commentators, except that the first is known to have been a *Maithila* Brahman, and not very ancient.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



MEN.

Mádhava.—The son of *Devaráta*, studying at *Padmávatí*, in love with *Málatí*.

Makaranda.—His friend, in love with *Madayantiká*.

Kalahamsa.—*Mádhava's* servant.

Aghoraghanta.—Priest of *Chámundá*, a terrific goddess.

A Messenger.

WOMEN.

Málatí.—The daughter of the Minister of State *Bhúrivasu*, in love with *Mádhava*.

Madayantiká.—The sister of *Nandana* and friend of *Málatí*, in love with *Makaranda*.

Kámandakí.—Priestess of *Buddha*, nurse of *Málatí*, and Preceptress of *Mádhava*.

Kapála-Kundalá.—Priestess of *Chámundá*.

Saudáminí.—Disciple of *Kámandakí*, and possessor of magical powers.

Lavangiká.—Foster-sister of *Málatí*.

Mandáriká.—Attendant on *Kámandakí*, beloved by *Kalahamsa*.

Buddharakshitá, *Avalokitá*—Disciples of *Kámandakí*.

Female Attendants.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

The Sovereign of *Padmávati.*

Nandana.—His favourite, the brother of *Madayantiká.*

Bhúrivasu.—His minister, the father of *Málati.*

Devaráta.—The father of *Mádhava,* and minister at *Kuńdinapura.*

SCENE.—*Ujjayiní* (*Ougein*), designated most usually as *Padmávati,* and its vicinity (*See* page 95, note †).

TIME.—A few days.

PRELUDE.

BENEDICTION.

MAY the trepidations of *Vináyaka's** countenance, attended by the cry of terror, long preserve you! those trepidations which at the dance of *Śúlapáńi*† proceeded from the entrance into his nostrils of the Lord of serpents with contracted hood, frightened at the cry of *Kumára's*‡ peacocks, upon hearing the sound of the tabor struck by the delighted *Nandi*,§ and whence the regions were filled with the buzzing of bees flying away from his temples.

May the tresses interwoven with a circular garland of serpents for flowers, where the waters of the *Mandákiní*‖ are flowing over the lower chaplet of skulls worn in the crest, luminous with the light of the eye of the forehead, sparking like lightning, and of which the young moon is confounded with the point of the *ketaka* flower, preserve thee! ¶

* *Gańeśa.*

† *Śiva*, or the god who holds a trident in his hand.

‡ *Kárttikeya*, the son of *Śiva* and *Párvatí*, the deity of war, represented as riding on a peacock.

§ *Nandi* is an attendant upon *Śiva.*

‖ The Ganges of heaven, supposed to trickle through the tresses of *Śiva.*

¶ The perusal of the preceding dramas will have partly prepared the reader to understand this benediction; but it involves a number of Hindu commonplaces, and may require explanation to be rendered intelligible.

Śiva, for the amusement of *Párvatí* his bride, originated a particular dance, to the musical accompaniment of the tabor, struck by his attendant *Nandi*. His sons were present: *Kárttikeya* mounted on his peacock, and *Gańeśa* with the head and trunk of an elephant. *Śiva* is embellished with

Enter MANAGER.

Enough! what need of prolixity. (*Looking to the East.*) Ha! the celestial luminary, enlightening all the divisions of the world, is completely risen. I salute him.* (*Bowing.*) Oh thou, the universal form, who art the vessel of all auspicious light, be propitious to me, and enable me to support the burthen of the drama: remove from me, Lord of the world, thus prostrate, every sin, and augment all that is favourable to success. (*Looking off the stage.*) Ho! *Márisha!*† the auspicious preparations are complete; from all quarters persons of distinction have come to celebrate the festival of *Kálapriyanátha*,‡ and I have been

a collar of the hooded snake twining round his neck and surmounting his head. The peacock is supposed to be particularly delighted by the approach of the rainy season, and the bird of *Kárttikeya*, mistaking the deep sound of the drum for the rolling of thunder indicative of a storm, screams with delight. The peacock is considered the natural enemy of snakes, and the snake of *Śiva*, alarmed at the approach of his mortal foe, deserts his place on the neck of the deity, and makes for the first hiding-place he can find. This happens to be the tip of *Gaṅeśa's* elephant trunk; his entrance into which disturbs the bees that are supposed to settle on the temples of an elephant. This is the purport of the first verse.

In the second, the author refers to the mode in which the hair is delineated in the figures of *Śiva*, and as it is worn by the ascetics who profess his worship. It is allowed to grow long, and is then divided into three or four tresses, which are braided together and coiled upon the anterior part of the crown of the head, the apex of the coil projecting forwards a little on the right side. *Śiva* also wears round his head a braid of snakes and a chaplet of skulls, and he has a half moon on his forehead; in the centre of his forehead is his third eye, whose glances are of flame, and over his head flows the Ganges.

In these allusions the author refers to the popular personification of *Śiva*, untinged with any references to his mystical worship.

* We may infer from this that the Hindu dramas were represented early in the morning.

† One term by which an actor is to be addressed.

‡ Who this deity is, is not known to the Pandits of the present day. *Maļanka* takes no notice of the name; *Jagaddhara* is content to say it is that of a sort of divinity worshipped in that country. It is probably the appellation of a *Śiva-Linga*. In the *Varáha-Puráṅa*, *Kálapriya*, is said to be

commanded by these wise and learned auditors to represent to them some new dramatic tale. How now! are the actors lazy?

Enter ACTOR.

Actor. We are not informed, sir, of the kind of piece required by the audience.

Man. Say, *Márisha*, what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned, and the Brahmans require in a drama?

Actor. Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character, delicate expression of desire, a surprising story, and elegant language.

Man. Then I recollect one.

Actor. What is it, sir?

Man. There is in the South, and in the province of *Vidarbha*,* a city named *Padmanagara*, where dwelt certain Brahmans of the family of *Kaśyapa*, and followers of the *Tittiri* portion of the *Vedas* according to the teacher *Charańa;* taking precedence at festivals, maintaining the five fires, observers of religious obligations, drinkers of the *Soma* juice, possessing names of note, and learned in the *Vedas*.† These Brahmans

a form of the sun worshipped to the south of the *Yamuná*, and *Kálapriya-Nátha*, his lord or god, implies a *Linga*, the construction of which is attributed to the sun. The more usual word in these compounds is *Íśwara*, as *Someśwara*, *Rámeśwara*, *Viśweśwara*, &c.; but *Nátha* is the term more especially employed by a particular sect, that of the *Yogins* or *Páśupatas*, the oldest sect probably now existing amongst the Hindus, and with whose tenets and practices *Bhavabhúti* appears to have been thoroughly acquainted.

* *Vidarbha* is always identified with Berar, but the limits of the province in that case included the adjoining district of Beder, in which the name of *Vidarbha* or *Bidarbha* is traceable. Local traditions also assert, that the ancient capital, still called Beder, is the same as *Vidarbha*. We do not find a *Padmańagara* in the maps: it is said to be called also *Padmávati*.

† The various allusions contained in this short description require explanation. *Kaśyapa* was a sage, the son of *Maríchi*, the son of *Brahmá*, and

constantly reverenced the study of holy writ, for the knowledge of truth; wealth, for the celebration of religious

one of the *Prajápatis* or progenitors of created things. His share in creation was no unimportant one, as he was the father of the gods and demons, beasts, birds, reptiles, and man. He is supposed by some modern writers to be a personification of the remains of the antediluvian race, who took refuge in the central Asiatic chain, in which traces of his name so plentifully abound, as in the *Koh-kas* or Caucasus, the Caspian, and Cashmir. It is asserted that the thirteen *Gotras* or families of Brahmans owe their origin to as many divine sages called after their names. *Kaśyapa* is one of the number. The *Áśwaláyana-Sútra* of the *Ŕig-Veda* contains the enumeration of the *Gotras* and their sub-divisions, but in a very involved and unintelligible style. The popular enumeration of them, however, is not uncommon; but it is nearly, if not wholly, confined to the South of India, where several of the reputed representatives of these tribes yet exist; especially about *Gooty* and *Condavir*. *Nandavaram*, it is said, was a grant made to the thirteen *Gotras* by the sovereign of India, *Nanda*, in the year of *Kali*, 980; but if there is any foundation for the grant, it is of much more recent date, *Nanda* having lived in the fourth century before the Christian era. The *Vedas*, as explained by different teachers, branch out into innumerable schools, to which different tribes of Brahmans in the south of India are hereditarily attached: in Upper India every classification of the kind has long been forgotten. A very principal division of the *Vedas* is that named in the text—the *Taittiríya* or black portion of the *Yajus*. It derives its name from *tittiri*, a partridge, in which shape, according to the *Vishńu-Puráńa*, the sage *Vaiśampáyana*, the first teacher of the *Yajus*, swallowed the fragments of this work, which he had compelled his disciple *Yájnavalkya*, who had offended him, to disgorge. This portion of the *Veda* was thence named *Taittiríya*. The legend seems to have been invented by the *Paurańik* writers to disguise their ignorance of the real purport of the designation. *Charańa* is supposed by one commentator to be either a branch of the *Vedas* or some particular teacher, and by the other to imply a verse or foot, meaning that they were familiar with the metres of the *Vedas*.—We are already familiar with the three fires a Brahman should maintain (*Vikrama* and *Urvaśi*, Introduction, vol. i. p. 190); the other two, as mentioned in a *Súkta* of the *Ŕig-Veda*, and the *Ápastamba-Sútra*, are the *Sabhya* and *Avasathya*, the precise purport of which names is not known to the Pandits, nor explained in the *Bháshya*. The literal sense would be the fire of the assembly and the fire of the village, as if a sacrificial fire was sometimes maintained in common. Religious obligations are certain fasts and penances, as the *Chándráyańa*, &c. The *Soma* juice is the juice of the acid Asclepias, drinking which is an essential part of the ceremonial of the *Vedas*. The term rendered, taking precedence at festivals, is *Pankti-Pávana*, a purifier of the row, or range, or assembly; that is, *Jagaddhara* says, in the place where there is food, or, in other words, they were *Agrabhojinaḱ*, the first served at a feast. He also

rites; wives, for the propagation of offspring; and life, for the practice of devotion.

Of this family, the grandson of one whose well-selected name was *Bhatta-Gopála*, and the son of the pure in fame *Nílakantha*, whose auspicious appellation was *Bhavabhúti*, surnamed *Śríkantha*, and whose mother was *Játúkarní*, a poet familiar through friendship with actors, has given us a drama composed by him, replete with all qualities. To which indeed this sentence is applicable: "How little do they know who speak of us with censure! This entertainment is not for them. Possibly some one exists, or will exist, of similar tastes with myself; for time is boundless, and the world is wide."

Again, what avails it to boast a knowledge of the *Yoga*,* of the *Sánkhya*,† of the *Upanishads*,‡ or of the *Vedas?* no benefit accrues from them in a dramatic composition. Fertility of imagination, melody of expression, and richness of meaning, are the indications of learning and of genius. Such a drama

quotes a text, without mentioning his authority, to show that the term implies a Brahman who has read the *Yajur-*, *Sáma-*, and *Atharva-Vedas*, and the word is similarly explained by *Manu*, iii. 184.

"Those priests must be considered as the purifiers of a company who are most learned in all the *Vedas*, and all their *Angas*, together with their descendants, who have read the scriptures." The *Vedas* are well known; they consist of an infinite number of distinct tracts, classed under four heads, as the *Ŕig-*, *Yajur-*, *Sáma-*, and *Atharva-Vedas*. They comprehend a practical and philosophical portion. The ritual of the former is little known or practised.

* One of the schools of philosophy, teaching the eternity of matter and spirit as well as of God, and the obtaining of final liberation from life by ascetic practices.

† Another system of philosophy, teaching the eternity of matter and spirit, independent of God, founded by *Kapila*.

‡ The *Upanishads* are treatises on the unity of God and the identity of spirit, forming part of the *Vedas*. Some of the shortest have been translated into English by Rammohun Roy, Dr. Carey, and Sir W. Jones. They were rendered also into Persian by order of Dara Shekoh, the son of Shah Jehan, and were thence rendered into Latin by Anquetil du Perron, a summary of whose work in the French has been published by Mons. Lanjuinais.

has been entrusted to us by the friendly and venerable *Bhavabhúti*, entitled Málatí and Mádhava, one written by himself. Let all the actors, prepared to represent this with their best abilities in the presence of the divine *Kálapriyanátha*, appear before me in the parts I have assigned them.

Actor. (*After a pause.*) Your orders shall be obeyed; but it is necessary to exhibit it with becoming decorations, and first, our chief actor in the costume of Kámandakí, an old female *Saugata** beggar, is to appear, together with Avalokitá, one of her disciples, for whose character I am cast.

Man. Very well; what more?

Actor. Then the semblance of Mádhava, the hero of the fiction, and lover of Málatí, is to be assumed; how is this to be effected?

Man. That is described after Makaranda and Kalahaṁsa enter.

Actor. We are ready then to exhibit our performance in the presence of the assembly.

Man. Very well; I take the character of Kámandakí.

Actor. I am Avalokitá.

[*Exeunt.*

* A worshipper of *Sugata*, a form of *Buddha.*

END OF THE PRELUDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—KÁMANDAKÍ'S HOUSE.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ *and* AVALOKITÁ.

Kám. Daughter, Avalokitá.

Ava. Mistress, your commands?

Kám. I have a task in hand: connubial rites
Must join the amiable progeny
Of Bhúrivasu and of Devaráta,
Long cherished friends: fair Málatí the maid,
And Mádhava the youth. Auspicious signs
Forerun a happy fate, and even now
My throbbing eye-ball tells* propitious destiny
Shall crown my schemes.

Ava. In truth an anxious care
This business proves; and much it moves my wonder,
How it should happen, one in rank and power
High raised, as Bhúrivasu, should require,
To wed his child, the services of one
Arrayed in tattered weeds, whose humble food
Is the scant dole of charity, and whose thoughts
Disdain the obstacles that worldly troubles
Oppose to sanctity and final bliss.

Kám. Thou errest, daughter. That the minister
Appoints me to such duty, is the fruit
Of his regard and confidence, and with prayers

* We have already had occasion to notice this superstition. The left side is the lucky side in a woman, the right in a man. The purport of these palpitations seems to have been similarly understood by the Greeks.

And penances, and life, I am prepared
All that my friend ordains me to fulfil.
Recall you not, when from far-distant realms
Assembling students crowded to our school
To gather science? Then, before my friend,
Saudáminí and me, it was convened
By these two statesmen—at that time associate
In amity and study—that their children,
When ripe in years, in love should be united.
Hence Devaráta, *Vidarbha's* king,
The pious councillor, sends from the capital,
Kuńdinapur,* to study in our schools,+
His son the blooming Mádhava, a youth
Of more than common merit, to acquit
The troth erst plighted, thus by him recalled
To the remembrance of his ancient friend.

Ava. But why this mystery? Why should not wed
The youth and maiden as their state becomes them?
And why to you their stolen loves entrusted?

Kám. The favourite of the sovereign, Nandana,
Sues him for Málatí. The king demands
The maiden of her father. To evade
His anger if the suit should be rejected,
Is this ingenious device adopted.

Ava. Yet why thus strange to Mádhava? his name
Seems even to the minister unknown.
Small proof of his regard.

Kám. A mere pretext. He knows youth indiscreet,
And fears to trust the lovers with his counsels.
Let the world deem their union was the work
Of mutual passion only; so the king

* *Kuńdinapur* is placed by tradition, as well as similarity of name, in the modern district of Condavir.

+ Literally, he comes to study logic; a very appropriate study, the commentator *Jagaddhara* observes, for one who requires sufficient craft to effect a stolen match.

And Nandana are foiled, nor we to blame.
A wise man veils his projects from the world;
Silent effects his schemes; whilst all his acts
Bespeak indifference, and his cheerful manners
Show to suspicion's eye a heart at ease.

Ava. I comprehend your plans—'tis for this cause,
That by your orders I so often Mádhava
Have sent on various pleas along the road
By Bhúrivasu's palace.

Kám. True; and as I learn,
The princess from her casement has beheld
The youth—he graceful as the god of love,
Herself love's blooming bride—nor seen in vain.
Her waning form too faithfully betrays
The lurking care she now first learns to suffer.

Ava. To soothe that care, then, has her skill portrayed
The lineaments of Mádhava, to-day
Left by her foster-sister with Mandáriká.*

Kám. In sooth not ill devised. Lavangiká
Knows that the youth's attendant, Kalahaṁsa,
Doth love Mandáriká, and shrewdly deems
That from her hands he will obtain the portrait
To show his master.

Ava. I have borne my part;
And to the garden of love's god directed
The steps of Mádhava at early dawn.
It is the festival of Madana. The princess
And damsel train will to his groves proceed,
And thus the youthful pair to-day will meet.

Kám. Thanks, daughter, for your kindly zeal to aid
The object of my wishes. But now inform me,
If you have tidings of Saudáminí,
Mine ancient pupil?

* The servant of the convent; or, as Kámandakí terms her, *Viháro-Dásí*.

Ava. I learn that upon mount *Śrí-Parvata* *
She now resides, where, won by desp'rate penance,
Power more than earthly waits upon her will.
Kám. Whence is this information?
Ava. The formidable deity *Chámuńdá*
Is worshipped near the city cemetery.
Kám. She whom her miscreant votaries aver
Delights in living sacrifice?
Ava. The same.
From one of these, Kapála-Kuńd'alá,
I learnt the news, as I encountered her
By chance at eve. She is the pupil
Of a skull-bearing seer, Aghoraghańṫa,
A wandering mendicant, but dwelling now
Amidst the neighbouring forest. He has late
Come from *Śrí-Parvata.*
Kám. 'Tis like Saudáminí.
Ava. Of her enough.
More pleasing themes attend, for Makaranda,
The early friend of Mádhava, adores
The lady Madayantiká, the sister
Of the king's favourite, and to secure
His happiness will yield to Mádhava
Scarce less delight than to ensure his own.
Kám. It has not been forgotten. Buddharakshitá
Attends that charge.
Ava. This, mistress, was well done.
Kám. Come, daughter, let us forth, and having learnt

* *Śrí-Parvata* means the same as *Śrí-Śaila,* the mountain of *Śrí* or *Lakshmí,* a place of sanctity in the Dekhin, near the Kŕishńa river. It still retains its sanctity, but has lost the splendour it formerly seems to have possessed by the extensive remains of sculptures on the mountain, and the great labour and cost bestowed on the causeways by which it is approached. It is described by Col. Mackenzie in the 6th vol. of the *Asiatic Researches,* and was more recently visited by the late Dr. Voysey. The penance referred to is called in the text the *Kápálika-vrata,* worship of the terrific forms of *Śiva* and *Durgá.*

How Mádhava has fared, repair to Málatí.
I know her spirit lofty: we must proceed
With prudence if we would obtain success
May mighty *Brahmá*, whose consummate skill
With sympathising merit has endowed
The graceful pair, perfect his high design.
May our devices prosper: may the youth
Obtain his wishes, and his love be crowned
With the fair maid's affection: as the lotus
Buds in full beauty to the tender light
The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A GARDEN.

Enter KALAHAṀSA (*with a picture*).

I wonder where my master is to be found: he may well think his person equal to that of love himself, since it has made an impression upon the heart of Málatí. I feel rather weary, and shall take the liberty of reposing myself in this grove till I see my master and his friend. [*Retires.*

Enter MAKARANDA.

I learn from Avalokitá, my friend
Is in the grove of Madana, and thither
I go to seek him. Ha! he comes this way:
Yet something sure disturbs him, for his step
Has not its wonted nimbleness, his eyes
Are fixed on vacancy, his whole attire
Is disarrayed, and heaves his frequent sigh.
Has love been busy here, whose potent will,

* This is a very matter-of-fact scene; but it is precisely according to rule, and does not very badly prepare for the appearance of the persons alluded to, the entrance of some of whom is considerably delayed. No character is to be introduced that has not previously been announced. This is a canon of the Hindu dramatic code, and was formerly one of our own laws. Massinger is remarkable for his precision in this respect; Beaumont and Fletcher are not unobservant of the rule.

By every lovely attribute administered,
Pervades the world, and on the form of youth,
Works sad and wondrous change?

Enter MÁDHAVA.

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange, my vagrant thoughts
No more return to me. Deserting shame,
Or self-respect, or fortitude, or judgment,
They dwell perverse upon one fond idea—
The lovely image of the moon-faced maid.
Wonder alone each faculty engrossed
As rapt I gazed upon her, and my heart,
As if immersed in heavenly nectar, glowed
Delusive ecstasy: too late I feel
I nursed a burning coal within my bosom.

Mak. (*Coming forward.*) Mádhava!
The sun is high, and darts his fiercest rays
Upon the aching brow: here let us enter,
And rest awhile beneath the garden's shades.

Mádh. Even as you please. [*Exeunt.*

KALAHAṀSA *advances.*

My master and his friend are undoubtedly the two greatest ornaments of this garden. Well; shall I now take him this picture of himself—the delight of the eyes of Málatí and solace of her amorous pain; perhaps I had better let him repose himself awhile. It shall be so. [*Exit.*

Another part of the Garden.

Enter MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mak. Here, at the foot of this wide-spreading tree,
Amidst the fragrance that the breezes waft
Abroad from every bud, let us recline.
[*They lie down.*
To-day was one of peril, Mádhava.
You could not sure behold the num'rous concourse
Of all our city's beauty, bound to pay

Their annual homage at the shrine of love,
And scape unharmed. In sooth, to me it seems
The shaft has 'lighted, and has grazed thy heart.
Nay, never droop the lotus of thy face:
If struck, reveal thy hurt: why shame to bear it?
Who can resist the heart-born deity?
Creatures of passion, all confess his power,
And gods themselves are impotent as we.*

Mádh. I own my weakness—listen to its cause.
By Avalokitá advised, I went
To *Kámadeva's* temple, where I strayed,
Till weary I reclined beside a fountain
That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,
Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton bees
To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.
Lulled by their songs, and tempted by the shade,
I laid me down, and in pure idleness,
To while away the time, I gathered round me
The new fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove
A flowery garland. Whilst I was thus employed
There issued from the fane a beauteous maid.
Stately her gait—yet graceful as the banner
Love waves in triumph o'er a prostrate world.
Her train bespoke a princely rank—her garb
With youth's appropriate ornaments was graced—
Her form was beauty's shrine, or of that shrine
Radiant she moved the guardian deity.
To mould her charms, whatever nature offers
Fairest and best, had surely been assembled,†

* Literally, the same sentiment was evinced in the creation of the world in *Brahmá* and in *Śiva*. *Káma* was scarcely created before he thought proper to make *Brahmá* enamoured of his own daughter. Inspiring *Śiva* with love for *Párvatí* was a more dangerous feat, and the archer god, although he succeeded, was reduced to ashes by the object of his triumph.

† Or literally, the moon, ambrosia, the stalk of the lotus, moonlight, &c., types severally of her face, her lips, her arms, her gracefulness, or beauty.

And love omnipotent was her creator.
Led by her maidens to collect the flowers
That thickly hung on my o'ershadowing tree,
She neared the spot. Ah! then too plain I noted
The signs of passion, for some happy youth
Long entertained, the lovely maid revealed.
As slender as the lotus stalk her shape;
Her pallid cheeks, like unstained ivory,
Rivalled the beauty of the spotless moon;
And still her prompt compliance with the wishes
Of her attendant damsels showed herself
Indifferent to all. I scarce had gazed
Upon her, but my eye felt new delight,
As bathed with nectar, and she drew my heart
As pow'rfully as attracts the magnet gem*
The unresisting ore, at once towards her.
That heart, though causeless be its sudden passion,
Is fixed on her for ever, chance what may,
And though my portion be henceforth despair.
The goddess destiny decrees at pleasure
The good or ill of all created beings.

Mak. Nay, Mádhava, this cannot be, believe me,
Without some cause. Behold! all nature's sympathies
Spring not from outward form, but inward virtue.
The lotus buds not till the sun has risen;
Nor melts the moon-gem till it feels the moon.
What then ensued?

Mádh. When her fair train beheld me, they exchanged
Expressive looks and smiles, and each to each,
As if they knew me, murmured—This is he!
The music of their tinkling zones was stilled,
Repressed the silver echo of their anklets
Sharp clanging to their undulating motion,

* *Ayaskánta-maṅi-śalákeva,* "Like a rod of the ironstone gem." It should seem possible that artificial magnets, as well as the properties of the loadstone, were known to the Hindus.

Hushed was the melody their bracelets made,
Whilst their fair lotus palms, in sportive mood,
Were beating measure to their merriment.
Silent they stood, and with extended fingers,
As if they said, "The fates have favoured us,
Lady, behold *him* here!"

Mak. (*To himself.*) This is indeed
A proof of preconceived regard.

Kal. (*Advancing.*) What is all this about? some pleasing story of which woman is the object?

Mak. Proceed, my friend.

Mádh. What words shall picture what those looks conveyed;
The lore of love those lotus eyes revealed?
What firmness could resist the honest warmth
Of nature's mute expressiveness, nor fall
Before those orbs, that now like opening buds,
Beneath the creeper of the tremulous brow
Expansive bloomed, and now retiring shrunk
But half-averted from the answering gaze,
Then dropped the veiling lashes o'er their brightness?
I felt their influence, and those looks of love,
Beaming with mild timidity, and moist
With sweet abandonment, bore off my heart—
Nay plucked it from my bosom by the roots
All pierced with wounds.
Incredulous of my happiness, I sought
To mark her passion, nor display my own,
Though every limb partook the fond emotion.
Thence I resumed my task, and wove my wreath,
Seeming intent, till she at length withdrew
Attended by her maidens and a guard
Of eunuchs armed with staves and javelins.
A stately elephant received the princess
And bore her towards the city. Whilst they moved,
As winds the lily on its slender stalk,
So turned her head towards the grove of *Káma*,

And from her delicate lids she shot retiring
Glances, with venom and ambrosia tipped.
My breast received the shafts. A mingled flame
And deathly chillness, since alternate spread
Throughout my form, and doom me to such agony
Words cannot paint, the world has never witnessed.
Perception dimly pictures present objects,
And past perceptions fade from recollection !
Vain were the lunar ray or gelid stream
To cool my body's fever, whilst my mind
Whirls in perpetual round, and knows not rest.

Kal. The object of this passion must assuredly be Málatí.

Mak. (*To himself.*) My friend is lost, my counsels were but vain :
And e'en the wish were idle, that the deity,
Self-born, should spare his years, nor with sad change
Soil his pure mind. The flow'ry bow is strung,
And ardent youth is reckless of the peril.
(*To Mádhava.*) Know you the name and race of that fair lady?

Mádh. Hear how I learnt them. Ere she had departed,
One of her train, apparently intent
On gathering flowers, privately approached me,
And borrowing from the garland I had woven
A covert for her meaning, thus addressed me—
"Well has been strung this string of blooming beauty,
And pleasing is it in our lady's sight,
Who in like excellence herself excels—
May then success reward such high desert,
And this bright produce of creative art
Bear richest fruit, exalted to that station
Its merit claims—suspended round the neck
Of Bhúrivasu's daughter, Málatí,*

* This piece of *double entendre* is much more precisely followed in the original, and every word has a double import. The figure is termed *Akshara-saṅghāta*, combination of letters.

Whose foster-sister, and whose nearest friend,
Lavangiká now stands before you."

Kal. This is as we wish, and fortune favours the design of the flower-armed deity.

Mak. Málatí, the daughter of the minister,
A mark for elevated rank, her name
Is ever in the mouth of our preceptress;
And rumour adds, the king solicits her
In marriage for his favourite, Nandana.

Mádh. Requested by Lavangiká, I gave her
The flow'ry wreath. She took it with respect,
As 'twere a precious gift, and all the while
The eyes of Málatí were fixed on her.
Bowing with reverence, she then retired,
And quickly disappeared amidst the throng.
The princess and the people left the grove
And I directed hitherward my steps.

Mak. Your story, Mádhava, most plainly shows,
That Málatí's affection is your own;
And the soft cheek, whose pallid tint denoted
Love preconceived, is pale alone for you.
She must have seen you, though we know not where;
But maidens of her rank do not allow
Their eyes to rest on one to whom they have not
Already given their hearts: and then those looks
That passed among her maidens, plainly showed
The passion you had wakened in their mistress.
Then comes her foster-sister's clear enigma,
And tells intelligibly whose her heart.

Kal. (*Advancing.*) Look at this picture.

Mak. Mádhava's counterfeit—whose work is this?

Kal. Hers who has stolen his heart.

Mak. What, Málatí?

Kal. The same.

Mádh. This gives me faith, dear friend, in your conjectures.

Mak. But, Kalahaṁsa, how came you by this?

Kal. Mandáriká gave it to me. She had it from Lavangiká.

Mak. And what induced the princess to delineate
This picture? did Mandáriká inform you?

Kal. She painted it to amuse and relieve her distress.

Mak. What say you, Mádhava?—this lovely maid,
The soft light of your eyes, assuredly
Regards you bound to her in love's alliance.
What should prevent your union? Fate and love
Combined seem labouring to effect it. Come,
Let me behold the wondrous form that works
Such change in yours,—you have the skill; portray her.

Mádh. To please you I will try. Bring me the pencil.
(*To Kalahaṁsa.*)

(*Draws.*)

Hard is the task you have assigned me.—
A chilly tremor spreads through all my frame,
Damp dews distil from every opening pore,
And starting fast, my tears repeatedly
Dim the faint outline that my trembling hand,
Oh, how unworthily! attempts to picture:
Yet with what skill I have, 'tis done.

Mak. (*Taking the drawing.*) Most excellent and worthy of your passion.
It may be said of her— (*Writes on the drawing*)
"Whatever nature's loveliness displays
May seem to others beautiful and bright;
But since these charms have broke upon my gaze,
They form my life's sole exquisite delight."

Enter MANDÁRIKÁ *hastily.*

Man. Ha! Kalahaṁsa, you are at last overtaken. Makaranda, Mádhava, sirs, I salute you.

Mak. Approach, Mandáriká; what brings you hither?

Man. I followed Kalahaṁsa to recover a picture.

Kal. (*Gives her the one Mádhava has.*) Here it is, take it.

Man. Málatí's picture, I protest. How came this here? Who has painted it?

Kal. He whom she delineated, and with much the same intention.

Mak. He tells you truth; and now do you be honest.
Inform us how, and where, first Málatí
Saw Mádhava?

Man. She was called to the lattice by Lavangiká to look at him as he passed the palace.

Mak. So I supposed. We frequently have passed
In that direction.

Man. With your permission, I will communicate these events to my friend Lavangiká.

Mak. You have free leave.

[*Exit Mandáriká.*

Mak. The monarch of a thousand beams now darts
His hottest rays; 'tis noon, let us go home.

Mádh. Willingly—
The day's warm influence surely washes off
The careful labours of the morning toilet,
And steals those sandal marks, so neatly laid
In graceful lines across the flowery cheek.
Play o'er my limbs, ye soft refreshing breezes,
Whose previous homage has been paid to beauty,
And wrap in soft embrace my fair one's charms,
Diffusing o'er her form the honied fragrance
Shook from the jasmine's scarce-unfolded blossom.

Mak. Alas! the flow'r-armed and resistless deity
Has sadly changed the person of my friend;
Like the young elephant, when fever preys
On his yet tender frame. Our only hope
Is now Kámandakí.

Mádh. 'Tis strange, most strange!
Where'er I turn, the same loved charms appear
On every side. Bright as the golden bud
Of the young lotus gleams her beauteous face,
Though oft averted from my fond regards.
Alas! my friend, this fascination spreads

O'er all my senses, and a feverish flame
Consumes my strength—my heart is all on fire,
My mind is tossed with doubt—and every faculty
In one fond thought absorbed, I cease to be
Myself, or conscious of the thing I am.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE DWELLING OF MÁLATÍ.

Enter two FEMALE ATTENDANTS *meeting.*

First Att. Hey, friend, I saw you just now near the music-room,* in deep conversation with Avalokitá: what were you two talking about?

Second Att. The whole story of the grove of *Káma* has been carried to Kámandakí by Mádhava's friend; and she being desirous of seeing Málatí, sent Avalokitá to her, who was telling me, that she had left Lavangiká and the princess together.

First Att. Why, Lavangiká said she wanted to gather *bakula* flowers in the grove of *Madana*, and has not since returned: has she been heard of?

Second Att. Yes, the princess saw her coming, on which she dismissed her attendants at the door of her apartments, but detained Lavangiká.

First Att. She had some very agreeable news to tell Málatí, I suppose, of the youth Mádhava.

Second Att. It is a hopeless passion I am afraid, and to-day's interview will only add to her distress. To-morrow the king gives the princess to Nandana; her father has consented to the match.

First Att. Consented!

Second Att. Yes, he told the king that he was "lord over his own daughter." This passion of Málatí and Mádhava will only yield them misery as long as they live.

* The *Saṁgítaśálá*, which we had occasion to notice in the preceding drama.

First Att. Now, then, we shall see what Kámandakí can do, and whether she will put forth her power.

Second Att. You talk idly. Come, let us depart.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MÁLATÍ *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Mál. Proceed, my dear Lavangiká, proceed.

Lav. This flow'ry wreath then did he send by me.

Mál. (*Taking it.*) 'Tis strung unevenly.

Lav. The fault is yours.

Mál. How should that be?

Lav. Where, deem you, were his thoughts?
Who caused that dark-hued youth's deep agitation?

Mál. Dearest Lavangiká,
You ever speak me comfort.

Lav. There might be better comfort. He himself,
Here in your presence—gazing rapt upon you
With look intent, from eyes that tremulous glow,
Like the blown lotus shaken by the zephyr,
Forced, from the timid plea of weaving chaplets,
To dart upon you glances of delight,
From underneath the arching brow, that waves
In curve as graceful as the brow of *Káma.*

Mál. How can I credit this?—how should I know,
From such brief interview, if the graceful youth
Be true, or if he only seek to mock me?

Lav. You have no need to fear in this, believe me.

Mál. Well, well; complete your story.

Lav. When I received the garland, I departed
And mingled with the crowd; thence to Mandáriká
I hastened, to receive again the picture
That in the morning had been left with her.

Mál. With her!—With what intent?

Lav. She has a lover, Kalahaṁsaka,
A follower of Mádhava, and I knew
To him the picture would be shown, and all
That thence ensued would be revealed to me.

Mál. (*Apart.*) Then Mádhava has seen it?
(*Aloud.*) What is your dearest wish, Lavangiká?
Lav. That he whose heart now pines in hopeless passion,
May soothe his sorrows with this bright resemblance
Of the fair cause of his distress.

(*Shows Málatí the picture drawn by Mádhava.*)

Mál. (*Contemplating it.*) Yet still
My heart is ill at ease. I doubt me much
That this will prove a treach'rous comforter.—
What have we here?

(*Reads Makaranda's lines.*)

Oh, Mádhava! the graces of thy form,
Thy flattering tongue, and fascinating gaze,
Are all alike resistless—happy she
Who never has beheld them. On my heart
They, cruel, shed interminable anguish. (*Weeps.*)
Lav. Why, dearest friend, despond?
Mál. What should I hope?
Lav. Be sure of this, that he on whose account,
Like the young blossom from its slender stem
Plucked rude, you droop, and taste no more the fragrance
Of the sweet jasmine—he, too, has been taught,
By love's relentless god, how hard it is
To bear such agony.
Mál. May happiness
Await his youth; for me, I dare not hope.
This is a day of strange and changeful feeling.
Love spreads through every vein like subtlest poison,
And like the fire that brightens in the breeze
Consumes this feeble frame—resistless fever
Preys on each fibre—fatal is its fury.
No one can bring me aid, nor tender mother
Nor father, nor Lavangiká can save me.
Lav. Such mutual passion may, in sooth, bestow

Delight when lovers meet; but when apart
Condemns them to affliction. From a brief
And passing gaze, thy life was brought in peril;
And now to-day his nearer presence sheds
A fiercer fever on thy delicate frame.
What now is to be said? We must admit,
The rarest and most difficult attainment
Of all on earth, is union with a lover,
Of equal excellence and like affection.

Mál. Life is distasteful to me: leave me, friend:
And yet I wrong thy gentleness. Repeatedly
Recurring to the anguish of my heart,
I lose all fortitude, and in my grief
Become capricious and unjust—forgive me.
Let the full moon blaze in the nightly sky:
Let love rage on, death screens me from his fury.
What should exact my love and veneration?
My father, and my mother, and my race,
Of still unblemished honour—not my life:
No! nor the mortal who subdues my heart.

Lav. (*Apart.*) What is to be done?

(*An* ATTENDANT *enters, but without advancing far.*)

Att. The venerable Kámandakí.

Both. What would she?

Att. She seeks admission to the princess.

Both. What should delay her?

(*Attendant retires;* MÁLATÍ *conceals the picture.*)

Lav. (*Aside.*) In good time she comes.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ *and* AVALOKITÁ.

Kám. (*Soliloquises.*)
So far, my friend, respected Bhúrivasu,
So far is well: in either world, assent
Awaits thy answer to the king. He, of his own,
Is the undoubted lord. Fate is our friend,
In all that chanced to-day in *Káma's* grove,

And in the interchange of tender tokens,
The garland and the picture, all conspires
To crown our sanguine wishes with success.
Best pledge of blissful union is the bond
Of mutual love; and well the sage* has said,
"The marriage rite shall prosper, when the eye,
The tongue, and heart, unite the wedded pair."

Lav. The lady Málatí.

Kám. (*Surveying her.*)
I view her with affliction and delight.
Slender her frame, and delicate and pale,
Like the young plaintain, or the waning moon.
Soothing and pleasant is she to the eye,
Though thin and pallid be her cheek, and all
Declare the fires of love have triumphed here.
The hope of union with the youth engrosses
Her every thought. Loose and untied her zone,
Her soft lip quivers—starting drops suffuse
Her gentle lips—her bosom palpitates,
And her dark eye in soft abandonment
Moist, languid floats. Each look and gesture speaks
The fond desires that agitate her youth.
(*Approaches.*)

Lav. (*To Málatí.*) Behold!

Mál. Priestess, I salute you. (*Bows.*)

Kám. May you enjoy, dear lady, in due season,
The fruit of all your wishes.

Lav. Pray, be seated.

Mál. Is all propitious with the priestess?

Kám. (*Sighing.*) All.

Lav. (*Aside.*) That sigh is but the prelude to our play;
I have my cue. (*Aloud.*) And yet, respected lady,
Methinks that sigh, that struggling makes its way

**Angiras.*

Through starting tears, is with your words at variance.
What can its import be?

Kám. Behold these weeds:
Sorts such a garb with one you call your friend?

Lav. What follows?

Kám. I am grieved, like unmeet union
Should sentence youth and charms innumerable,
Born to no profit, to a worthless bridegroom.

Lav. You do not grieve alone; the common voice
Condemns the minister's assent, and blames
His yielding Málatí to be the bride
Of Nandana, because the king requests it.

Mál. (*Aside.*) Alas! I am an offering to the monarch,
Presented by my father.

Kám. 'Tis most strange
How he could overlook the vast defects
Of such alliance. But how can those
Feel natural affection for their offspring,
Whose souls are sunk in schemes of policy?
His only thought is clearly to secure
The friendship of the monarch's chosen friend
And boon companion, by his daughter's person.

Mál. (*Apart.*) The king's regard is all in all with him;
His Málatí is nothing.

Lav. 'Tis as you say, dame;
Or why should our young mistress thus be sacrificed
To age and ugliness?

Mál. (*Apart.*) Ah, luckless wench!
A thunderbolt has struck me to the ground.

Lav. To you she ever has been like a daughter;
Save her, dear lady, from this living death.

Kám. What can I aid? Fate and her sire alone
Exact obedience from a daughter. True,
Śakuntalá, of *Kuśika's* high race,
Bestowed her love on a self-chosen lord—
The king *Dushyanta.* A bright nymph of heaven

Espoused a mortal monarch, *Purúravas*,*
And the fair princess, *Vásavadattá*, scorned
The husband of her father's choice, and fled
With prince *Udayana*.† So poets tell.
But these were desperate acts, and must not be
Proposed for imitation. Let the minister
Complete his will—secure his master's favour
With the rich off'ring of his daughter's peace,
And yield this maiden to the sovereign's friend,
Like the pale moon, to *Ráhu's* foul embrace.

Ava. Mistress, time passes; it were well to think
Of Mádhava, who needs your aid.

Kám. 'Tis well.
Permit me, princess, to depart.

Lav. One moment. (*Aside to Málatí.*)
Say, shall I ask the dame who is the youth,
And what his origin?

* Although it is possible that reference may be here made to the *Puráńas*, in which the stories alluded to are contained, it seems more likely that *Bhavabhúti* had in his thoughts the dramas of his predecessor *Kálidása*. The term used for the narrators is *Ákhyána-vidaḱ*,—those who know stories, the events of past times,—*Purávŕitta*, which would scarcely have been applied to the inspired author or compiler of the *Puráńas*.

† The story of *Udayana's* carrying off *Vásavadattá* makes a very distinguished figure in the lighter literature of the Hindus, and is very fully detailed in the *Vŕihatkathá*; but in the popular version of the story *Udayana* carries off the princess by her father's connivance, and no mention is made of a rival for her hand,—king *Saḿjaya*, as he is termed in the text, who was the husband of her father's choice. Neither is the circumstance mentioned by *Subandhu* in his poem of *Vásavadattá*, and indeed he seems to have given the story a new form altogether. My own inquiry confirms the remark of Mr. Colebrooke (*Asiatic Researches*, x. 451) on the passage in the text, that no other trace has been yet found of the story to which *Bhavabhúti* alludes. I am better pleased to bear this testimony, because, in consequence of misunderstanding the exact purport of Mr. Colebrooke's remark, I considered him to have overlooked an allusion to the story of *Udayana* in the *Megha-Dúta*, which, however, is merely general, and therefore throws no light on the passage. It seems probable that the story of *Vásavadattá* underwent some alterations subsequent to the time of *Bhavabhúti*, and the original form is lost.

Mál. Do so; I long to hear it.
Lav. Inform us, pious dame, what youth is this
In whom you show such interest?
Kám. The story, though of import, needs no preface:—
The sovereign of *Vidarbha* boasts for minister
The sage and long-experienced Devaráta,
Who bears the burthen of the state, and spreads
Throughout the world his piety and fame.
Such as himself your father knows him well,
For in their youth they were in study joined,
And trained to learning by the same preceptor;
And rarely in this world do we behold
Such characters as theirs; whose lofty rank
Is the abode of wisdom and of piety,
Of valour and of virtue; and whose fame
Spreads white and spotless through the universe.
Mál. I have often heard my father speak of him.
Kám. Bright as the rising moon, whose silver rays
First streaming o'er the eastern mountain, charm
The eyes of all mankind, a son from him
Has sprung, whose opening virtues early give
Occasion of rejoicing to the world.
Now, in his bloom, assiduous to collect
Ripe store of knowledge, has this youth been sent
From his paternal mansion to our city.
Here as he passes, many a lotus eye
Shoots from each casement soul-subduing glances,
But reckless he, along with Makaranda,
His friend and fellow of like years and worth,
Pursues his toils;—his name is Mádhava.
Mál. (*Apart to Lavangiká.*) Heard you, my friend?
Lav. In truth you have escaped
The perilous ocean, and the tree of heaven
Is now within your reach.
[*The conch is sounded without.*
Kám. These echoing tones,

That through the deep recesses of the palace
Resounding spread, proclaim the evening hour.

[*They all rise.*

Mál. (*Apart.*) Alas, my father! thy ambition spurns
A daughter's happiness—yet in my grief,
Some hope I borrow from the youth's descent,
And trust we meet again.

Lav. This is our way.

Kám. (*Apart.*) So far so well. An unsuspected messenger,
I have discharged my duty. Málatí
Is tutored to our wishes, and inspired
With hatred of the bridegroom—taught to question
Her father's love, reminded of examples
That vindicate the free choice of a husband.
Her admiration of her youthful lover
Is now approved by his illustrious birth
And my encomium of his high descent:
All this must strengthen and confirm her passion,
And now their union may be left to fate.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THE HOUSE OF KÁMANDAKÍ.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITÁ *and* AVALOKITÁ *meeting.*

Buddh. Ho, Avalokitá! where is our dame?

Ava. Do you not know? Disregarding the season for collecting alms,* she is ever with the princess.

Buddh. And where have you been?

Ava. I have been to Mádhava by her orders, to tell him to repair to the public garden of the temple of *Śankara*, and place himself in the grove of red *aśoka* trees, that extends to the *Kańtaki* bower.

Buddh. For what purpose?

Ava. This is the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight. Persuading the princess that the god *Śankara* is to be propitiated with offerings of flowers gathered by one's self, the dame takes her and Lavangiká thither, and whilst the former is collecting her oblation, she and Mádhava will, as it were by accident, again encounter. But where are you going?

Buddh. I am on my way to my friend Madayantiká, to accompany her to the temple of *Śankara* also. I looked in to pay my respects to the priestess.

Ava. And how speed you in what you have in hand?

Buddh. As our mistress could wish. I have won the entire confidence of Madayantiká, and by expatiating on the suitable-

* Literally the *Pińďapátakavelá*, explained to signify the hour of going round to collect the *Pińďa*, which is the name given, the commentator says, to the food collected by the *Saugata*, or *Bauddha* mendicant. The word means a lump or ball of any viands, usually of rice or meal. The same authority adds, the time is the seventh *gheri*, which will be one hour after noon.

ness and merit of Makaranda, have excited in her bosom the most lively affection for him and anxious wish to see him.

Ava. This is well. Now to our several duties.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—THE GARDEN.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ.

Kám. Poor girl! the lesson I have lately hinted
Has bowed her lofty spirit, and she seeks
To win me to her: mournfully she pines
When I am absent; brightens in my presence;
Whispers her secret thoughts to me; presents me
With costly gifts: when I depart she clings
Around my neck, and only lets me leave her
When I have vowed repeatedly return!
Then on my knee she sits, and bids me tell her
Again the stories of the nymphs that loved;
And questions o'er and o'er, with flimsy plea,
Their fate and conduct, then she silent pauses
As lost in meditation,—'tis enough:
To-day they meet. Daughter, this way; approach.

Enter MÁLATÍ *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Mál. (*Apart.*) Alas! my father loves his child no more,
But offers her a victim to ambition;
One hope alone sustains me.

Lav. Taste, my friend,
The freshness of the breeze, that sweeps the blossoms,
And wafts around the *champaka's* perfume,
Breathing melodious with the buzz of bees
That cluster in the buds, and with the song
The *kôil* warbles thick and hurried forth,
As on the flow'ry mango's top he sits,
And all inebriate with its nectar sings.
The garden gale comes wooingly to sip

The drops ambrosial from thy moonlike face.
Come on; those shades invite us. [*They retire.*

Enter MÁDHAVA.

The pious dame is here—her presence fills
My heart with rapture. So the peafowl hails
The flash that heralds the approaching shower.
Lavangiká—the third—'tis she—
'Tis Málatí! Ah me! a sudden chill
Pervades my heart and freezes every faculty,
To marble turned by her moon-beaming countenance,
Like mountains ice-bound by the gelid ray
Shot on their summits from the lunar gem.
How lovely she appears, as o'er her frame,
Like a fast-fading wreath, soft languor steals,
And heightens every beauty. Now mine eyes
Are conscious of their being. As I gaze
My heart consumes, and love lights all his fires.
[*Approaches unobserved.*

Mál. (*Advancing.*) Come, Lavangiká, let us pluck flowers
From this delightful arbour.

Kám. Nay, rest, my child;
Thy faltering tongue and languid frame evince
Fatigue: upon thy face the moist drops start,
And those bright eyes are shut—one might suspect,—
Thy form such soft abandonment betrays—
A lover's gaze were dwelling on thy beauties.
Come sit thee here; I have a tale to tell thee.

Mál. You are obeyed.*—(*Sits down by Kámandakí, who passes her hand under Málatí's chin so as to hold up her face towards Mádhava.*)

Kám. There was a youth, named Mádhava, who shared
With you an equal portion of my heart.

Lav. So we have heard.

* Two or three short speeches are here omitted.

Kám. He, from the luckless day
Of *Káma's* festival, has ceased to be
The master of himself, and though he told not
His sorrows to the moon or faithful friend,
His changing form, still lovely in decay,
Revealed the anguish he disdained to utter.
I hastened to his aid, and quickly guessed
The cause of his distress, when I was told
He had beheld this lovely countenance,—
The moon that swayed the heaving of his heart,
Like the deep waters of the tossing main.

Mádh. (*Behind.*) How well she penetrates my secret! *

Kám. Reckless of life, his only pleasures now
Are tasks that feed and aggravate his flame.
He gazes on the mango buds; he listens
Attentive to the *kóil's* song; he breasts
The breeze impregnate with the flowery fragrance;
He hugs the lotus blossoms to his heart,
And basks beneath the deadly lunar beam—
This first fond passion preys upon my son,
And soon, I fear, cuts short his gentle being.†

Mál. (*To Lavangiká.*)
Why does the dame alarm me thus with fear
For life so dear to all: what can I say?

Lav. (*To Kámandakí.*)
You are not terrified alone—like fears
Pervade us for the princess. She has often
Beheld the youth, as by the palace walls
His course has frequent chanced, since when she pines,
As droops the lotus on its slender stem
Beneath the scorching sun: her youthful sports

* Mádhava's eulogy is rather more protracted; but it interrupts the business, and is more technical than poetical.

† Two short speeches of Mádhava and Málatí are here omitted, and other curtailments occur in this scene, in which some of the interlocutors are rather prolix.

Delight no more: pensive apart she sits
Whole days, her cheek upon her hand reclined.
We fondly hoped those looks that were exchanged
In *Káma's* grove, when like the present god
The youthful Mádhava appeared to grace
Love's festival, amidst his blooming votaries,
Would dissipate this melancholy mood,
And cheer her heart with hope, but passion since
Intenser rages in her tender heart,
And threatens her existence. Oh, befriend us!
If but a moment she could view the youth,
E'en that were such relief as earth receives
When, parched by sultry suns, she drinks revived
The bland and life-bestowing dews of heaven.
The hapless state of Málatí affrights us,
Unfit to struggle with the sports of destiny.
Do thou exert thy powers, and then the pair,
Who claim alike thy pity and regard,
Redeemed from death, shall prosper in their loves.*

Kám. My heart is filled with sorrow and delight.
I pity her sad state, even whilst I joy
To find her justly conscious of desert.

Luv. Behold these proofs, this picture of her lord!
(*Opening the garment over her breast.*)
And this decaying wreath, strung by his hands,
Dear as her life, thus cherished in her bosom.

Mádh. How enviable, dear garland, is thy fate,
Thus to be cherished like a friend, and waving
A graceful banner o'er that lovely bosom.
(*A noise behind.*)
"What ho! beware! in youthful strength and sport,
The tiger, in the temple's porch confined,
Has burst his iron cage, and roams at large,

* Lavangiká's speech is in the original so extremely diffuse, and contains so many repetitions and obscurities, that by much the most considerable portion of it has been omitted.

With tail high waving like a banner, vast
And mighty limbed, he stalks along the groves.
Now in the midst of mangled forms his paw,
As pond'rous as the thunderbolt, has felled,
The monster stands, and in his maw engulfs,
Wide as a cave, the quiv'ring flesh, or grinds
The cracking bones with hard, sharp-pointed teeth;
From his deep throat he roars in thunder loud,
And men and beasts fly trembling from the echo;
Begrimed with blood and dust he follows fast,*
And plies insatiate his death-dealing talons—
Look to your lives—as best you may, avoid him."

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITÁ.

Buddh. Alas, alas! my dear friend Madayantiká!
Oh, save us, save us! Madayantiká,
Our friend, the sister of the minister,
Is singled out and hunted by the tiger.

Mál. Oh, horror!

Mádh. (*Rushing forward.*) Where is the savage!

Mál. (*With delight, apart.*) He here!

Mádh. Now I am blessed indeed; her gaze surprised
Dwells greedily upon my presence, and enchains me
In flow'ry bonds, falls on my heart like balm,
And sheds a show'r of heavenly nectar o'er me.

Lav. Can we not quit the garden?

Mádh. Follow me. (*Going.*)

Kám. Beware, my son: though valiant, be not rash.

Mál. (*Apart to Lavangiká.*) I tremble now.

Mádh. A moment pause. I mark the savage spread
Dismay, his course is marked with carcases,
And all his steps sink deep in mire and gore.

* This description is also somewhat compressed; the original *Prákrit* is very powerful, although too much laboured, and abounding more than enough in alliteration, *ex. gr. Nara-turanga-jaṁgalluggárabharida-gada-guhá-gabbha-gambhíra-ghaggharovalli*, "roaring with a loud roar from the depth of the cavern of a throat filled with the flesh of men and steeds."

Oh, horror! we are distant;—now he views
A maid—she flies—he follows.

All. Madayantiká!

Kám. Behold, a youth advances—now he stoops
To grasp a fallen sword.

Mádh. He throws himself,
Brave youth, before the tiger: 'tis my friend!
'Tis Makaranda.

All. Noble, valiant youth!

Mádh. Alas! the beast has wounded him.

Kám. Joy, joy! the savage falls.

All. What fate have we escaped!

Kám. My generous son, he bleeds profusely:
Supported by the trembling maid, he rests
Upon his sword, along whose ruddy blade
The trickling torrent reddens to the ground.

Mádh. He faints; help, holy dame, preserve my friend.*

Kám. Fear not, fear not; but hasten to his succour.

[*Exeunt.*

* In the original "preserve me."

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.*

THE SAME SCENE.

MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA *brought on by* MADAYANTIKÁ *and* LAVANGIKÁ *insensible.*

Maday. (*To Kámandakí.*) Befriend him, pious dame; oh, save this youth!
Who to preserve my life has risked his own.
(*The others.*) What should we do?
Kámandakí. Sprinkle o'er their limbs
The water of this ewer, and fan their faces
With your light robes.
(*They fan the youths and cast water from the Dame's kamańḍalu, or waterpot carried by an ascetic.*)
Mak. (*Sighs and looks up.*)
Why thus alarmed, my friend?—I am well,
Quite well.
Maday. (*With delight.*) Ah me! he is restored.
Málatí. (*Puts her hand to Mádhava's forehead.*) Lavangiká,
How happy you, your friend again is conscious!
Mádh. (*Reviving.*) Rash youth, where are you? here to my heart.
(*They embrace; Kámadakí hangs over them.*†)

* An act is therefore constituted by the exit of all the performers after a sufficient interval, and not by mere change of scene.

† Literally, smells their heads; a mode of expressing intense affection, parental yearning, still common in India, and a very ancient oriental practice, however odd it may appear to European notions. It was perhaps rather the result of this practice than chance that Isaac notices the smell of Jacob's person: "And he came near and kissed him, and smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

Kám. I revive. (*They all express delight.*)

Lav. We all partake your joy!

Buddharakshitá. (*Apart to Madayantiká.*) This is the youth.

Maday. That, that is Mádhava I know, and this
Is he you mean.*

Buddh. Have I not spoke him truly?

Maday. Were his worth
Less than it shows, you had not so described him.
And Málatí, as rumour runs, has fixed
Her heart upon his friend.

[*Turns to look at Makaranda.*

Kám. (*Observing them apart.*)
Approving destiny has wrought to-day
The interview of yonder pair.
(*Aloud to Makaranda.*) Tell us, my son, by what propitious chance,
Conducted to this grove, you came to save
The life of this dear maid?

Mak. I came to seek
My friend, directed to the grove of Káma
By Avalokitá, and charged with news
I gathered in the city, which I feared
Would add to his affliction, when I saw
This noble maiden flying from the wrath
Of yon ferocious animal.

Kám. (*Apart.*) 'Tis time
To pledge the faith of Málatí. (*Aloud.*) My son,
(*To Mádhava*)
The joy your friend's escape must needs afford you,
Is fit occasion for you to present
Some token of regard to Málatí.

Mádh. I willingly obey, and since to her
I owe my own recovery from the mist
The peril of my friend spread o'er my senses;

* Her avoiding his name indicates her regarding him as a husband.

Here for returning consciousness, I pledge her,
A free-will offering each,—my heart, my life.

Lav. I answer for my friend! she deems the gifts
Deserving her acceptance.

Maday. (*Apart.*) On my word
The youth knows when to proffer what is sure
To meet with willing ears.

Mál. (*Apart.*) But this news!
What should it be to render him unhappy?

Mádh. Now, Makaranda, tell us what you heard,
That threatened to afflict me?

Enter a MESSENGER.*

Mess. (*To Maday.*) Lady, the minister, your brother Nandana,
Desires your presence. It has pleased the king
In person to announce, that Bhúrivasu
Consents this day to give him Málatí:
He wills you therefore come and share his happiness.

Mak. He brings you my intelligence.

[*Málatí and Mádhava express their despair.*

Maday. (*Embracing Málatí.*)
My dearest friend, this is indeed delightful.
One city saw our birth; our infant sports
And opening youth have ever found us friends;
And now you are my sister, and the pride
Of our illustrious house.

Kám. In truth, my child,
Fate is propitious when she grants your brother
A bride like this.

Maday. We rather thank your prayers.
My friend Lavangiká, our every wish
Is gratified, now we obtain your princess.

* The order is given behind the scenes in the original.

Lav. It may be: we have no concern with it.
Maday. Come, wench (*to Buddharakshitá*), let 's hasten and get everything
In order for the bridal.
Buddh. I attend you. [*They rise.*
Lav. (*Apart to Kám.*) This interchange of looks, from eyes that roll
Like the soft tremulous lotus, and express
The dear emotions and the new delights
That fill and agitate the heart, reveal
This couple conscious of the like desire.
Kám. No doubt, they taste like pleasure from the look
So oft repeated, and the furtive glance
Tells a plain story; sidelong and slow the eye
Glides to the angle of the drooping lids,
Half-closed by passion's birth; the brow is raised
In gentle curve, and the loose veiling lashes
Tremble in soft abandonment: all speaks
The inward consciousness of new delight.
Maday. (*To Buddh.*) Sure I shall see again this graceful youth,
The saviour of my life?
Buddh. If fate so pleases.
[*Exeunt with Attendant.*

Mádh. (*Apart.*) Now let the thread of hope, long idly cherished,
Snap like the fibre of the lotus stem.
Come, boundless anguish, but by death relieved,
And frantic grief, avowed despair possess
My every thought! be destiny appeased,
And love work all his vengeance. Adverse fate
Delights to aggravate my woes, and mocks me
With disappointment, after I have won—
No common prize—affection like my own.
I marked her as she heard her father's will:
Pale as the moon before the morning sun,

Her lovely countenance revealed her sorrows,
And added sharper poignancy to mine.

Kám. (*Apart.*) I cannot bear their grief; and hope destroyed,
Life is a burthen. (*Aloud.*) Mádhava, my son,
Tell me, have you indulged the expectation,
The minister would give his daughter to you?

Mádh. (*Bashfully.*) No, never, never!

Kám. Then were you ill apprised
Of past occurrences.

Mak. We know this, dame,
That Málatí already is betrothed.

Kám. You know what you have heard; to all 'tis known,
That when the monarch for his favourite sued,
The minister replied, "Your majesty
Is master of your own———"

Mál. So rumour goes.

Kám. To-day we learn the king has given Málatí
As if she were his own. But mark me, son;
The bond of human actions is good faith,
And promises control the acts of men:
In speech, the seeds of good and ill reside,
And all events are upon words dependent.
Do you not see in *Bhúrivasu's* answer
A covert import lies?—for Málatí
Is not the daughter of the sovereign;
Nor law nor social decency acknowledges
A monarch's will as the authority
To regulate a daughter's bridal compact.
Fie on it! It is not to be thought of—
And more, my son,—doubt you my vigilance?
Why, then, alarm the tender child with fears
Of such a fate I would not wish your foes?—
Confide in me,—I will not spare my pains,
Nor life, if it be needed, to secure
Your union with the maiden.

Mak. Well resolved.

Their union is most suitable. Your heart,
Most holy dame, though from the world estranged,
Is softened still with pity and affection
Towards these thy children; and thy active love,
Howe'er opposed to penance and devotion,
Shall like the will of destiny prevail.

Enter a MESSENGER.

The queen commands you, dame, with speed conduct
The lady Málatí to the palace.

Kám. Daughter, come.

(*Mádhava and Málatí interchange looks and sighs.*)

Mádh. (*Apart.*) Out on the world's vicissitudes!
Fate, like a friend, first shows my blooming maid
With tender passion like my own inspired;
Then with capricious fickleness afflicts
My heart with deeper anguish.

Mál. (*Apart.*) Come what may,
This happiness is mine,—I have beheld him.

Lav. This barbarous minister has taught my friend
To hate her being.

Mál. (*Apart.*) Love of life has borne
Its fruits mature:—my father's cruelty,
Stern as the offerer of human sacrifice,
And fate, alike relentless, have achieved
Their task. Ah me, unhappy! to what friend,
To what kind refuge, can I now repair?

[*Exit with Kámandakí and Lavangiká.*

Mádh. I fear me much, the hope the dame encouraged
Sprang from the dread she entertained for her
Whom she has loved from birth. My luckless days
Will bear, I doubt, no fruit. What's to be done;

(*Thinking.*)

Apply to horrid mysteries,—what else
Remains? (*To Makaranda.*) How now, my friend methinks you grieve
For Madayantiká?

Mak. 'Tis even so:
My mind recalls her timid wild embrace,
When, fearful as the tender fawn, she clung,
With limbs diffusing nectar on my wounds,
Around me, heedless of her loose attire.

Mádh. She will be yours, for Buddharakshitá,
Your friend, is hers; and whom should she affect
But you, whom she embraced as her preserver;
Snatched by your prowess from the monster's fangs?
Nor did her looks proclaim you were a stranger.
The fond regard those lotus eyes expressed
Was clearly no new lesson.

Mak. Let us hence.
Bathe where the *Sindhu* and the *Párá* meet,
And then re-seek the town.

(*They rise and proceed.*)

This is the spot.
The union of the streams, whose favoured bank
Beholds our maidens, in the frequent bath,
Forego their robes, and with their tender hands
Veiling imperfectly their charms, commit
Their lovely bosoms to the friendly wave.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE.—THE FIELD IN WHICH DEAD BODIES ARE BURNED IN THE VICINITY OF A TEMPLE.

Enter in the air in a heavenly car and in a hideous garb, KAPÁLAKUŃĎALÁ.

Glory to *Śaktináth*,* upon whose steps
The mighty goddesses attend,† whom seek
Successfully alone the firm of thought.
He crowns the lofty aims of those who know
And hold his form, as the pervading spirit,
That, one with their own essence, makes his seat
The heart, the lotus centre of the sphere ‡

* The lord of *Śakti*, or the divine energy under a female personification. In this sense *Śakti* is applicable to every goddess, but it is more especially the name of *Bhavání*, and her lord or husband is *Śiva*.

† Surrounded by the *Śaktis*, or by the eight goddesses so termed, or *Bráhmí*, *Maheśwarí*, *Kaumárí*, *Vaishńaví*, *Váráhí*, *Máhendrí*, *Chámúńďá*, and *Chańďiká*, hideous goddesses, who attend upon *Śiva* as *Bhairava*, the terrific and destructive deity, who is propitiated by offerings of wine and flesh.

‡ The *Náďíchakra*, the heart, as the centre of the circle of the different organs and tubular vessels along which the vital air or spirit is conveyed, and this spirit being one with *Śiva* (*sarvań śivamayam*) his form or nature (*rúpa*) may be said to be seated in the heart. The six organs are the ear, the navel, the heart, the throat, the palate, and the eye-brow. The *Náďís* or tubes are one hundred and one in number, but ten are principal, *Ilá*, *Pingalá*, *Sushumńá*, *Gandhárí*, *Hastijihwá*, *Púshá*, *Arućá*, *Alambushá*, *Guhá*, *Sankini*: these all unite in the heart. These notions belong to the *Yoga*. According to other doctrines, and the more obvious meaning of the original text, there are sixteen principal *Náďís*. To those who have thus discovered the actual presence of divine spirit in themselves, the deity *Śiva* gives the eight *siddhis*: *mahiman*, the faculty of enlarging the bulk;

Sixfold, by ten nerves circled. Such am I.
Freed from all perishable bonds, I view
The eternal soul embodied as the God,
Forced by my spells * to tread the mystic labyrinth,
And rise in splendour throned upon my heart.
Hence through the many channelled veins I draw †
The grosser elements of this mortal body, ‡
And soar unwearied through the air, dividing
The water-shedding clouds. Upon my flight,
Horrific honours wait ;—the hollow skulls,
That low descending from my neck depend,
Emit fierce music as they clash together,
Or strike the trembling plates that gird my loins.
Loose stream on every side my woven locks
In lengthening braids ;—upon my pond'rous staff,
The string of bells, light waving to and fro,
Jangles incessantly ;—my banner floats
Upborne upon the wailing breeze, whose tone
Is deepened by the echoes it awakes
Amidst the caverns of each fleshless skull,
That hangs in dread array around my person.
(*Alights and looks about.*)

laghiman, that of making it light ; *aṅiman*, that of making it small or atomic ; *prákámya*, the power of gratifying passion ; *vaśitá*, that of subjecting all ; *íśitá*, supreme sway ; *prápti*, the faculty of reaching or grasping objects, however remote ; and *kámávaśáyitwa*, the accomplishment of every natural desire.

* Fixed by the *nyása*, which is a form of gesticulation made with a short and mystic prayer to the heart, the head, the crown of the head, and the eye, as *Om śirase namaḥ*, *Om ;* salutation to the head ; with the addition of the *kavacha*, the armour or syllable *phat*, and the *astra*, the weapon or syllable *hum*. The entire *mantra*, the prayer or incantation, is then, *Om śirase namaḥ*, *hum*, *phat*.

† Agreeably to the text, *Abhyását paśyati súryam paramátmánam átmánam :* By practice (*of the Yoga*) he (*the adept*) beholds his own soul, the supreme soul, as the sun.

‡ According to some, the five senses, or sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch, or the five elements, earth, air, water, fire and *ákáśa*, or ether.

I scent the temple of *Karálá*, near
The cemetery, and perfumed of old
By fetid odours from the funeral pile—
It is my present object—for to-day,
My wise preceptor, great Aghoraghańt́a,
Calls me to aid him in the powerful rite
That terminates his toils—to-day he offers
The promised gift, the gem of womankind,
A victim to the goddess. In this city
The damsel dwells, and I must make her mine.

(*Looking out.*)

But who comes hitherward, of pleasing form,
With braided hair, and in one hand a sword?
The other—ha! it braves the world's restraints,
And soiled with blood, determinately grasps
A lump of human flesh! And now I look,
I know the youth; 'tis Mádhava, the son
Of the old dame Kámandakí's dear friend.
What makes him vender of the flesh of man?—
It matters not. Now to my work; for see,
The hour of twilight hovers o'er the west;
Along the skirts of the horizon steal
The winding glooms like dark *Tamála* blossoms;
And earth's far bounds are lost, as if immersed
In nascent waters; to the woods young night
Her own yet gentle shade imparts, as if
A wreath of smoke were wafted through the air,
And spread abroad in mist before the breeze.

[*Exit.*

Enter MÁDHAVA.

May those endearments yet be mine, that spring
From young affection and the dawn of passion,
Now first awakened in my Málatí;
Which for an instant only to imagine,
Inspires my heart with ecstasy unsullied
By all impure admixture. 'Twere enough

To be enfolded in her arms, to lean
My face upon her cheek, or to be prest
Against her firm and palpitating bosom,
Fragrant with perfume, and with pearls adorned.
Yet this is too remote; I will but ask
To see her face, the shrine of love once more.
Once more! Ah, no! for ever in my view
She lives; assiduous memory constant turns
To cherished hopes, and fed by hourly thoughts,
One sole idea engrosses every sense,
Till all my inmost soul is Málatí.*

(*A noise behind.*)

Now wake the terrors of the place,† beset
With crowding and malignant fiends; the flames
From funeral pyres scarce lend their sullen light,
Clogged with their fleshy prey, to dissipate
The fearful gloom that hems them in. Pale ghosts

* The obvious purport of this passage is clear enough, but reference is intended by the original to the practice of identifying the individual spirit with the Supreme Spirit by the intensity of abstract meditation, agreeably to the *Yoga* philosophy, and without having corresponding terms, to those employed, an intelligible translation is impracticable. Part of the preceding and a subsequent verse have been omitted, as weakening the general effect of the passage. The first describes Málatí's face in the customary strain, and in the latter Mádhava observes that Málatí is as firmly united with his heart as if sewed to it—1. With the strong threads of recollection; 2. Pinned to it with the shafts of *Káma;* 3. Melted in it; 4. Reflected by it; 5. Inscribed or engraven on it; 6. Set or planted in it; Or, 7. Fixed to it by diamond glue (*vajralepa*). The verse is curious as illustrative of the progress of the arts. The last is said to be a union of all valuable articles externally, as diamonds, &c., so that they cannot be detached, but how this is effected is not explained. Each of these terms is said by Jagaddhara to bear also a metaphysical sense, and to refer to the different scholastic notions of the mode in which the mind that perceives, and the object of perception, are combined, so as to produce consciousness.

† The *Śmaśána*, the place where bodies are burnt; temples of *Durgá* in some of her terrific forms were usually erected in or near it, and monuments of stone or brick were not unfrequently reared where the pile had stood.

Sport with foul goblins, and their dissonant mirth
In shrill respondent shrieks is echoed round.
Well, be it so. I seek, and must address them.
Demons of ill, and disembodied spirits,
Who haunt this spot, I bring you flesh for sale;
The flesh of man* untouched by trenchant steel,†
And worthy your acceptance. (*A great noise.*)
How the noise,
High, shrill, and indistinct, of chattering sprites
Communicative, fills the charnel ground!
Strange forms like foxes flit along the sky:
From the red hair of their lank bodies darts
The meteor blaze; or from their mouths, that stretch
From ear to ear thick-set with numerous fangs,
Or eyes, or beards, or brows, the radiance streams.
And now I see the goblin host: each stalks
On legs like palm-trees, a gaunt skeleton,
Whose fleshless bones are bound by starting sinews,
And scantly cased in black and shrivelled skin;
Like tall and withered trees by lightning scathed
They move, and as amidst their sapless trunks
The mighty serpent curls, so in each mouth
Wide yawning rolls the vast blood-dripping tongue.‡
They mark my coming, and the half-chewed morsel
Falls to the howling wolf,—and now they fly.
(*Pauses, and looking round.*)
Race, dastardly as hideous! All is plunged
In utter gloom. (*Considering.*) The river flows before me,
The boundary of the funeral ground, that winds

* This was a necessary condition; for the goblins, to the great discredit of their taste we must presume, would not condescend to eat female flesh.

† Flesh cut off with a weapon was in disrepute, on account of its being too common, in consequence of the number of men killed in battle. It does not appear how our hero comes by his merchandise.

‡ The author indulges here in a strain of powerful but disgusting description, too revolting to European taste to be faithfully followed.

Through mouldering bones its interrupted way.
Wild raves the torrent as it rushes past
And rends its crumbling banks; the wailing owl
Hoots through its skirting groves, and to the sounds
The loud long moaning jackall yells reply. (*Behind.*)
Ah, cruel father! she you meant an offering
To the King's favour, now deserted dies.

Mádh. (*Alarmed.*) What voice was that so musical and wild,
That sounds like the affrighted osprey's cry?
It bursts not unfamiliar to mine ear,
And penetrates my soul;—my throbbing heart
Faint dies within me, and a lifeless chill
Steals along every limb!—my tottering steps
Can scarce sustain their load. What should this be?
The dreadful sound came from *Karálá's* fane,
Fit scene for deeds of horror. Be it so—
I must be satisfied. [*Rushes off.*

SCENE.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF CHÁMUŃḊÁ.*

AGHORAGHAŃṪA, KAPÁLAKUŃḊALÁ, AND
MÁLATÍ *dressed as a victim.*

Mál. Unpitying sire, thy hapless daughter dies!
Mother beloved, remorseless fate consigns

* *Chámuńḍá* was an emanation of the goddess *Durgá*, springing from her forehead to encounter the demons *Chańḍa* and *Muńḍa*, detached to seize the latter by the sovereign of the *Daityas*, *Śumbha*, as related in the *Durgá-Máhátmya*, and her appearance, which is thus described in the *Márkańḍeya-Puráńa*, accords in most respects with the allusions in the text; "From the forehead of *Ambiká*, contracted with wrathful frowns, sprang swiftly forth a goddess of black and of formidable aspect, armed with a scymitar and noose, bearing a ponderous mace, and decorated with a garland of dead corses, robed in the hide of an elephant, dry and withered, and hideous with yawning mouth and lolling tongue and blood-shot eyes, and filling the regions with her shouts." Having slain the demons, she bore their heads to her parent goddess, who told her that, having slain *Chańḍa* and *Muńḍa*, she should henceforth be known on earth as *Chámuńḍá*. She is also termed *Kálí* from her black colour, and *Karálá* or *Karálavadaná*, from her hideous countenance.

Thy gentle heart to agony. Revered
And holy dame, who lived but for thy Málatí,
Whose every thought was for her happiness,
Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.
Ah, my dear friend, Lavangiká, to thee
But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear!

Mádh. (*Enters behind.*) My fears were true—'tis she! but still she lives.

Aghor. (*Running round quickly as in worship.**)
Hail! hail! *Chámuńdá*, mighty goddess, hail!
I glorify thy sport, when in the dance †
That fills the court of *Śiva* with delight,
Thy foot descending spurns the earthly globe.
Beneath the weight the broad-backed tortoise reels; ‡
The egg of *Brahmá* § trembles at the shock;
And in a yawning chasm, that gapes like hell,
The sevenfold main || tumultuously rushes.

The elephant hide that robes thee, to thy steps
Swings to and fro;—the whirling talons rend

* The stage direction is *twaritaḿ parikrámati*, which may also mean only proceeding quickly; but the limits of the stage must restrict this motion, and the act of circumambulating an object of worship or respect is an essential part of the homage to be offered.

† This dance is the counterpart of that which *Śiva* himself is supposed to perform, and of which notice was taken at the opening of the play. In this rite the bride of *Śiva* is described only in her terrific form as *Chámuńdá*, in which she is invested with a garb, ornaments, and attributes, similar to those of *Śiva* himself, or with those of *Kálí*.

‡ The earth is in some legends supposed to rest upon the back of a tortoise.

§ The egg of *Brahmá* is the world, the Orphic or mundane egg which floated amidst the water before creation, and from which *Brahmá*, the first-born, emerged, according to some legends, but which, according to others, merely resolved itself into the upper and lower spheres.

|| According to the geography of the *Puráńas*, the earth consists of a series of a central circle and six other annular continents, separated from each other by as many oceans of different fluid substances.

The crescent on thy brow;—from the torn orb
The trickling nectar falls, and every skull
That gems thy necklace laughs with horrid life.*
Attendant spirits tremble and applaud;
The mountain falls before the powerful arms,
Around whose length the sable serpents twine
Their swelling forms, and knit terrific bands,
Whilst from the hood expanded frequent flash
Envenomed flames.

As rolls thy awful head,
The low'ring eye that glows amidst thy brow †
A fiery circle designates, that wraps
The spheres within its terrible circumference:
Whilst by the banner on thy dreadful staff,
High-waved, the stars are scattered from their orbits.
The three-eyed god exults in the embrace
Of his fair spouse, as *Gaurí* sinks appalled
By the distracting cries of countless fiends
Who shout thy praise. Oh, may such dance afford
Whate'er we need—whate'er may yield us happiness! ‡

Mádh. (*Behind.*) What luckless chance is this, that such a maid,
With crimson garb and garland like a victim §

* In the different terrific forms of *Śiva* and *Durgá*, a necklace of skulls forms an invariable decoration, as does the crescent or half-moon on the forehead; and as we have before had occasion to observe, the moon is considered to be the peculiar reservoir of *Amríta* or the beverage of immortality.

† The eye in the forehead is one peculiar characteristic of *Śiva* and of his consort when armed with his terrors.

‡ *Jagaddhara* is rather shocked to think that these praises of *Chámuńdá* should fail of producing their due effect, but consoles himself by the reflection that the worshippers were disappointed of their object, either on account of their wickedness or their inaccurate pronunciation of some part of the ritual.

§ We had occasion to notice these paraphernalia more particularly in the *Mŕichchhakati*. In like manner the ordinary victims of the Greeks were

Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive
Of impious wretches,* like a timid fawn
Begirt by ravenous wolves: that she, the child
Of the all-powerful minister should lie
Thus in the jaws of death? Ah, cruel destiny,
How ruthless are thy purposes!

Kap. Fair maid,
Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,
For pitiless death is near thee.

Mál. Ah, Mádhava,
Lord of my heart! Oh may I after death
Live in thy memory! They do not die,
Whom love embalms in long and fond remembrance.

ap. Poor child, her heart is Mádhava's.

Aghor. (*Raising his sword.*) No matter—
Come what come may, we must delay no longer.
This offering vowed to thee, divine *Chámuńdá*,
Deign to accept.

adorned with crowns and garlands, as were human victims: as thus in the *Clouds*, in the scene between *Socrates* and *Strepsiades*:—

"*Socr.* Now take this chaplet—wear it.
"*Strep.* Why this chaplet?
Wouldst make of me another *Athamas*,
And sacrifice me to a cloud?"

So also in the *Heraclidæ*; *Macaria*, when offering herself as a victim to secure the triumph of the Athenians, exclaims,

"To the scene of death,
Conduct; with garlands crown me."

The translator of Euripides also observes, that human sacrifices at their first origin appear to have consisted of virgins or young men in the state of celibacy, and in this respect the selection of Málatí offers another analogy.

* *Páshańda* and *Chánďála*, heretics and outcasts. These epithets indicate little respect for the worshippers of *Durgá*, and their application so publicly declared, would lead us to infer that the author's sentiments were those of his age. *Jagaddhara* states that in the rite two legal prohibitions are violated, of which he gives the text: they are, "Let him not eat from the leaf of the asclepias, nor slay a female or child;" and, "Females of every description of being, it is well known, are not to be slain."

Mádh. (*Rushes forward and snatches Málatí up in his arms.*)
Vile wretch, forbear!
Kap. The term
Profane is thine.
Mál. Oh, save me, save me! (*Embraces Mádhava.*)
Mádh. Princess, do not fear.
A faithful friend, who in the hour of death
Finds courage to declare his love, is near thee—
Be of good courage—on this impious wretch,
The retribution of his crimes descends.
Aghor. What sinful youth is this that interrupts
Our solemn rite?
Kap. The lover of the maiden,
The pupil of Kámandakí, who treads
These precincts for unholy purposes,
And vends the flesh of man.
Mádh. Inform me, princess,
How has this chanced?
Mál. I know not. I reposed
At eve upon the terrace: when I woke
I found myself a prisoner.—But what led
Your steps to this retreat?
Mádh. (*Ashamed.*) By passion urged,
Incited by the hope my life might be
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came
To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.
Mál. And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,
And wandering here for me?
Mádh. Blest was the chance
That snatched my love from the uplifted sword,
Like the pale moon from *Ráhu's** rav'nous jaws.
My mind is yet with various passions tossed,

* The node or dragon's head, whose attempt to swallow the moon is the supposed cause of eclipses.

And terror, pity, wonder, joy, and rage,
By turns possess my soul.

Aghor. Rash Bráhman boy,
Thou seek'st thy fate. The pitying stag defies
The tiger in the rescue of his doe,
And both are made the forest monarch's prey—
So shalt thou perish, who darest hope to save
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,
As flies the severed head before my scymitar,
Shall stream an offering to the mighty mother
Of all created beings.

Mádh. Wretch accursed,
Impious and vile! Couldst thou raise thy sword
Against this delicate frame, that timid shrunk
Even from the flowers her fond companions cast
In sportive mood upon her—but my arm
Like *Yama's* mace* now falls upon thy head.

Mál. (*To Mádhava.*) Lord of my life, refrain from violence:
His crime is baffled, let him be. Avoid
All needless peril.

Kap. (*To Aghor.*) Holy sir, be firm;
Destroy the culprit.

Mádh. and Aghor.† (*To the women.*) Banish your alarms;
The villain dies. What other chance should wait
The issue of the contest, when the lion,
Whose talons 'light upon the elephant's brow,
As falls the thunderbolt upon the mountain,
Raises their might against the feeble deer.

(*A noise behind.*)

What, ho! ye who are now in search of Málatí,

* *Yama* is the regent of hell and judge of the dead; he rides upon a buffalo, and is armed with a ponderous mace.

† We are familiar with such consentaneous declaration in the Italian opera, but not in the recited drama. It is common, however, in Spanish plays for two or three characters to speak together in the same words, with such trifling modifications as may be necessary to render them applicable to the speaker.

The venerable priestess whose commands
Are ever wise, enjoins ye to surround
The temple of *Karálá*. This can be
The act of none but him who ministers
To the terrific goddess, and the princess
Can be an offering for no other shrine.

Kap. We are surrounded!

Aghor. Greater is the need
Of manly resolution.

Mál. My dear father!
My venerable mistress!

Mádh. I will place
The princess out of peril with her friends,
Then swift return for vengeance.

(*He carries Málatí off and returns confronting Aghoraghanta.*)

Now let the falchion piecemeal hew thy form,
Ring on thy bones, and cleave thy sinewy joints,
Sport in the yielding marrow, and divide,
Resistless in its fury, limb from limb.

[*Exeunt fighting.**

* The Hindu theatre is as particular as the French in prohibiting the exhibition of death upon the stage. The commentator observes, the combatants disappear *nátake sákshád-badhánabhidhánát* from its not being allowed to represent slaughter visibly in a drama, agreeably to the Horatian precept—"*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*"

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

A PUBLIC PLACE.

Enter KAPÁLAKUŃD́ALÁ.

Alas! the cruel Mádhava has slain
My venerable master in the cause
Of Málatí. In vain, I strove to stay
His ruthless hand; he spurned my supplications.
What now remains?—vengeance? Yes, Mádhava,
Thou yet shall feel my fury—no repose
Can the destroyer of the serpent brood
Expect to taste—the mother snake retains
Her wrath unmitigated, whets her fangs,
And hoards her venom, wakeful for revenge.

(*Without.*)

Ho, warriors! haste; be quick in preparation
Appointed by the elders. Let the Bráhmans
Recite auspicious strains. Let all devise
Ingenious shows and fitting invocations,
Propitiating fate—for near at hand
The bridegroom train approaches. Till they come,
Obedient to the holy dames injunctions,
The matrons of her father's household send
The maiden to the temple of the deity*
That guards our walls, to pray that nought molest,
No evil interrupt the happy rite.

* According to the Hindus, every city has its own *Śrí*, its own fortune or prosperity, which in former times seems to have been represented by an image with a temple of its own. The practice amongst the ancients of considering a city under the protection of some well-known divinity is more familiar to us, but an analogous superstition with that of the Hindus also

Quick let a guard, in rich caparison
Arrayed, upon the brilliant train attend.
Kap. 'Tis well—I will keep vigilant watch ;
And in the bustle of this marriage feast,
I may perchance some fit occasion seize
To wreak my vengeance upon Mádhava.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter KALAHAMSA.

I was ordered by my master, who is concealed within the shrine here with his friend Makaranda, to go and see whether the lady Málatí leads the procession to this temple. I shall delight him.

Enter MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mádh. How will this end? from the first day I saw
The lovely maid, events succeeding add
Fresh fuel to my passion, and to-day
The crisis comes. Will the sage dame's device
Secure me bliss, or end in disappointment?
Mak. Fear not, my friend, her wisdom cannot fail.
Kal. (*Approaches.*) My lord, you are favoured by fortune. The lady Málatí is on the road, at the head of the procession.

prevailed amongst the polytheists of Europe. Thus in the *Seven Chiefs before Thebes*, the *Theban* women seek their shrines of the gods who are the guardians of the city.

"Yet, therefore, to the ancient images,
Confiding in their sacred power, I ran,
When at the gates sharp sleet of arrowy shower
Drove hard ; my fears impelled me to implore
The blest gods to protect the city's strength."

And *Virgil* states, that on the fall of Troy the deities who had protected the empire departed from the shrines,

"*Excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis*
Dii, quibus imperium hoc steterat."—Æn. 2, vv. 351, 352.

The gods, that *Æneas* carried with him to Rome appear to have been of this order, the Penates of Troy.

"*Effigies sacræ divûm Phrygiique Penates.*"—Æn. 3, v. 143.

The public penates were those who presided over fortresses and cities.

Mádh. Can it be true?

Mak. Why should you doubting question?

They are at hand; for hark, a hollow murmur,
Like that of rushing clouds, before the gate
Comes sudden on the ear, and now the drums
That peal in joy drown every other sound;
Here from the lattice we may see their march.

Kal. Look, master, see how the white umbrellas float like trembling lotuses in the lake of the atmosphere. The numerous banners undulate like waves as they play before the wind of the Chowris, which hover about like swans; and now the elephants advance, their golden bells tinkling as they stride; they are mounted by merry bevies of damsels, singing songs of rejoicing, uttered indistinctly as interrupted by the betel that perfumes their mouths, and blazing like rays of light with glittering jewels of variegated tints, as if they were so many portions of the heavens decorated with fragments of *Indra's* bow.

Mak. The state of *Bhúrivasu* is, in sooth,

Most princely. As the countless jewels shoot
Their blaze into the sky, the heavens reflect
The countless hues, as if the peacock's plumage,
Or the mixed colours of the painted jay,
Played through the air, or China's gorgeous silks
Vested the atmosphere, or *Indra's* bow
Displayed throughout its many coloured radiance.

Kal. The throng of attendants hastily forming a circle fall off to a respectful distance, and keep back the crowd with staves, covered with silver and gold. Her elephant, painted with vermilion, resembles the ruddy dawn, or with the starry garland* on her brow, looks like the brilliant night. But she herself, the lovely object of all eyes, as pale and delicate as the new moon, advances from the ring.

Mak. The beauteous damsel well becomes the grace

* The *nakshatra-málá*, a garland of twenty-seven pearls, the number of the *nakshatras* or lunar mansions.

Of bridal honours. Her emaciate form
And pallid cheek, although they plainly show
Deep-rooted grief, heighten her loveliness,
Like some fair plant just budding into flower
And withered at the core. Behold! my friend,
The elephant kneels.

Mád. And Málatí descends,
And with the priestess and her faithful friend
Lavangiká, comes hither. [*They withdraw.*

SCENE III.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ, MÁLATÍ, *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Kám. (*To herself.*) May fate assist the wishes of our hearts,
And may the just gods crown them with completion:
May I attain my aim, and this device,
That binds the children of my friends in love,
Secure their future happiness.

Mál. (*Apart.*) Ah me!
What blest occasion will afford the means
Of death to free me from the world?—but no,
Death comes not to the wretch who prays his aid.

Lav. (*Apart.*) This final parting from her love has plunged
My poor friend in despair.

Enter a FEMALE ATTENDANT *with a basket.*

Att. (*To Kámandakí.*) His Excellency, dame, desires me to inform you, that his Majesty has sent this bridal dress and these ornaments, that Málatí may put them on in presence of the deity.*

Kám. 'Tis rightly judged—the place is most propitious.
Let us behold the gear!

* It was customary also amongst the Greeks for the intended bride to pay her adoration to some divinity before her marriage, usually to *Diana;* but at *Athens* no virgin was allowed to be married before worshipping *Minerva,* who, as in the present instance, was the tutelary deity of the city.

Att. This is the corset of white silk; this is the red muslin mantle—these are the ornaments; this the necklace—this is sandal, this the chaplet of flowers.

Kám. (*Apart.*) It were a pleasant trick, and Madayantiká
Will not be sorry to behold the youth.
(*Aloud.*) Inform the minister it shall be done
As he directs. (*Exit Servant.*) Daughter Lavangiká,
Attend the princess to the inner shrine.

Lav. Where tarry you meanwhile?

Kám. I would remain
Alone, and leisurely investigate
The value of these jewels. [*Exit.*

Mál. (*Apart.*) Left with Lavangiká alone!

Lav. This is the door. Here let us enter.

(*They enter. Scene changes to the interior of the Temple.*)

MÁDHAVA, MAKARANDA, *and* KALAHAḾSA *discovered.*

Mak. They come; let us conceal ourselves awhile,
Behind this pillar. [*They hide.*

Enter MÁLATÍ *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Lav. Here is the perfume for the person—here
The flowery garland.* (*Offering them.*)

Mál. What are they to me?

Lav. Consider, my dear friend, you are sent here
By your respected mother to propitiate
The deity, and thus invoke good fortune
On the commencement of the marriage rite.

Mál. Why thus distract a wretch whose heart is torn

* Garlands made part of the bridal as well as sacrificial ornaments amongst the Greeks. Thus in *Agamemnon*, Clytemnestra, in addressing Achilles:

"Offspring of Thetis, pity my distress;
Succour a virgin named, tho' falsely named,
Your bride: yet I with flowers adorned her brow,
And fancied that I led her to your arms;
But now I to the bloody altar lead."—*Iphigenia in Aulis.*

With pangs intolerable, and whose mind
Is tortured by the wanton cruelty
Of unrelenting fate?

Lav. Alas! what would you say?

Mál. Whatever he whose fortunes are, like mine,
Blighted by unavailing hopes, might counsel.

Mak. Heard you?

Mádh. I heard—what little cheers my heart.

Mál. (*Embracing Lavangiká.*) My dearest friend, the sister of my soul,
Your hapless Málatí, about to die
Unwedded, begs one proof of your affection.
From earliest infancy you have replied
Unvarying to my confidence—ah! now,
Do not the first time disappoint my hopes—
Bear still my image in your heart, and see
The lotus lovely countenance of Mádhava,
The shrine of each auspicious excellence.
(*Weeps.*)

Mádh. (*Behind.*) Delightful words, that fortunately shed
Their nectar through my heart, and o'er my frame
Diffuse the powerful medicine that restores
The vigorous bloom of life's decaying flower.

Mál. Then tell the brave preserver of my life,
He must not, if he ever prized my love,
When he shall hear that I am dead, attempt
His days, but live to cherish my remembrance:
Tell him, I hope he will not wholly lose
The recollection of this life's events:
Although the tenant of another world,
I here shall live in memory alone.
Do this, and all your Málatí's desires
Your kindness will bestow.

Mak. Alas, poor girl!

Mádh. The sad yet sweet tones of her fond despair
Awake contending sentiments—her grief

Excites both joy and pain, and fills my mind
With anguish and delight.

Lav. I am overcome
With horror! let me hear no more, my friend,
Words of such evil omen.

Mál. Ah, Lavangiká,
You love the life of Málatí alone—
Not Málatí.

Lav. What mean you?

Mál. I have borne
Thus long a hateful life, sustained alone
By flattering promises I yet might wed
The lord of my election. This is past;
But 'tis my firm resolve to end my days,
Free from the stain of violated faith,
To the divinity whom I have served—
Then do not thou oppose me in my purpose.
(*Falls at her feet.*)

Mak. Her love is boundless.
(*Lavangiká beckons to Mádhava.*)
Go, take her place.

Mádh. I tremble.

Mak. 'Tis a sign
Of coming happiness!

Mádh. I go. (*Approaches gently and takes the station of Lavangiká, who retires.**)

Mál. (*Kneeling.*) Speak your assent, my friend!

Mádh. Forego such desperate purpose, simple maid:
My heart, dear girl, will never bear thy loss.†

Mál. Behold me prostrate till you give consent!

* The situation that ensues is rendered extravagantly improbable by the dialogue. If the discovery were natural, it would not be undramatic.

† This verse is both Sanskŕit and Prákŕit, according to the commentator. *Saralé sáhasa-rágaṁ parihara rambhoru muncha saṁrambham, virasaṁ virahdydsaṁ sodhuṁ tava chittam asahaṁ me.*

Mádh. What can I say, desponding as thou art?
Do as thou wilt; but first this fond embrace.

Mál. Now I am blest!
(Rises and throws herself into Mádhava's arms.)
I have but half my friend;
For my fast-flowing tears obscure my sight.
Firm as the lotus cup, and smooth with down,
Thy form recalls a contact that allays
The fever of my grief: oh, bear its owner,
With hands thus elevated to your brow,
My farewell message.* 'Tis long since these eyes
Have lost the sight of thy engaging countenance,
As brilliant as the broad bright beaming moon,
And lovelier than the full-blown lotus flower.
The sufferings of my frame, which not the rays
Of the mild lunar orb, nor the cool breath
Of Malaya could appease, have long distressed
My friendly train with bitterest affliction.
My heart, whose firmness by incessant cares
Still growing more unbearable assailed,
Had sunk, was yet by hope sustained; but now
I hope no more. Let me still live, dear friend,
In your remembrance; and when I am gone,
May this the work of Mádhava, preserved
Next to your heart, whene'er it meet your gaze,
Bring to your mind the Málatí you loved.
(Goes to hang the garland round the neck of Mádhava, and discovering her mistake starts back in alarm.)

Mádh. *(Apart.)* The gentle pressure of her heaving bosom
Has spread delightful coolness through my frame,
As if combined upon my skin were strewed
Sandal and camphor—*śaivala*† and pearls—
The lotus fibre or the moonstone's dew.

* The gesture here adopted has the effect of partly covering the eyes, and is intended to give probability to Málatí's prolonged error.

† An aquatic plant (*vallisneria*) of supposed cooling powers.

Mál. Lavangiká betrays me!
Mádh. Gentle maid,
Your own experience only cannot teach you
What others have endured—but this belief,
Such days as you have passed, such have I known,
Whose fevered flames have raged in every vein,
And anguish wrung conscious existence from me—
Thy love alone preserved my fleeting life.
Lav. You are ensnared, my friend, as you deserved.
Kal. This mutual confession is pleasant enough.
Mak. Princess, you are merciful, it is true.
My friend has undergone so sad a time,
And yet exists—now may his hopes be crowned,
And with that plighted hand the golden thread
Shall gird, be happiness his future portion.
Lav. How can you name the golden thread that girds
The bridal hand? Observe you not, her heart
Is agitated with the apprehension
Of an immediate and unwelcome marriage.
Mál. (*Apart.*) Out on it—what is this? it ill becomes
A maiden's honour.
Kám. (*Entering.*) How now,
My gentle child?
(*Málati throws herself into her arms.*)
Kám. Look up! behold the youth who shared your sufferings,
Whose eyes first caught the flame; whose heart was next
To thee alone devoted; and whose frame,
Like thine emaciate, equal passion shows.
Behold him here! Dismiss this weak timidity—
Be love obeyed and destiny fulfilled.
Lav. What marvel, dame, our friend should be alarmed!
This is, to say the truth, a fearful personage—
The conqueror of the fierce and impious wretch
Who braved his fatal arm, when on the night
No moon illumes, and with no good intent,
He trod the confines of the funeral ground.

Mak. (*To himself.*) Well said, Lavangiká, the double bond of love and gratitude is well suggested.

Mál. Alas, my parents!

Kám. Mádhava, my son.

Mádh. Command me.

Kám. This is this dearest gem of *Bhúrivasu*,
The mighty minister, whose feet are blazoned
With the bright diadems of prostrate princes.
Fate, pleased congenial merit to unite,
And love and I their instrument, confer
This treasure to your care. (*Weeps.*)

Mak. Our hopes are gratified
By your kind aid.

Mádh. But why these tears?

Kám. My son, long-cherished friendship has endeared
The interests of your house to me; and now
That love is consummated, for mine old
And tried affection, and for other causes,
I may demand you listen to my counsels.
Then, heed my words, and pledge your faith to me,
You cherish this dear child most tenderly,
When I no more behold her.

(*About to fall at the feet of Mádhava.*)

Mádh. (*Preventing her.*) Forbear! forbear! your kindness overpowers me.

Mak. Why should you need assurance, dame, of this—
The object of your praise—the living festival
Of human eyes—replete with warm affection
And brilliant worth—why, one were irresistible—
Their union is your surety.

Kám. My son (*to Mádhava*).

Mádh. Behold me!

Kám. Málatí, my child.

Lav. She waits upon your will.

Kám. Remember, children—
A virtuous wife and a respected lord

Are each to either all—kindred and friends,
Wealth, love, and life, and all the heart should covet.

Mak. 'Tis justly said.

Lav. What further has the dame
To order?

Kám. Makaranda, take these robes
And dress you for the bridal.

Mak. As you will.
Behind this curtain* I can make my toilet. [*Retires.*

Mádh. But will not this expose my friend to peril?

Kám. Out on thee—what hast thou to do in this?

Mádh. I trust me to your judgment.

Enter MAKARANDA *in female attire.*†

Mak. My friend, behold your Málatí.

Mádh. (*Embracing him.*) In truth,
The priestess highly favours Nandana,
To yield his admiration, for an instant,
A bride like this.

Kám. Now, my dear children (*to Málati and Mádhava*), leave
This temple by the sacred grove, and pass
Quick to the garden of my sanctuary.
In the pavilion Avalokitá
Awaits your coming, with all means prepared
To celebrate the nuptial ceremony.
The rite accomplished, to the grove retire,
Where round the areka-trees the betel vine
Curls its pale leaves, as pallid as the cheek
Of the fair dames of *Kerala* who mourn

* *Chitra-javaniká*, a painted cloth, a screen or veil suspended in a temple before the adytum; according to *Malanka*, it is rather arras or tapestry; he describes it as cloth covering the walls of a temple.

† A rather expeditious affair; but as the dress consists almost solely of one long wrapper, not so unmanageable as some of the transformations of a Mathews.

Their absent lords.* The beauties of the scene,
Begirt with waving oranges, and musical
With the sweet tone of numerous choristers,
Who sip delightedly the jujube's juice,
Shall breathe a warmer rapture on your loves.
There loiter till your friend and his fair maid,
The princess Madayantiká, shall join you.

Mádh. This were indeed to crown my happiness.

Kal. If luck befriend us, this will surely be.

Mádh. There cannot be a fear.

Lav. Heard you, my friend?

Kám. Lavangiká
And Makaranda, we must now depart.

Mál. What! must you go, Lavangiká?

Lav. (*Smiling.*) I must.
This is our way.

[*Exeunt Kámandakí, Lavangiká, and Makaranda.*

Mádh. Like some fair lotus is this trembling hand,
Along whose slender stalk the downy filaments
Erect extend, and from whose leaflet fingers
The pearly drops from love engendered fall.
I clasp it now in mine—as with his tusk
The elephant entwines the tender flower,
And gently wrests it from its native lake.

[*Exit with Málatí.*

* Malabar. They are often alluded to in this strain, and it is to be supposed, therefore, that the women of this province are of a fairer complexion than usual in India.

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

THE PALACE OF NANDANA.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITÁ.

So far so well. Makaranda well became his disguise as Málatí, and by the instructions and good fortune of the dame has played his part unsuspected, and has been wedded to Nandana in the palace of the minister. Kámandakí then took leave, and has gone home, anticipating that the attendants will all be wearied with the bustle of the festival of bringing the bride to her husband's house, and that the evening will be favourable to the execution of our design. In the meantime, Nandana, impatient to possess his bride, first endeavoured to soothe her alarms, and humbled himself at her feet. Finding this in vain, he had recourse to violence; but he was so severely handled by the supposed maiden that he was compelled to desist. Enraged at the treatment, the tears starting from his eyes with pain and vexation, and his speech inarticulate with fury, Nandana vowed he would have no more to say to one who was no better than the wanton of a boy. With this determination he left the apartments, and with this opportunity we may bring Madayantiká and Makaranda together.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MAKARANDA *and* LAVANGIKÁ *on a couch in woman's attire discovered.*

Mak. You are confident that Buddharakshitá
Will make no blunder, and so disappoint
The project of the priestess?

Lav. Never fear:
And hark! the tinkling foot-bells, that proclaim

Their near approach: quick, spread this mantle over you,
And seem to sleep. (*He lies down as she covers him.*)

Enter MADAYANTIKÁ *and* BUDDHARAKSHITÁ.

Maday. Is indeed my brother
So grievously displeased with Málatí?
Buddh. No doubt.
Maday. But this is unbecoming—let us go
And take to task this rude ill-mannered girl.
Buddh. This is her chamber door.
Maday. Lavangiká,
Sleeps your fair friend?
Lav. Yes; do not break her slumbers.
She has been sadly vexed of late, and now,
Her cares awhile forgot, she tastes repose.
Here, gently seat you on the couch.
Maday. (*Sits down.*) Indeed
She may be vexed; that she is rude, I 'm sure.
Lav. How, should she not be fretted—with a husband
So gently kind, affectionate, and mild,
So skilled to win a maiden's confidence,
As is your brother?
Maday. Hey, Buddharakshitá,—
We blame her strange perverseness.
Buddh. Perverse may not on all occasions be
Perverseness.
Maday. How so?
Buddh. 'Tis true she treated with but scant respect
The husband prostrate at her feet; still this
Was maiden bashfulness, and might be pardoned.
You cannot deem so of your brother's anger,
Who in resentment of a coy resistance,
Such as became a virgin bride to offer
To boisterous violence, forgot all sense
Of his own dignity, and had recourse
To sheer abuse—such conduct is disgraceful

To you, not us. The poets well observe,
Women like flowers are of tender fabric,
And should be softly handled—they detest
The furious passion that would force their love,
Impatient, ere their confidence be won.

Lav. Alas! who ever heard of such behaviour?
In many a house, men of exalted rank
Are wedded unto maids of gentle birth:
But who, like fire the breeze blows into flame,
Is rendered furious by the chaste reluctance
Of his young, fair, and unoffending bride.
A husband's harshness renders home distasteful
To the desponding wife, tortures her heart
With poisoned shafts, and makes her wish for death.
Occurrences like these compel a family
To murmur sorely when a girl is born.

Maday. (*To Buddh.*) Our friend Lavangiká seems sadly grieved.
What fault so heinous is my brother charged with?

Buddh. Did we not hear his words?

Maday. What were they?

Buddh. "I will nought
Of one no better than a stripling's wanton."

Maday. Folly! insanity! my friend Lavangiká,
It is with shame I look you in the face.
But I should have some voice in this affair;
So hear what I advise.

Lav. I am attentive.

Maday. Dismiss the memory of my brother's rudeness.
Remember only that he is the husband
Of our friend Málatí: and to confess
The truth, you must admit there was some cause
For this intemperate language, though unmeet
For female ears.

Lav. I know no cause.

Maday. It has been noised abroad,
That Málatí had plighted her affection

To the youth Mádhava. This is no mystery.
But now, dear friend, exert your utmost skill,
That such ill-starred aversion to her husband
May utterly be rooted from her heart:
If not, a grievous shame will 'light upon her,
For wives, resentful and ungentle, plague
The hearts of men—this fear that I have hinted
You will not speak of.

Lav. Hence, you heedless girl,
To be beguiled by loose report so easily:
I hold no further talk with you.

Maday. Nay, nay,
Be not displeased: you need not hesitate
To own the truth—what, I suppose we knew not—
That Málatí had nearly pined to death
On Mádhava's account. We did not mark
The delicate beauty of her wasting form,
Like the young tender *ketakí*; we saw not
The animating influence of the wreath
Of *vakula* flowers, wove by the hand of Mádhava;
Nor did we note the evident sympathy
Each frame expressed, when either showed as wan
As the moon's pallid disk when morning dawns.
You may forget, that I beheld their glances,
When in the garden of the flower-armed god
The youth and maiden met: their eyes encountering,
Swam with delight, and brilliant flashes shot
From each soft orb, uttering intelligibly
The language prompted by the soft emotion
That played through every agitated limb.
Then, when the news arrived the king had given her
In marriage to my brother, was not a change,
As if the hand of adverse fate had scorched
Her charms, and rudely from its living bands
Had wrung her heart, that moment manifest?
Nay I remember too——

Lav. What more?
Maday. When, by the shrewd suggestion of the dame,
The youth was counselled to give Málatí
Some token of his happiness, that his friend,
The brave preserver of my life, was brought
Again to conscious being, he presented her
His heart, and life; and, if I heard aright,
Lavangiká replied, "My friend esteems
These liberal gifts most worthy her acceptance."
Lav. And who was he—the saviour of your life?
I have forgotten him.
Maday. Think, think again.
When I was chased by the ferocious beast,
And had no hope—the guardian youth appeared,
And heedless of a person which enshrines
The worth of all the world, quick interposed
His powerful arm to snatch me from destruction.
For me he braved the monster's mighty blows,
Falling like thunder strokes; his manly breast
Was scored with wounds, and ruddier than a wreath
Of crimson roses. But the tiger plied
His fangs and claws in vain—the hero triumphed—
The furious savage fell beneath his sword.
Lav. Ah, I remember now—'twas Makaranda.
Maday. Whom, say you?
Lav. Makaranda. (*Taking hold of her.*)
How now!
What, are we all alike? How chances it,
That one so free from passion should betray,
Without apparent cause, this agitation,
And blossom like the round *kadamba* flower?*
Maday. Why laugh at me? I own I often think

* The *kadamba* flower when full blown is invested with projecting antheræ like the erect bristles of a hedgehog. Delight, according to the Hindus, gives a bristly elevation to the down of the body: the phenomenon here alluded to.

Of that brave youth who, reckless of his safety,
Rushed to my aid and snatched me from the jaws
Of all-devouring fate. I frequent view him,
As the sharp pain of his innumerous wounds
Forced the big drops from his exhausted limbs,
And leaning on his sword awhile he stood,
Then closed his lotus eyes and fainting fell—
Content to leave this glorious living world
For Madayantiká, and in her presence.
Should I think less of one who saved my life?

Buddh. All this is in your person plainly told.

Maday. Away, away! I have betrayed myself,
Depending on your faith.

Lav. Nay, dear girl,
We know that which we know. Come, be composed,
Confess the truth; there should be no disguise
Amongst such friends as we are. Let us taste
The pleasure mutual confidence bestows.

Buddh. Lavangiká is right.

Maday. Well, I must need
Obey my friend.

Lav. Come, tell us how of late
You pass your time?

Maday. Hear me:
Before I saw the youth I frequent heard
His praise from Buddharakshitá, and pleased
By her description, let my fancy dwell
Upon his absent image till my heart
Was filled with anxious longing to behold him.
At length 'twas willed by fate that we should meet,
Though for brief interval. Oh, then I found
How deep a wound had Madana* inflicted.
Life was distasteful to me—on my form
The scorching flames of passion fiercely preyed,

* The Hindu Cupid.

And filled my kind attendants with affliction.
The only remedy I saw was death;
And anxious sought such welcome liberation.
Still Buddharakshitá opposed my purpose,
Assuaged my growing sorrows, and persuaded me
Still to endure this transitory world.
My dreams since come to animate my hopes;
Place in my eyes the object of my wishes,
Bring to my ears the music of his voice,
Fold me within his grasp, and picture more
Than I dare tell you—till I wake and view,
Ah me! the world a lone and dreary waste.*

Lav. 'Tis honestly avowed; and well I know,
It costs our friend here no small pains to hide
Some of these feelings from your tittering train.

Maday. You chatter giddily—I have done with you.

Buddh. Regard her not, be sure that Málatí
Has for her ear some similar confession.

Maday. Nay, nay, you must not laugh at Málatí.

Buddh. Well, I have done; and now, my tender friend,
I have a question for you, if you promise me
Inviolate secrecy.

Maday. What breach of trust
Have I committed, that there needs such promise?
My heart is wholly yours and Lavangiká's.

Buddh. If Makaranda cross your sight again
By any accident, what would you do?

Maday. My eyes would rest unwearied on his form,
And on my heart would heavenly rapture fall.

Buddh. And if, by love directed, he should offer
Such gentle violence as *Rukmińí*
Endured from *Purushottama*,† and wrung
Your bridal vows from you?

* The latter part of this speech is somewhat compressed from the original.

† A name of *Kŕishńa*. According to the *Harivaḿśa*, *Rukmińí* was the daughter of *Bhíshma* king of *Kundina*, and was solicited in marriage by

Maday. (*Sighing.*) Why tease me
With such vain hopes?
Buddh. Nay, answer me.
Lav. Those sighs,
Deep-drawn, betray the secrets of her heart,
And give you plain reply.
Maday. What do you think of me?
He bought this body when he risked his own
And snatched me from the tiger—I am his.
Lav. 'Tis generously and gratefully resolved.
Buddh. You will remember what you have now said.
Maday. Hark! (*Drums without.*)
The drum proclaims the second watch begun;
I must disturb my friend, and try to soothe
Her indignation at my brother's conduct,
And then to rest. Why, Málatí, asleep?
(*Goes to the couch, Makaranda shows his face and catches hold of her hand.*)
Hey, who is this?
Mak. Fear nothing, gentle maid;
Let not that palpitating breast distress
Your slender waist. In me, behold your slave!

Kŕishńa, of whom she was enamoured; but the son of *Bhíshma*, *Rukmin*, jealous of *Kŕishńa's* fame, and being incensed by the death of *Kaḿsa*, his friend, was hostile to the match, and negotiated his sister's marriage with *Śiśupála* king of *Chedi*, likewise inimically disposed towards *Kŕishńa*. All the kings of India were invited to the wedding, and amongst them came *Kŕishńa*, who seeing *Rukmińí* proceed to offer her devotions at a temple, waylaid her on her return, and with the assistance of his brother *Balaráma* and his kinsmen carried her off to *Dwáraká*. A hot pursuit followed, and an engagement took place, in which *Rukmin* was struck to the ground by *Keśava*, but his life was spared at his sister's intercession, and *Kŕishńa* remained possessed of his prize. The marriage was solemnised at *Dwáraká*, and *Rukmińí* remained the chief of *Kŕishńa's* wives. He had ten sons by her, of whom *Pradyumna* is the most celebrated. The rape of *Rukmińí* is also narrated nearly in the same words, as in the *Harivaḿśa*, in the 5th section of the *Vishńu-Puráńa*, and more in detail in the tenth book of the *Bhágavata*, and in the *Kŕishńa-Janma-Khańda* of the *Brahmavaivartta-Puráńa*.

By your avowed affection elevated
To highest ecstasy

Lav. (*Holding up Madayantiká's face.*)
Behold your lover!
The object of your hopes. Within the palace
The servants soundly sleep—the night is dark.
Now show your gratitude, let us take off
Our tinkling anklets, and depart.

Maday. Where should we go?

Buddh. Where Málatí has gone.

Maday. What! has she fled?

Buddh. She has; now let me see,
What I must think of you. (*Madayantiká weeps.*)
(*To Mak.*) Noble youth,
My dear friend gives to you—herself.

Mak. This is
A glorious conquest, and to-day I reap
The harvest of my youth—upon whose festival,
In proof of friendship, the fish-bannered god *
Presents me in his bounty this dear maid.
Come, by this private entrance let us fly; †
Our nightly journey will not want its pleasures.
The breeze that cool and fragrant sweeps along
The lofty terrace or the palace top,
Reveals the joyous scenes it has surveyed,
As with the camphory balm, and flowery perfume,
And winey odours, redolent it blows. [*Exeunt.*

* *Káma*, or Cupid, who bears upon his banner the *makara*, an aquatic monster something like the sign of the Zodiac Capricornus.

† The original here directs their exit, and the following lines are supposed to be spoken in the street.

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

ACT VIII.

THE MANSION OF KÁMANDAKÍ.

Enter AVALOKITÁ.

Whilst my mistress has gone to the palace of *Nandana*, I will seek Mádhava and Málatí. Ah, there they sit, upon the marble platform crowning the steps of the lake, refreshing themselves after the heat of the day. I will join them.

[*Exit.*

THE GROVE.

MÁLATÍ *and* MÁDHAVA *discovered.*— *To them*, AVALOKITÁ.

Mádh. Night, ever friend to love, now spreads its shades.
Faint in the east the gentle moonlight gleams,
Pale as the palm's sear leaf, and through the air
The slowly rising breezes spread around
The grateful fragrance of the *ketakí.**
How shall I win this maid to confidence?
My dearest Málatí, whilst I retain
The cooling influence of the evening bath,
You are oppressed with heat: the trembling drops
Steal from your hair and quiver on your bosom,
And o'er your graceful form the down erect
Profusely rises. Whilst you suffer thus,
Come to my breast, let me but once embrace thee.
Why thus averse? Let those confiding arms,
Upon whose taper length the sudden dews
Start with alarm as if the living gem
Kissed by the moon distilled its gelid moisture,

* A strong-scented flower (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).

Twine round my neck; and if this may not be,
Why may I not be blessed with your discourse?
What, if this frame, long scorched by southern gales
And by the lunar beams, may not aspire
To your embrace, yet let mine ear, distressed
By the wild *kóil's* song, be now regaled
By your melodious voice, more musical
Than are the choirs of heaven.

Ava. (*Advancing.*) What folly, this!—
What inconsistency!—late, in my presence,
When Mádhava but a brief interval
Had disappeared, you were most miserable,
And thus exclaimed: "Where can my lord delay?
Would he were come, that I might gaze upon him
With eyelids never veiled, and all reserve
Discarded wholly, I might fly to him
And clasp him in my arms!" Those were your words;
And now, what contrast!

(*Málatí looks at her spitefully.*)

Mádh. (*Apart.*) The dame's disciples
Are all endowed with clear intelligence
And eloquence of speech. (*Aloud.*) How, Málatí,
Speaks Avalokitá the truth?

(*Málatí shakes her head.*)

Or are you sworn to silence, by the lives
Of those whom best you love?

Mál. (*In a hesitating manner.*) How should I know, my lord?

(*Pauses.*)

Mádh. Delightful, though imperfect sounds! But see!
What should this mean? The starting tear-drop steals
From those fawn eyes, and glisten on that cheek,
Upon whose pallid hue the moon-beams play,
As if the lunar orb desired to quaff
The nectar of its beauty.

Ava. Why is this?
Why start these tears?

Mál. (*To her.*) How long must I regret
The absence of Lavangiká: is it
Not possible to gather tidings of her?
Mádh. (*To Avalokitá.*) What says my love?
Ava. You have recalled the memory of Lavangiká,
And she is anxious for some news of her.
Mádh. It was but now, I ordered Kalahaṁsa
To go, and secretly collect intelligence
At Nandana's abode. Surely the plan
That was to win my friend a lovely bride
Cannot have failed?
Ava. Be sure of it.
But tell me, Mádhava:
You gave your life and heart to Málatí,
When brought again to consciousness—suppressed
By fear for Makaranda's bleeding wounds.
Now, if that friend beloved should win the maid,
And thus your happiness should be increased,
What gift remains to speak your gratitude
To him who may impart the pleasing tidings?
Mádh. She tells me what to do. (*Looking at his bosom.*)
This garland, wove
Of the sweet flowers of that beauteous tree
That graced the grove of Madana, beneath
Whose conscious shade I first saw Málatí,
Shall be my free-will gift. It has been prest
Already to her bosom—from my hands
Conveyed by her dear friend Lavangiká;
And in her error, thinking that she gave
The garland to Lavangiká again
To bear to me it came to me once more
From her, by whom all that I prize is given me.
Ava. Málatí, this garland ought to be
Something in your esteem—be on your guard
It do not pass into a stranger's hands.
Mál. You counsel well.

Mádh. (*Looking out.*) 'Tis Kalahamsa.
Mál. (*Approaching.*) Fate favours you, and Madayantiká
Is won.
Mádh. (*Embracing her.*) The news is ecstasy.
(*Takes the garland from his neck and throws it on Málatí's.*)
Ava. The charge consigned to Buddharakshitá
Is well accomplished.
Mál. And I see
Lavangiká again.

Enter hastily KALAHAMSA, MADAYANTIKÁ, BUDDHARAKSHITÁ, *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Lav. Help, prince! the city-guard have stopped midway
Your gallant friend; he checks pursuit alone,
That we with Kalahamsa might escape.
Kal. And as we fled, we heard on every side
The gathering tumult; so that I fear fresh force
Has joined the guard.
Ava. Alas! how sad a chance!
One hour produces happiness and terror.
Mádh. Come, Madayantiká, my dwelling
Is honoured by your presence. For my friend—
His prowess is well known—be not alarmed;
Dread not, though singly he contend with multitudes.
To such as he, odds are of little moment:
He needs no succour but his own right arm,
Resistless as the lion, when delightedly
He rings his clashing claws, and cleaves asunder
The elephant's broad temples, from whose hollows
The trickling dew flows over the shattered cheek.
Ambitious to pursue the glorious path
A hero treads, I haste to aid my friend.
[*Exit with Kalahamsa.*
Ava. Assuredly these heroes will return
Unhurt.
Mál. Do you and Buddharakshitá

Apprise Kámandakí of this mischance.
Lavangiká, overtake my lord; entreat him
That he and his brave friend will think of us,
And shun all needless danger—go, be speedy.
[*Exeunt the three.*

After a pause.

Mál. Lavangiká delays—why comes she not?
This is a fearful interval; dear girl (*to Madayantiká*),
I will go forth along the road, and meet
Lavangiká returning.

Maday. My right eye throbs.* [*Retires.*

As MÁLATÍ *is going, enter* KAPÁLAKUŃḊALÁ.

Kap. Hold!

Mál. (*Screams.*) Ah! husband! (*In an under-tone—stops terrified.*)

Kap. Yes, call upon him.
Where is your love, the murderer of the pious,
The youthful paramour of wanton girls?
Let him, your husband, save you if he can.
Bird of the wild, that tremblest to behold
The hovering hawk, what canst thou hope, long marked
My prey? I bear thee with me to *Śrí Parvata,*
There to consign thee to a painful death,
Torn piecemeal—victim of my just revenge.
(*Carries off Málatí.*)

Maday. (*Coming forward.*) I will even follow Málatí.
Ha! Málatí.

Lav. (*Enters.*) 'Tis I, Lavangiká.

Maday. How! have you seen the princess?

Lav. I have not.
Scarce had we left the garden's boundaries,
When hearing the increasing noise, the youth
Sprang speedily away, and in an instant

* An unlucky omen in a female—a lucky one in men.

Was lost amidst the throng: in vain I followed,
And thought it better to retrace my steps.
As I returned, I heard from every house
Regret for Makaranda and his friend—
The citizens were grieving for their fate.
The king, they said, had been informed the youths
Had borne away the daughter of the minister,
And furiously incensed, had sent his guards
To seize the fugitives—himself awaiting
Upon the palace-terrace their return.

Maday. Ah me, unhappy! I have heard my death.

Lav. But where is Málatí?

Maday. She went to watch
The road you should return. I then pursued
Her steps, but have not seen her since. Most likely
She has gone into the garden.

Lav. Let us seek her. Hold! who comes here?
'Tis Kalahaṁsa: quick, your news.

Enter KALAHAṀSA.*

Kal. We have got well out of the scuffle! Oh, dear me! I think I now see the glittering gleam of the polished sabres flashing in the moonlight—a pretty but awful appearance: and then what a tumult from the hostile force! Assailed by the irresistible, merciless, and active Makaranda, they fled in dismay and confusion, with a clamour which filled the whole space of heaven, like that emitted by the tossing waves of *Kálindí*† when they were turned from their course by the mighty plough of *Balaráma*, in fulfilment of the menace

* In the original the women quit the stage searching for Málatí, and Kalahaṁsa enters and tells the story to the audience, which is a very clumsy and Chinese mode of conducting the plot. A short speech or two has, therefore, been introduced to connect his narrative with the business of the piece.

† The *Yamuná* or *Jumná*.

that wine had dictated.* I shall not forget either the prowess of my master Mádhava. He soon cleared the road of the soldiers: they ran with no little speed, those who could, while covering the road with heaps of various weapons, thrown away in their flight from the concentrated thunder-stroke of his formidable arm. The king has truly a regard for merit. His eye dwelt with complacency on the lovely countenances of Mádhava and Makaranda, as they stood before him on the terrace, whither, after the affray was composed by the monarch's attendants, they had been respectfully conducted. Having heard their rank and connections from me, the youths received every honour; and his majesty turning to Bhúrivasu and Nandana, who stood nigh, their faces as black as ink with rage and disappointment, said to them very condescendingly: "How now! are you not content with kinsmen such as these, ornaments of the world, eminent in worth and descent, and handsome as the new moon?" So saying, he withdrew to the interior, and Mádhava and Makaranda were dismissed. They are now coming, and I have been sent on before to carry the tidings to the pious dame.

Lav. (*To Madayantiká.*) Delightful news for you, nor less acceptable
To our dear Málatí: let us haste to find her,
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mádh. I cannot choose but marvel at thy prowess,
So more than mortal—breaking thy way resistless
Through all opposing ranks; scattering the timid,

* *Balaráma* having paid a visit to his friends and relations at *Gokula*, spent two months there chiefly in the society of the *Gopís* or nymphs of that district. On one occasion, being desirous of bathing in the *Jumná* from which he was a little way remote, he summoned the river to his presence. *Yamuná* refused to come, on which *Balaráma*, being elevated with wine, vowed he would compel her; and accordingly dragged her to him with his ploughshare, the weapon he usually wielded, and only let the river go again upon the promise of future good behaviour.—*Bhágavata-Puráña*, x. 65.

And levelling the fiercest with thy arm.
On either hand the frightened troops retired,
As forced my friend a path amidst the wave
Of battle, tossing with innumerous heads.

Mak. I do foresee the valiant will lose credit
With their fair nymphs, who in these festal nights,
Irradiated with the lunar beam,
Pledge deep the wine-cup, and impatiently
Court amorous dalliance from their lords returned.
They will declare that men are pithless grown,
When they shall find how ill the limbs are tuned
To love, crushed, bruised, and mangled by thy vigour.

Mádh. We must not be unmindful of the clemency
The king displayed, whose favour overlooked
So readily our offences. Come, I long
To hear the story Kalahaṁsaka
Has told, I know full well, to both the damsels.
You must prepare to tell the tale again,
Whilst Madayantiká declines her head
Veiling her eyes with modesty, afraid
To meet the sidelong smiling glance of Málatí.*
Here is the garden gate.

[*They enter.*

Mádh. How! all deserted!

Mak. Alarmed, no doubt, at hearing our return
Was intercepted, they must have dispersed,
And hid themselves amid the garden shades.
Search we about.

They search, and enter LAVANGIKÁ *and* MADAYANTIKÁ.

Lav. Ho, Madayantiká!
Here's Málatí. Ah no! yet fate is favourable;
The princely youths return.

* Laughing at Madayantiká, say the commentators, as the cause of so much disturbance. There is some confusion in the text and comment with regard to the speakers of this and the preceding speech.

Mak. and Mádh. But where is Málatí?
Lav. Where Málatí? Alas! we thought the tread
Of feet bespoke her here.
Mádh. My heart misgives me—
My mind, on that dear maid alone intent,
Desponds, and all my inmost soul gives way.
My left eye throbs, and then these words—ah me!
What hope remains?—she's lost to me for ever!
Maday. When you had left us, Málatí despatched
The dame's attendants to their pious mistress—
Lavangiká she bade convey her prayers
To her loved lord, to shun all needless peril.
Next, anxious for your tidings, she herself
Went forth to watch the road; and since that time
I saw her not. We were even now engaged
In quest of her, amidst the shady groves,
When we encountered you.
Mádh. My dearest Málatí,
How many thoughts of evil omen crowd
Upon my spirit! If 'tis in sport thou hidest,
Forego the barbarous pastime; if in anger,
Behold me humbled. If thou wouldst try my love,
The test is undergone: oh, yield reply;
My heart can bear no more—now thou art cruel!
Women. O dearest friend, where art thou?
Mak. (*To Mádhava.*) Do not yield
Thus to despair—uncertain of her loss.
Mádh. Oh, think what agony she must have suffered,
In terror for my safety.
Mak. That may be.
But we have not yet thought to seek
The venerable priestess.
Women. Let us fly to her.
Mádh. Yes, let us haste.
Mak. (*Apart.*) If we should find the damsel with the dame,
'Tis well; if not, I tremble for her life.

Alas! too often is the happiness
That kindred, friends, or lovers taste, as brief
As lightning's transient glare.*

* So Shakespeare says of the happiness of lovers: it is,

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night."

And again, of the interchange of vows between *Romeo* and *Juliet*, it is

"Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens."

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.

ACT IX.

THE VINDHYAN MOUNTAINS.

Enter SAUDÁMINÍ.

From the tall mount *Śrí-Śaila*,* I, Saudáminí,
Have sought the royal city *Padmávatí*,
And now the steps of Mádhava pursue.
Unable to endure the scenes where late
His Málatí was lost, the youth is wandering,
Attended by his ever faithful friend,
Amidst these rugged paths and rocky valleys.

(*Alights.*)

How wide the prospect spreads—mountain and rock,
Towns, villages, and woods, and glittering streams!
There where the *Párá* and the *Sindhu* wind,
The towers and temples, pinnacles and gates,
And spires of *Padmávatí*,† like a city

* This is precisely in the style of one of the prologues of Euripides, who, as Brumoy observes, thought it expedient that a leading character should announce himself to the audience as speedily as possible, or according to Boileau, *Qu'il declarât son nom, et dît, Je suis Oreste ou bien Agamemnon.* The Hindu writer is, however, less minute than the Grecian, who makes his characters not only introduce themselves, but their connections, to the audience. The Chinese historical drama offends by the same self-enunciation of the person and purposes of the character, much more extravagantly and constantly than the Hindu.

† I have in other places identified *Padmávatí* with *Ujjayiní*, but I fear upon insufficient grounds, and there are some serious objections to their identity. If they were the same, the city must have been situated much nearer to the mountains than at present, from the description here given. The old city, however, lay two miles north of the present, according to Sir J. Malcolm; Dr Hunter says one; and there must consequently have been

Precipitated from the skies, appear,
Inverted in the pure translucent wave.
There flows *Lavańá's* frolic stream, whose groves,
By early rains refreshed, afford the youth
Of *Padmávatí* pleasant haunts, and where
Upon the herbage brightening in the shower
The heavy-uddered kine contented browse—
Hark! how the banks of the broad *Sindhu* fall,
Crashing, in the undermining current.
Like the loud voice of thunder-laden clouds,
The sound extends, and like *Heramba's** roar,
As deepened by the hollow echoing caverns,
It floats reverberating round the hills.
Those mountains coated with thick clustering woods
Of fragrant *sandal*† and the ripe *máhúra*,‡

a still older Ougein in a more southerly direction, if not more to the east also. The *Párá* and the *Madhumatí* named below appear to be the same, as each unites with the *Sindhu* or *Sindh*. If either, or both, intend the *Siprá* the river that now washes Ougein, it is difficult to conceive how that could have united with the *Sindh*, if by that river the *Kali Sindh* of the present day be intended. The only confluence in the vicinity of Ougein now is that of the *Seeresepty* (*Saraswatí*), and *Siprá*, about five miles to the south. The *Chota Sindh* falls into the *Siprá* a long way to the north, and the larger *Sindh* flows into the *Chumbul*. It is probable, however, that the situation of *Padmávatí* must be looked for more to the south, somewhere in the modern Aurungabad or Berar. It may be intended for the *Padma-nagara*, the place of the poet's nativity, but none of the names of the rivers in its vicinity are traceable in modern maps.

* A name of *Gańeśa*, who having the head, is supposed to have the voice of an elephant.

† The tree specified in the text is the *chandana*, which usually signifies *sandal;* but the commentators intimate, what Dr Roxburgh (*Flora Indica*) confirms, that the white or true *sandal* only grows on the mountains of Malabar or the Malaya mountains. The commentators suppose the *Rakta-Chandana* may be the red sanders (*Pterocarpus santalinus*); but perhaps the tree intended may be the *santalum* or *syrium myrtifolium*, which grows in the Northern Circars, and which Dr Roxburgh considers a strongly-marked variety of the Malabar *sandal* tree.—*Flora Indica*, 2. 464.

‡ A fruit-tree commonly called *bel* (*Ægle marmelos*).

Recall to memory the lofty mountains
That southward stretch, where *Godávarí*
Impetuous flashes through the dark deep shade
Of skirting forests, echoing to her fury—
Where meet the *Sindhu* and the *Madhumatí*,
The holy fane of *Swarńavindu** rises,
Lord of *Bhavání*, whose illustrious image
Is not of mortal fabric. (*Bowing.*) Hail! all hail!
Creator of the universal world. Bestower
Of all good gifts. Source of the sacred *Vedas;*
God of the crescent-crested diadem. Destroyer
Of love's presumptuous power. Eldest lord
And teacher of mankind, all glory be to thee!

(*Going.*)

This mountain is, in truth, a grateful scene.
The peaks are blackened with dew dropping clouds,
And pleased the peafowl shriek along the groves.
The ponderous rocks upbear the tangled bowers,
Where countless nests give brightness to the gloom.
The inarticulate whine of the young bears
Hisses and mutters through the caverned hills;
And cool, and sharp, and sweet, the incense spreads,
Shed from the boughs the elephant's tusk has sundered.

(*Looking.*)

'Tis noon: the lapwing† for the cassia's‡ shade,

* This was likely to be a *Linga*, for which form of worship *Ujein* was particularly celebrated about the period of the Mohammedan invasion, and probably long before. Of the particular deity or *linga*, however, here alluded to, no mention elsewhere has been traced, nor are the Pandits acquainted with any legend relating to it. The name implies the drop (*vindu*) of gold (*swarńa*).

† The *koyashtika*, which, as the commentators say, is a synonyme of the *tittibha* or lapwing. It is also said to imply the *kowa*, meaning perhaps the crow.

‡ The *cassia fistula.*

From the *Gambhárí** wings its way. The pelican,†
Whose beak has sipped the acid fruit ‡ beside
The stream, hastes now to plunge amidst its waters.
The *gallinule* creeps panting to the hollow
The *Tiniśa*§ presents, and lower down,
Amidst the woods, the wild fowl make reply
To the soft murmuring of the mournful dove,
As in her nest she pours her frequent song.
Enough! I now will to the youths, and offer them
Such consolation as I may. [*Exit.*

Enter MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mak. How dreary is the state, when nor the mind
Dare cherish hope, nor may indulge despair.
Like helpless brutes, fate whirls us round at will,
And ever plunges us in new misfortune.

Mádh. Ah Málatí, where art thou? How so soon
Couldst thou desert me, ere my truth was known?
Remorseless maid, relent—behold my sorrows!
How canst thou prove thus cruel to that Mádhava,
Once so beloved! Behold me! I am he,
On whom thy hand, bound with the golden thread,||

* The *gambhárí* is a tree (*Gmelina arborea*).

† The *púrńiká*, which is considered by some to be the same with the *panikauri*, which, according to Buchanan, as quoted in Carey's Bengali Dictionary, is a kind of pelican (*Pelecanus fusicollis*). In the vocabularies it appears as a synonyme of *násachinná*, or the cleft-nose, commonly *Nakchhali*. But what bird is intended by that appellation is not known, unless it be a kind of Toucan, or horn-bill. According to some authorities *Púrńiká* is considered synonymous with *Kumbhíra-makshiká*, the crocodile fly, commonly *Pankhi* or *Patanga*—a large moth or butterfly.

‡ The name in the text is *Asmantaka*, which is one synonyme of *Spondias mangifera*, or hog-plum. It is also a synonyme of *Vírańa*, *Andropogon muricatus*, and of other plants; but that intended by the author is a leguminous plant, as the bird is said to have tasted the *simbi* of the plant, the pod or legume. Another synonyme is *Śiṁśapa* or *Śiśu*, *Dalbergia ougeinensis*.

§ The *Tiniśa* is a tree, the name of which has not been ascertained: carriage-wheels are made of its wood.

|| Part of the marriage ceremony consists in tying a string or thread round the wrist of the bride.

Conferred in other days embodied bliss.
Alas! my friend, where in the world again
Shall equal tenderness be found? I long
Endured with withering limbs, like drooping flow'rets,
The feverish pangs of love, till in the end,
Unable further to sustain the conflict,
I was content to cast away my life
Like worthless grass. What then remained for me
But to secure with gentle violence
That precious hand? Before the marriage rite,
Ere I had dared to hope, you may recall
My still increasing passion, sealed with tears,
Emaciate limbs, and heart-distracting anguish.
Such as I was, I am; and still my mind
Is tossed with agony. How strange it is,
This heart, that sorrow lacerates, does not break;
This frame, that sinks with anguish, cannot lose
Its conscious being; on my vitals preys
A burning fire, yet turns them not to ashes;
And fate, that piecemeal tears me, spares my life! *

Mak. As fierce as destiny, the flaming sun
Accords but ill with your exhausted strength.
Let us here rest awhile upon the marge
Of this wide lake, across whose shallow waters,
Cool with the spray, and fragrant with the odours
Gleaned from the yet young lotus, gently blows
The fresh and friendly breeze. It will revive you.
(*They sit—Makaranda continues, to himself.*)
I will endeavour to divert his thoughts.
(*Aloud.*) My friend, a moment interrupt your tears.
Behold awhile the beauties of this lake,
Where on its slender stem the lotus trembles,
Brushed by the passing swan, as on he sails,
Singing his passion. (*Mádhava jumps up.*)

* This passage occurs word for word in the original, in the *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra.*—See translation, p. 334.

Mak. He heeds me not, and now would hence. My friend,
One instant pause—taste the delightful perfume
That o'er the wave the bending *bayas** scatters,
Or jasmine† clustering round the flowery shore.
Observe, how smile the mountains, thickly set
With budding *kuṭajas*,‡ up to the very peaks,
Where stretches dark the canopy of clouds,
Inspiring rapture in the dancing peafowl.
Thick on the hill's broad bosom the *kadamba* §
Shows bright with countless blossoms: on the summit
Rest the black clouds in lengthening line: the streams
Descend through rows of budding *ketakas*,||
And all the waving woods now laugh, emblazoned
With the *śilíndhra*¶ and the *lodhra*** flowers.

Mádh. I mark, my friend, the distant woods present
A beauteous sight—but what of that? Ah me!
What else should thought suggest? The days approach
When the long line of clouds shall shed on earth
Their amaranthine drops, trembling in the breeze
That from the east comes powerful, and embued
With the rich odours of the *sál*†† and *arjuna*,—‡‡

* The *bayas* or *bent*, a kind of cane (*Calamus Rotang*).

† *Yúthiká*, great flowered jasmine (*J. grandiflorum*). It is also a name of a creeping kind of jasmine (*J auriculatum*).

‡ The *kuṭaja* is a small tree (*Wrightea antidysenterica*).

§ The *kadamba* has been before alluded to as the *naudea cadamba*, a large and ornamental tree. The corollets of the flower are numerous, forming a large, perfectly globular, beautiful orange-coloured head, with the large white-clubbed stimas projecting.—*Flor. Indica*, 2. 121.

|| The *ketaka* or *ketakí* has been already noticed as a flower with a strong odour (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).

¶ The *śilíndhra* is a tree, the name of which is not yet to be found in botanical works on Indian plants.

** The *lodhra* or *lodh* is a tree (*symplocos racemosa*), the astringent bark of which is used in dyeing and making ink.

†† The *śála* is a valuable timber-tree (*Shorea robusta*).

‡‡ A kind of tree (*Pentaptera arjuna*).

Those days that boast the grateful interchange
Of heat and moisture, and the fragrant breath
The earth bestows, sprinkled with genial showers.
Ah! Málatí, how can I bear to contemplate
The stooping clouds, as purple as the blossoms
Of young *tamála** trees; the rain-drops trembling
Before the cooling gale; the joyful cry
That echoes round, as pleased the peafowl hail
The bow of heaven propitious to their loves?
(*Faints.*)

Mak. How hapless is the state of my dear friend!
My heart of adamantine mould could feel
Some taste of pleasure—now, alas, all hope
For Mádhava is lost. How void of sense
He lies! Ah! Málatí, how canst thou be
Thus unrelenting? Once for him you scorned
Your friends and ventured boldly. He has done
No wrong to thee; then why this stern desertion?
He does not breathe. Fate robs me of my happiness.
My heart is rent—my fibres fall apart.
The world is blank. I burn with inward fires—
My soul sinks plunged into the glooms of hell,
And dim obscurity veils every sense.
What shall I do? The gentle source of pleasure
To friendship's heart—the orb whose radiance shed
Ambrosia on the eyes of Málatí—the happiness
Of Makaranda—the bright ornament
Of all the world, now perishes. Alas!
My friend, my Mádhava, thou wast to me
The *sandal* of my form, the autumnal moon
Of these fond eyes, and rapture to my heart.
Now am I slain—untimely fate uproots
A life that knew no other wish than thee—
Remorseless, deign to smile upon thy friend.

* A tree remarkable for black flowers (*Xanthochymus pictorius*).

Speak *to* me; say, dost thou not know thy friend,
Thy fond and faithful friend, thy Makaranda?
(*Mádhava appears to recover.*)
Delightful shadows shedding on the world
New life—the cool refreshing drops that fall
From yon cærulean* cloud revive my friend.

Mádh. (*Recovering.*) Where in this thicket may I hope to find
An envoy to my love? Ha! yonder winds
Around the mountain's brow the gathering cloud,
Black as the tall *tamála.* As it stoops
From its high course, it pours its tribute down
Into the river bed, that gliding laves
The ebon *jambú* groves laden with fruit.
(*Rises and bows.*)
Thy form the lightning lovingly entwines;†

* The expression is *Achira-dhauta-rája-paíta-ruchira-máṁsala-chhavi*, shades of the tint of *Rája-paíta* which has not long been cleaned. This, the commentators say, implies a light and clear blue; but why, does not appear. The *Rája-paíta* is properly a royal fillet or tiara. *Jagaddhara* says it means *Kheti;* and *Malanka* explains it *Ráyáti-prastara* or *Ráyáti* stone. But neither of these words are found in any dictionary, Hindu or Bengali, nor can the pandits explain them.

† An address to a cloud as a messenger to a beloved object is a standing rule in Hindu poetry. A lengthened supplication of such a character I have given to the public in the *Megha-Dúta*, or Cloud-Messenger, the celebrity of which poem probably made such kind of invocation commonplace. We have, however, a similar address in a poet of modern Europe; and although *Bhavabhúti* may have borrowed from *Kálidása*, we cannot suppose *Schiller* was under a similar obligation, when, in his Maria Stuart, Mary addresses the clouds:

Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte,
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte,
Grüsset mir freundlich mein Jugendland.
Ich bin gefangen, ich bin in Banden,
Ach! ich habe kein' andern Gesandten;
Frei in Lüften ist eure Bahn:
Ihr seid nicht dieser Königin unterthan.

Light clouds, ye barks of air,
Who with ye sails or flies?
To my youth's home, oh bear

Thy coming, thirsty *chátakas** proclaim;
The east wind fans thee with its gentle breath;
And *Indra's* bow irradiates thy course.
Hark! with deep voice he answers, and the sound,
Mixed with the peacock's raptured cry reverberates
Along the echoing caves. He bids me speak.—
Majestic cloud—if haply as thou roamest
Free on thy airy path, thou shouldst behold
My love! allay the conflicts of her mind.
Tell her her Mádhava's distress; but heed,
You do not snap the slender thread of hope
That now alone sustains her fragile life.
He onward bends his course: I too will hence. (*Going.*)

Mak. Alas! the reason of my noble friend
Is clouded by insanity. Pious dame,
Observe his state, and lend thy guardian aid.

Mádh. How now! the beauty of my love I view
In these young buds. Her eye the deer display—
The elephant has stolen her gait—her grace
The waving creeper shows—she has been slain,
And all her charms are scattered through the wild.
My love! my Málatí! (*He faints.*)

Mak. Obdurate heart, why break'st thou not, afflicted
By Mádhava's affliction—as my friend,
The shrine of all desert, lord of my life,
The fellow of my childhood's sports, in youth
My fond associate, thus laments his love.

Mádh. (*Sighing and rising.*) Such close similitude the hand of *Brahmá*

My heart's recording sighs—
In captive bonds I lonely pine
Nor other envoy now is mine,
Save ye, who freely track your way,
Nor this tyrannic queen obey.

There are other obvious imitations of *Kálidása*, in the original text both of the *Megha-Dúta* and *Vikramorvaśí*.

* A bird which is said to drink no water but rain.

Creates but sparingly—it must be so.
Ho! ye who tenant these high-towering rocks
And leafy woods, I call to you; awhile
Grant me attention.* Tell me, have you seen,
Amidst these wilds a nymph of loveliest beauty,
Or know ye where she strays? I will describe
Her charms. Love rages tyrant in her bosom,
But lavishes his bounties on her form.—
Alas! the peafowl, as he dances wild
With rapture, drowns my sorrows with his cry—
With rolling eyeballs the *chakora*† flies
After his mate—the ape his female's cheeks
Besmears with flowery dust. Whom should I sue to?
Vain the request unseasonably proffered.
There, leaning on the *rohiń's*‡ hollow stem, the elephant
Wearied supports his trunk upon his mate;
With the sharp points of his vast tusks he rubs
The corners of her eyes; he fans her form
With his broad ears, and thrusts into her mouth
The broken fragments of the incense bough.
How blest the master of the forest herd!
But yon dejected animal bewails
His absent female. To the muttering clouds
He breathes no murmured echo—from the lake
He gleans no grateful fodder, and he roams
With humbled brow, where silent sits the bee,
Deprived the nectar of the frontal juice.—
Enough of this despondence! I will hence.
This is, indeed, the proud exulting monarch

* The commentator is prosaic enough to assert Mádhava addresses the animals of the forest. It may be so; but the Hindu system authorises an appeal to the *Sthala-Devatás* and *Vana-Devatás*, *genii* of the soil and the forest, to the *Fauns* and *Dryads*, who preside over the mountain and the wood.

† The red-legged or Greek partridge (*Tetrao rufus*).

‡ A tree (*Andersonia rohitaka*).

Of the huge herd: his mighty roar invites
Grateful his willing mate; down his broad cheek
The viscid fluid sheds such cooling odour
As from the newly ripe *kadamba* breathes.
He rends away the lotus leaf, and stem,
And roots, and filaments, as in the lake
He madly plunges, frightening from their nests
The osprey and the heron,* and to the tune
Of his ferocious love, his ponderous ears
Waved dancing, lash the water into foam.
I will approach him.—Sovereign of the wild,
Thy youthful prowess merits praise no less
Than thine ingenuous fondness for thy mate.
With water fragrant with the rich perfume,
Drawn from the flowery lake, thou washest down
The savoury morsels of the lotus stalk,
With which thou erst hadst fed her—then in sport
Thou scatterest with thy trunk the silvery spray
Upon her brow?—Ah shame! why wav'st thou not
The straight-stemmed lotus over her, as a shade
Against the sun?—Ah me! upon the brute
I waste the hours due unto my friend.
Yet Makaranda I lament the most
In this, I grieve alone—nor would I taste
Of any pleasure that thou couldst not share.
Perish the day that is not spent with thee
And with my Málatí! False are the joys
That spring from any source but her and thee.

Mak. Alas! amidst his wanderings he recalls
The fervour of his friendship, and some chord
Awakes his love, though reckless of my presence.
(*Advances.*) Behold me here! your faithful, sorrowing friend.

Mádh. My friend, can it be true? Oh, let me be

* Or, more correctly, the *sárasa* or Indian crane.

Convinced by thine embrace. Alas, I die.
I have no hope, my Málatí is lost! (*Faints.*)

Mak. (*Looking.*) Alas! the consciousness that my embrace
Had waked, again has flown—what hope is left me!
Alone, the sad conviction now survives
My friend is lost to me. Ah, Mádhava,
I now may banish all those needless fears
For your tranquillity, my anxious heart
Has in its love unceasing entertained.
Ah, happier were the moments of distress
That still evinced perception. All is over;
And now this body is a barren load,
Life is congealed, the faculties are dim,
And all the world a blank. Time is the source
Of ceaseless anguish, and the living world
Cold, dead, and cheerless, now that thou art gone.
Now what have I to do, beholding thus
The fate of Mádhava? It shall be so—
From this tall mountain summit will I plunge
Into the stream, the herald of my friend,
And glad precede him to the shades below.*

(*Approaching and looking at Mádhava.*)

Is this the form I have so oft embraced
Insatiate, and whose grace the eye of Málatí,
Bewildered with a love till then unknown,
Delighted drank? How wonderful, combined
Such countless merits with such early years.
Upon the world's tiara didst thou shine
The glittering gem; and now thou fall'st, a prey
To death—like the full moon to *Ráhu's* jaws
Consigned—or like the volumed cloud, thin scattered
Before the driving breeze; or like the tree,

* Although not in the text, this expression is perfectly justifiable; for the Hindu mythology accords precisely with the Greek in sending the souls of the dead to receive judgment in the infernal regions; and according to the sentence of their judge, they are thence conveyed to *Tartarus* or *Elysium*, to *Naraka* or *Swarga*, according to their evil or good deeds.

That ere it puts its goodliest blossoms forth,
Consumes to ashes in the forest's blaze.
Let me once more embrace him, and address
My last farewell to my expiring friend.
Shrine of pure knowledge and of noblest worth,
Lord of the life of Málatí; reflection
Of all surpassing loveliness; divinity
Of female hearts; autumnal moon, that swayed
The tide of friendship's main, and charmed the days
Of Makaranda and the pious priestess—
My friend, my Mádhava, accept this last,
This fond embrace, from him whose life began
Before thou wast, and who now terminates
His blighted days. A little while he lives—
And do not thou forbid his fixed design.
Through life I have partaken of thy fortune,
And drank in childhood of thy mother's milk;
It must not be, that thou shalt quaff alone
The sad libations of thy sorrowing kin.

(*Leaves him and retires.*)

Deep underneath the precipice the stream
Flows rapid. Mighty lord of *Gaurí*, hail!
Grant me with Mádhava such future birth,
That, as in this life, I again may be,
In that to come, his follower and friend.
(*Going to precipitate himself, is withheld by Saudámini.*)
Forbear, my son! forego your desperate purpose.

Mak. And who art thou, that seek'st to stay my will?

Saud. Art thou not Makaranda?

Mak. Let me go,
I am that luckless wretch!

Saud. In me behold
The mistress of supernal power,* and see
The vestiges of Málatí. (*Shows the bakula garland.*)

* Or, I am a *Yoginí*, one who by the practice of the *yoga* has acquired supernatural powers.

Mak. How! lives she?

Saud. Do not fear. But what insanity
Is this, and how unwelcome to your friend?—
Where is he?

Mak. With despair o'ercome, even now
I left him—let us seek him—haste!

Mádh. (*Recovering.*) Who wakes
My soul to sorrow once again—the wind,
Scattering the new and heavy-laden clouds,
Regardless of my woes, has broke my slumbers.

Mak. Blest sight, my friend revives!

Saud. (*Looking at Mádhava, then apart.*) The forms of both
These youths has Málatí with truth described.

Mádh. Hail, eastern gale! dissolve the dropping clouds,
And gratify the longing *chátaka*—
Arouse the peafowl's rapture, and expand
The blossoms of the *ketakí*—awhile,
The absent lover, lost to sense, forgot
His misery; thou again hast called his soul
To conscious agony: what wouldst thou more?

Mak. The all-pervading wind diffuses life
To creatures animate.

Mádh. Celestial breeze,
Bear, with the fragrant odours thou hast wrung
From the *kadamba* blossoms, to my love,
The life of Mádhava—or rather breathe
From her, impregnate with the cooling perfume
Of her delicious form—thou art alone
My hope.

(*Bows with joined hands applied to his forehead.**)

Saud. This is the season to present
The well-known garland. (*Throws it over his hands.*)

Mádh. Ha! the wreath I wove

* In the *anjali*, or respectful obeisance, the head is slightly bowed, the palms of the hands are brought together and raised laterally to the middle of the forehead, so that the tips of the thumbs only are in contact with it.

Of *bakula* flowers, amidst the sacred shades
Of *Káma's* temple, and long fondly worn
Upon the bosom of my best beloved.
It is the same—this is the part
Lavangiká was pleased to hear my Málatí
Pretend was strung awry; a mere pretext,
To veil the irrepressible delight,
Her radiant countenance too plain revealed.

(*Jumps up.*)

Now Málatí, behold! ah no, you heed not
My hapless state—my parting breath escapes,
My heart desponds—my body is on fire,
And darkness spreads around me—oh, be quick;
You need not mock my sorrow—cast upon me
One bliss-diffusing glance—oh, be not pitiless.

(*Looking round, then at the garland.*)

How did she give me this—welcome, dear wreath,
The favourite of my love, and long her friend.
Oh, whencesoever borne, welcome, most welcome!
When on that gentle form, the scorching flame
Of love resistless preyed, and all her maidens
Despaired—thy grateful succour saved the days
Of Málatí,—she clasped thee to her bosom,
And dreamt she pressed her lover to her heart.
Well I recall thy various passages
Between my neck and that of my beloved,
Engendering tenderness, exciting hope,
And animating passion's glowing fires.

(*Puts his garland to his heart and faints.*)

Mak. Revive, my friend. (*Fanning him.*)

Mádh. Ha, Makaranda!
Dost thou not see how Málatí's affection
Is sealed with her fair hand—how chanced it? say,
Dost thou not know?

Mak. This holy dame has brought
These traces of the maid.

Mádh. (*Bowing.*) With favouring ear
Receive my prayers,—oh, tell me, Málatí,
Say, does she live?
Saud. Be of good cheer, my son;
She lives.
Mádh. How, where?—oh, speak!
Saud. Some while ago it chanced,
Aghoraghańťa at *Karálá's* shrine
Fell by the arm of Mádhava, in rescue
Of his fair maid.
Mádh. Enough! I know the whole.
Mak. How so?
Mádh. Kapálakuńďalá, his partner—
Mak. Is it e'en so?
Saud. My son conjectures rightly.
Mak. Alas! how beauteous did the union show
Of the bright moonlight and the lotus bed,
Till, like a dark unseasonable cloud,
Fate frowning came to intercept their joys.
Mádh. Into what dreadful hands has Málatí
Now fallen!—to what exposed!—O lovely maid,
How couldst thou bear the grasp unpitying
Of the fierce fiend—like the pale struggling moon
By hideous meteor seized? Kápalakuńďalá,
Respect her tender form—repress thy spirit
Malign, and learn benevolence—the flow'ret
By nature delicate, should not be crushed
With blows, but gently twined around the brow.
Saud. Enough! be calm. Remorseless as she is,
She dares not harm the maid—I will prevent her.
Mádh. and Mak. (*Bowing.*) Accept our thanks. Oh say, to what we owe
Thy friendly care?
Saud. It is enough, at present,
To learn, that in your cause I will exert
The powerful knowledge, mystic rites and prayers,

Devout observance, and a sainted teacher,
Have armed me with. Come, Mádhava, attend me.
(Takes hold of Mádhava, and they disappear.)
Mak. Astonishing reverse! the fearful gloom
Yields to the lightning flash of hope, and instant
The cheated eye resumed its wonted faculty.
(Looks round.)
How now, my friend not here! what can this be?
The dame is powerful in her magic rites,
But this alarms me. From one fear escaped,
Another comes to agitate my heart;
My mind is tossed amidst delight and dread,
And doubts one moment caused, subside the next.
I'll seek the priestess, who amidst the woods
Is roaming with her friends, and to her ear
Impart these wondrous chances.
[*Exit.*

END OF THE NINTH ACT.

ACT X.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ, MADAYANTIKÁ, *and* LAVANGIKÁ.

Kám. My pride, my child, my Málatí, where art thou?
Oh, yield me a reply. Your countless graces,
Your modesty, your elegance, your gentleness
Rise to my memory, consume my frame,
And rend my heart asunder. O my daughter,
I well recall your infant countenance,
Your pleasing prattle, and the transient tears
And smiles, that showed the young teeth budding forth.

Maday. and Lav. O dearest friend, more radiant than the moon,
Ah, whither hast thou flown? can fate assail,
Remorseless thus, thy form as delicate
As the *śirísha* blossoms, and pursue thee
Unfriended and alone? O Mádhava!
Thy promised joys are blighted in this world.

Kám. Alas, my children, in your fond embrace
And new delight, fate, like a rising gale,
That fells the tree and tender vine together,
Has struck ye to the ground.

Lav. Obdurate heart,
Despairing, still to torture me!
(*Beats her breast, and falls on the ground.*)

Maday. Nay, do not yet
Yield to despair.

Lav. Alas, my life is bound
With bonds of adamant, and will not leave me.

Kám. My dear child,

From birth, Lavangiká was dear to thee,
And dost thou not compassionate her now?
Disdaining life, deprived of thee, her days
Are fading into gloom, as fluttering sinks
The lamp no oil supplies.—How can'st thou quit
Kámandakí, within whose garb enfolded
Thy infant limbs to health and beauty grew?
From the maternal breast wast thou confided,
A delicate plaything,* to my guardian care,
At first to ply thy sports, but more advanced
To learn the duties of thy state: now grown
To years mature, I have beheld thee wedded
To a loved husband, picked from all the world.
More than a mother's claims upon thy love
Have I—ingrate, thou leav'st me to despair.
Ah me, I vainly hoped I should behold
A beauteous boy hang fondly at thy breast,
Or sport upon thy lap, his brow and forehead
White with protecting flour,† his lovely face
Brightened with causeless smiles.

Lav. Most holy dame,
I can no more endure this load of life:
This precipice relieves me of the burthen.
Grant me your blessing, that in after-life
I may once more behold my friend.

Kám. My daughter,
Life is alike unwelcome to my bosom,
Deprived of my dear children, and despair
Invades my heart; but different merits claim
A different birth, and if we should not gain

* Literary, an ivory doll; *danta-pánchálíká; danta* here meaning the tooth of the elephant.

† The powder of white mustard is applied to the top of the head and the forehead, and other parts of a new-born child, as a protection against evil spirits. A mixture of the same with oil and rice is scattered about in every quarter upon the commencement of a sacrifice, to keep off ghosts and fiends.

Reunion with our friends in days to come,
Abandonment of present life would yield
No fruit but vain repentance.

Lav. Be it so.

Kám. Daughter, Madayantiká.

Maday. Your commands—
If they direct me lead the way to death,
Behold, I am prepared.

Lav. Dear friend, refrain
From self-destruction—keep me in your memory.

Maday. Away, I am not subject to your will.

Kám. (*Apart.*) Alas! there is no hope.

Maday. (*Apart.*) Dear husband, fare thee well.

Lav. This is the loftiest point, and far below
The Madhumatí twines its glittering zone.

Kám. Enough—our purpose brooks not of delay.

(*They are about to cast themselves down.*)

(*Without.*) Astonishing reverse!—the fearful gloom
Yields to the lightning flash of hope.

Kám. Who comes?—
My son,

Enter MAKARANDA.

Without your friend!—say, how is this?

Mak. A dame of more than mortal powers has used
Her art in our behalf.

(*Without.*) A fearful crowd is gathered—Bhúrivasu,
Despising life and spurning worldly hopes,
Since he has learned his daughter's death, repairs,
To cast himself into the raging flames
At Swarńavindu's shrine.—Alas, we all
Shall mourn his fate.

Lav. and Maday. How short an interval
Rejoiced those lovers in each other's sight!

Kám. and Mak. 'Tis most miraculous! what strange events
This day alternate! Drops of fragrant sandal

And sharp-edged swords in the same shower commingle;
And sparks of flame, and streams of heavenly nectar,
Descend together from unclouded skies.
The life-restoring drug with poison blends,
And light and gloom; and destiny entwines
The thunderbolt and lunar rays together.

Mál. (*Without.*) Dear father, hold! Oh, let me view again
The lotus of thy countenance—oh, turn
Thy gaze upon thy child. How, for my sake,
Can'st thou desert thyself, the brilliant boast
Of an auspicious race, whose fame pervades
Both earth and heaven? Ah, wherefore purpose thus
Again to plunge me into bitterest woe?

Kám. My daughter, how is this? Art thou redeemed
From death, once more to be exposed to peril;
As lurk the demons of eclipse, to seize
The feeble moon scarce struggling out of darkness?

Lav. Behold our friend!

Enter MÁDHAVA *carrying* MÁLATÍ *senseless.*

Mádh. Alas! from danger rescued, has again
Fear fallen upon thee—who shall bar the gate
To shut out adverse destiny?

Mak. My friend,
Where is the dame?

Mádh. With her we hither speeded
Swift from *Śri-Parvata;* but when we heard
The news the forester imparted to us,
I missed her suddenly.

Kám. and Mak. O dame of power,
Befriend us still; why hast thou disappeared?

Maday. and Lav. My Málatí, I speak to thee, thy friend—
Priestess, preserve us; still she is insensible;
She does not breathe, her heart is still. Alas!
The sire and daughter are to each other,
In turn, the instrument of death.

Kám. My dear child!
Mádh. My love!
Mak. My friend!
Kám. (*Looking up.*) What welcome drops are these
That fall from heaven to aid us?
Mádh. She revives—
Long sighs relieve her labouring breast; her heart
Resumes its pulse; her gentle eye unfolds;
And from unconscious stillness that dear face
Once more expands, as at the dawn of day
The lotus bares its bosom to the sun.
(*Behind.*) Deaf to the king's entreaties, and the prayers
Of Nandana, though humbled at his feet,
Upon the flaming marge, the minister
By me has been prevented, and recalled
To life and joy.
Mádh. and Mak. (*Looking up.*) Mark, holy dame—from heaven,
The kind magician pours upon our hearts
The nectar of her tidings: they surpass
The virtue of the balmy shower.
Kám. Blest news!
All. Our happiness is now secure.
Kám. My child!
Mál. The priestess!
(*Falls at her feet. Kámandakí raises and embraces her.*)
Kám. Restored to life, my child, to life restore
Your friends, and with your fond embraces, cool
As lunar rays, reanimate existence
In those who live for you.
Mádh. (*To Makaranda.*) My faithful friend,
This breathing world may now be well endured.
Mak. In sooth, it may.
Maday. and Lav. Dear Málatí, confirm
The happiness we see, by your embrace.
Mál. My dearest friends! (*Embraces them.*)
Kám. Tell me, my sons, how chanced these strange events?

Mádh. Our past misfortunes were the wrathful work
Kapálakuńd'alá's revenge inspired;
And that we 'scaped her toils, our thanks are due
To this propitious and all-powerful friend.

Kám. Aghoraghańťa's death was then the source
Of these mischances!

Maday. and Lav. Strange vicissitude!
After repeated trials, adverse fate
In kindness terminates its chequered course.

Enter SAUDÁMINÍ.

Sau. (*To Kámandakí.*) Hail, holy dame!—your scholar pays you homage.

Kám. Saudáminí, most welcome.

Mádh. and Mak. Then we owe
Our succour to the priestess: this, her first
Disciple—all is clear.

Kám. This is well done;
And many a life preserved has sanctified thee.
'Tis long since we have met: dismiss this reverence,
And let me grateful press thee to my bosom.
(*Embraces her.*)
Thou hast deserved the praises of the world,
Whose lofty powers, the harvest of the seed
By early study sown, are shown by deeds
That shame the mightiest masters. *

Maday. and Lav. Is this Saudáminí?

Mál. It is: by her,
The friend and pupil of my pious guardian,
The fierce Kapálakuńd'alá was foiled.
She bore me to her dwelling, and there leaving me

* The expression is rather singular, "exceeding a *Bodhisattwa*—a pious person endowed with miraculous powers, and who is considered as an inferior incarnation of *Buddha.* It is, however, in harmony with the character of *Kámandakí*, whose sanctity, and the respectful allusions to the *Bauddhas*, show that the play was composed before their decline.

Secure, conveyed the wreath of *bakula* flowers
To snatch you from despair.

Maday. and Lav. She has, indeed,
Been scarcely less propitious to us, than our old
And reverend preceptress.

Mádh. and Mak. The bright gem
That grants whatever is desired, demands
The suppliant's prayer : the dame's assistance came
All unsolicited.

Sau. (*Apart.*) These thanks oppress me.—
Respected mistress, from the king I bear
A letter to the youth—it was inscribed
With Nandana's concurrence, and the assent
Of Bhúrivasu. (*Gives her a letter.*)

Kám. (*Takes it and reads.*)
"Unto all be health—
"The king commands—We are well pleased to greet
"A son in you, of noble race descended ;
"Amongst the worthiest eminent, and late
"From great calamity redeemed ; and more,
"In love and grace to you, we do permit
"Your well-loved friend to wed the youthful maid,
"Whom first affection yielded to his hopes."
You hear, my son ?

Mádh. I do, and all I wished,
Thus hearing, have obtained.

Mál. The lingering dart
Of fear is now extracted from our hearts.

Lav. The loves of Málatí and Mádhava
Will now no more be thwarted.

Mak. See, where come
Our other friends, and faithful Kalahaṁsa.

Enter AVALOKITÁ, BUDDHARAKSHITÁ, *and* KALAHAṀSA.

All. (*Bowing.*) Glory to Kámandakí, the sage
Perfector of all aims ! Glory to Mádhava,

The moon that sheds delight on Makaranda!
Now Fate propitious smiles.
Lav. Who does not share
This general joy?
Kám. And that our story,
Full of strange varied incidents, is closed
In happiness, deserves congratulation.
Sau. And Devaráta and his ancient friend,
Will see with joy their children now are joined
In that affiance they so long projected.
Mál. (*Apart.*) Hey—how is this?
Mádh. and Mak. (*To Kámandakí.*) How sorts the dame's discourse
With past events?
Lav. (*Apart to Kám.*) What's to be said?
Kám. (*To her.*) We need no longer fear
The wrath of Nandana, now we obtain
His sister's aid. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis even as you have heard.
Whilst yet I taught your fathers, they agreed,
That when their children came to years mature,
Their hands should be united; and they left
Saudáminí and me to take those cares
That might secure your union, hoping thus
To shun the anger of exalted rank.
Mál. (*Apart.*) What marvellous secrecy!
Mádh. and Mak. It moves our wonder.
Yet must the schemes of the illustrious, planned
For virtuous ends, and prudently conducted,
Ever enjoy success.
Kám. My son, what more remains?
The happiness that was your earliest hope,
By my devotions, and the skilful pains
Of my disciples, is at last ensured you.
The king and Nandana approve the suit
Of your dear friend, and hence no fear prevents
His union with his love. If yet there be
A wish ungratified, declare it, speak.

Mádh. (*Bowing.*) My happiness henceforth is perfect: all
The wish I cherish more, is this; and may
Your favour, holy dame, grant it fruition :—
Still may the virtuous be exempt from error,
And fast to virtue cling—may monarchs, merciful
And firm in equity, protect the earth—
May, in due season, from the labouring clouds
The fertile showers descend—and may the people,
Blest in their friends, their kindred, and their children,
Unknowing want, live cheerful and content.

[*Exeunt all.*

REMARKS ON MÁLATI AND MÁDHAVA.

The preceding drama requires less allowance for any peculiarity in national manners than most of the specimens of the Hindu theatre. It offers nothing to offend the most fastidious delicacy; and may be compared in this respect, advantageously, with many of the dramas of modern Europe, which treat of the passion that constitutes its subject.

The manner in which love is here depictured is worthy of observation, as correcting a mistaken notion of the influence which the passion exercises over the minds of the natives of at least one portion of Asia. However intense the feeling—and it is represented as sufficiently powerful to endanger existence—it partakes in no respect of the impetuosity which it has pleased the writers of the West to attribute to the people of the East;

> The barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
> Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel.

The fierceness of their suns is a very efficient cause for the gentleness of their passions; and the hardy children of the north find their complicated system of social restraint insufficient to curb those impulses, which they derive from a less enervated frame and a more lofty spirit.

If, however, the love of the Hindus be less vehement than that of the Goth, Dane, or Norman of uncivilized days, it is equally remote from the extravagance of adoration which later times have learnt from those who never taught the lesson—the mirrors of Chivalry, who were equally vowed to the service of God and the ladies. There is no reason to think their love was a whit purer than that of any other people or time; but

the fancy was favourable to poetical imagination, and has beneficially influenced the manners of modern Europe. The heroine of this drama is loved as a woman: she is no goddess in the estimation of her lover; and although her glances may inflame, no hint is given that her frowns can kill. At the same time, Mádhava's passion is as metaphysical as need be, and

> Málatí alone,
> Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
> Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

The passion of Málatí is equally intense with that of Juliet; but her unconquerable reserve, even to the extent of denying her utterance to him she loves more than life, is a curious picture of the restraint to which the manners of Hindu women were subjected even whilst they were in enjoyment, as appears from the drama, of considerable personal freedom.

The fervour of attachment which unites the different personages of the drama so indissolubly in life and death, is creditable to the national character. Unless instances of such disinterested union had existed, the author could scarcely have conceived, much less depictured it.

There is no great discrimination of character in the piece, nor could it be well expected, as the business is so limited. It is not, however, wholly wanting; and Makaranda and Madayantiká are much less mere lovers than Mádhava and Málatí. The cautious, though devoted perseverance of Kámandakí is maintained throughout; and the benevolence of Saudáminí is well contrasted with the malignity of Kapálakuńd'alá.

The incidents of the story are varied, and some of them are highly dramatic. They are rather diffusely spread out; but they are all essential to the denouement, the concurrence of all parties in the union of the lovers.

There is more passion in the thoughts of *Bhavabhúti* than in those of *Kálidása*, but less fancy. There are few of the elegant similitudes in which the latter is so rich, and there is more that is commonplace, and much that is strained and obscure. In

none of his dramas does *Bhavabhúti* make any attempt at wit, and we have no character in either of his three dramas approaching the *Vidúshaka* of either of the two preceding pieces. On the other hand, he expatiates more largely in the description of picturesque scenery and in the representation of human emotions, and is perhaps entitled to even a higher place than his rival, as a poet.

MUDRÁ-RÁKSHASA,

OR

THE SIGNET OF THE MINISTER.

A Drama,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRÍT.

PREFACE.

THE MUDRÁ-RÁKSHASA is a drama of a very different description from either of the preceding, being wholly of a political character, and representing a series of Machiavelian stratagems, influencing public events of considerable importance. Those events relate to the history of CHANDRAGUPTA, who is very probably indentifiable with the *Sandrocottus* of the Greeks; and the drama therefore, both as a picture of manners and as a historical record, possesses no ordinary claims upon our attention.

The object of the play is to reconcile RÁKSHASA, the hostile minister of NANDA, the late king of *Palibothra*, to the individuals by whom, or on whose behalf, his sovereign was murdered, the Bráhman CHÁŃAKYA and the prince CHANDRAGUPTA. With this view, he is rendered, by the contrivances of CHÁŃAKYA, an object of suspicion to the prince with whom he has taken refuge, and is consequently dismissed by him. In this deserted condition, he learns the imminent danger of a dear friend, whom CHÁŃAKYA is about to put to death; and in order to effect his liberation, surrenders himself to his enemies. They offer him, contrary to his expectations, the rank and power of prime minister; and the parties are finally friends. It is unnecessary to describe the plot more fully in this place.

Simple as is the subject of the drama, there is no want of action in its development. The stratagems of CHÁŃAKYA are varied, numerous, and well connected, and although there is occasionally some want of probability in their execution, yet they are made to contribute very successfully and ingeniously towards the production of their combined result. It must be acknowledged, that the political code from which they emanate exhibits a morality not a whit superior to that of the Italian

school; but a remarkable, and in some respects a redeeming principle, is the inviolable and devoted fidelity which appears as the uniform characteristic of servants, emissaries, and friends: a singular feature in the Hindu character which it has not yet wholly lost.

The author of the play is called in the prelude *Viśákhadatta*, the son of *Príthu*, entitled *Mahárája*, and grandson of the *Sámanta* or chief *Vaťeśwaradatta*. We are not much the wiser for this information, as we can scarcely venture to conclude—although it is not impossible—that the *Chouhan* chief of Ajmer, *Príthu Rai*, who was killed at the end of the twelfth century by the Mohammedans, is here intended. There is nothing unusual in a prince's being an author, or at least a reputed one, and the closing speech of the drama clearly refers to the victorious progress of a foreign foe, whom it may not be unreasonable to connect with the *Ghorian* invasion.*

The late Major Wilford has called the author of the MUDRÁ-RÁKSHASA, *Ananta*, and quotes him as declaring that he lived on the banks of the *Godávarí* (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 280). This, however, must be an error, as three copies, one of them a *Dekhini* manuscript in the *Telugu* character, have been consulted on the present occasion, and they all agree in the statement above given.

There is a commentary on the drama by *Vaťeśwara-Miśra*, a *Maithila Bráhman*, the son of *Gaurípati-Miśra*, who has laboured with more pains than success to give a double interpretation to the composition, and to present it as a system of policy as well as a play. Another commentary by *Guhasena* is said to exist, but it has not been met with; and the one referred to, owing to the commentator's mystification of obvious meanings, and the exceedingly incorrect state of the manuscript, has proved of no advantage.

It may not here be out of place to offer a few observations

* At the same time it is to be observed, that according to the *Príthwí Rai Ráyasa*, the father of Príthu, the king of Ajmer, was named *Someśwara*, and his grandfather *Ánanda*.

on the identification of CHANDRAGUPTA and SANDROCOTTUS. It is the only point on which we can rest with anything like confidence in the history of the Hindus, and is therefore of vital importance in all our attempts to reduce the reigns of their kings to a rational and consistent chronology. It is well worthy, therefore, of careful examination; and it is the more deserving of scrutiny, as it has been discredited by rather hasty verification and very erroneous details.

Sir William Jones first discovered the resemblance of the names, and concluded CHANDRAGUPTA to be one with SANDROCOTTUS (*As. Res.* vol. iv. p. 11). He was, however, imperfectly acquainted with his authorities, as he cites "a beautiful poem" by *Somadeva*, and a tragedy called the coronation of *Chandra*, for the history of this prince. By the first is no doubt intended the large collection of tales by *Somabhaṫṫa*, the *Vṙihat-Kathá*, in which the story of NANDA'S murder occurs: the second is, in all probability, the play that follows, and which begins after CHANDRAGUPTA'S elevation to the throne. In the fifth volume of the *Researches* the subject was resumed by the late Colonel Wilford, and the story of CHANDRAGUPTA is there told at considerable length, and with some accessions which can scarcely be considered authentic. He states also that the *Mudrá-Rákshasa* consists of two parts, of which one may be called the coronation of CHANDRAGUPTA, and the second his reconciliation with RÁKSHASA, the minister of his father. The latter is accurately enough described, but it may be doubted whether the former exists.

Colonel Wilford was right also in observing that the story is briefly related in the *Vishńu-Puráńa* and *Bhágavata*, and in the *Vṙihat-Kathá*; but when he adds, that it is told also in a lexicon called the *Kámandakí*, he has been led into error. The *Kámandakí* is a work on *Níti*, or Polity, and does not contain the story of NANDA and CHANDRAGUPTA. The author merely alludes to it in an honorific verse, which he addresses to CHÁŃAKYA as the founder of political science, the Machiavel of India.

The birth of NANDA and of CHANDRAGUPTA, and the circumstances of NANDA'S death, as given in Colonel Wilford's account, are not alluded to in the play, the *Mudrá-Rákshasa*, from which the whole is professedly taken, but they agree generally with the *Vrihat-Kathá* and with popular versions of the story. From some of these, perhaps, the king of *Vikatpalli*, *Chandra-Dása*, may have been derived, but he looks very like an amplification of Justin's account of the youthful adventures of *Sandrocottus*. The proceedings of CHANDRAGUPTA and CHÁŃAKYA upon NANDA'S death correspond tolerably well with what we learn from the drama, but the manner in which the catastrophe is brought about (p. 268), is strangely misrepresented. The account was no doubt compiled for the translator by his pańdit, and it is, therefore, but indifferent authority.

It does not appear that Colonel Wilford had investigated the drama himself, even when he published his second account of the story of CHANDRAGUPTA (*As. Res.* vol. ix. p. 93), for he continues to quote the *Mudrá-Rákshasa* for various matters which it does not contain. Of these, the adventures of the king of *Vikatpalli*, and the employment of the Greek troops, are alone of any consequence, as they would mislead us into a supposition, that a much greater resemblance exists between the Grecian and Hindu histories than is actually the case.

Discarding, therefore, these accounts, and laying aside the marvellous part of the story, I shall endeavour, from the *Vishńu* and *Bhágavata-Puráńas*, from a popular version of the narrative as it runs in the south of India, from the *Vrihat-Kathá*,* and from the play, to give what appear to be the genuine circumstances of CHANDRAGUPTA'S elevation to the throne of *Palibothra*.

A race of kings denominated *Śaiśunágas*, from *Śiśunága* the first of the dynasty, reigned in *Magadhá*, or *Behar:* their

* For the gratification of those who may wish to see the story as it occurs in these original sources, translations are subjoined; and it is rather important to add, that in no other *Puráńa* has the story been found, although most of the principal works of this class have been carefully examined.

capital was *Pátaliputra*, and the last of them was named NANDA or MAHÁPADMA-NANDA. He was the son of a woman of the *Śúdra* caste, and was hence, agreeably to Hindu law, regarded as a *Śúdra* himself. He was a powerful and ambitious prince, but cruel and avaricious, by which defects, as well as by his inferiority of birth, he probably provoked the animosity of the Bráhmans. He had by one wife eight sons, who, with their father, were known as the nine NANDAS; and, according to the popular tradition, he had by a wife of low extraction, called *Murá*, another son named CHANDRAGUPTA. This last circumstance is not stated in the *Puráńas* nor *Vŕihat-Kathá*, and rests therefore on rather questionable authority; at the same time, it is very generally asserted, and is corroborated by the name *Maurya*, one of CHANDRAGUPTA'S denominations, which is explained by the commentator on the *Vishńu-Puráńa* to be a patronymic formative, signifying the son of *Murá*. It also appears from the play, that CHANDRAGUPTA was a member of the same family as NANDA, although it is not there stated that he was NANDA'S son.

But whatever might have been the origin of this prince, it is very likely that he was made the instrument of the insubordination of the Bráhmans, who, having effected the destruction of NANDA and his sons, raised CHANDRAGUPTA, whilst yet a youth, to the throne. In this they were aided by a prince from the north of India, to whom they promised an accession of territory as the price of his alliance. The execution of the treaty was evaded, very possibly by his assassination; and to revenge his father's murder, his son led a mingled host against *Magadhá*, containing amongst other troops, *Yavanas*, whom we may be permitted to consider as Greeks. The storm was averted, however, by jealousies and quarrels amongst the confederates. The army dispersed, and MALAYAKETU, the invader, returned baffled and humbled to his own country. CHANDRAGUPTA reigned twenty-four years, and left the kingdom to his son. We have now to see how far the classical writers agree with these details.

The name is an obvious coincidence. *Sandrocottus* and CHANDRAGUPTA can scarcely be considered different appellations. But the similarity is no doubt still closer. Athenæus, as first noticed by Wilford (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 262), and subsequently by Schlegel (*Indische Bibliothek*), writes the name, *Sandrakoptus*, and its other form, although more common, is very possibly a mere error of the transcriber. As to the *Andracottus* of Plutarch, the difference is more apparent than real, the initial sibilant being often dropped in Greek proper names.

This name is, however, not the only coincidence in denomination that may be traced. We find in the play that CHANDRAGUPTA is often called *Chandra* simply, or the moon, of which *Chandramas* is a synonyme; and accordingly, we find in *Diodorus Siculus*, the king of the *Gangaridæ*, whose power alarms the Macedonian, is there named *Xandrames*. The *Aggramen* of Quintus Curtius is merely a blundering perversion of this appellation.

There are other names of the prince, the sense of which, though not their sound, may be discovered in classical writers. These are *Vríshala*, and perhaps *Maurya*. The first unquestionably implies a man of the fourth or servile caste; the latter is said by Wilford to be explained in the *Játi-Viveka* the offspring of a barber and a *Śúdra* woman, or of a barber and a female slave (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 285). It is most usually stated, however, to mean the offspring of *Murá*, as already observed, and the word does not occur in any of the vocabularies in the sense attached to it by Col. Wilford.* It is sufficient, how-

* Colonel Tod considers *Maurya* a probable interpolation for *Mori*, a branch of the *Pramára* tribe of Rajputs, who in the eighth century occupied Chitore. He observes, also, that Chandragupta in the *Puráńas* is made a descendant of *Sehesnag* of the *Takshak* tribe, of which last no other mention has been found, whilst instead of *Sehesnag* the word is *Śiśunága*; and with respect to the fact of the princes belonging to the *Pramára* tribe, no authority is cited. Colonel Tod, like the late Col. Wilford, is sparing of those specific references, which in all debateable points are indispensable. --See *Transactions Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. i. p. 211. Also *Account of Rájasthán*, p. 53.

ever, to observe, that the term *Vrishala*, and frequent expressions in the drama, establish the inferior origin of CHANDRAGUPTA, a circumstance which is stated of the king of the *Gangaridæ* at the time of Alexander's invasion by Diodorus Siculus, Quintus Curtius, and Plutarch.

According to the two former of these writers, *Xandrames* or *Chandramas* was contemporary with Alexander. They add, that he was the son of the queen by an intrigue with a barber, and that his father, being raised to honour and the king's favour, compassed his benefactor's death, by which he paved the way for the sovereignty of his own son, the ruling prince. We have no indication of these events in the Hindu writers, and CHANDRAGUPTA, as has been noticed, is usually regarded as the son of NANDA, or at least a relative. It may be observed that his predecessors were *Śúdras*, and the character given to MAHÁPADMA-NANDA in the *Vishńu-Puráńa*, agrees well enough with the general tenour of the classical accounts, as to his being of low origin and estimation, although an active and powerful prince. If NANDA be the monarch alluded to, there has been some error in the name; but, in either case, we have a general coincidence in the private history of the monarch of the *Gangaridæ*, as related by the writers of the east or west.

If the monarch of Behar at the time of Alexander's invasion was NANDA, it is then possible that CHANDRAGUPTA, whilst seeking, as the Hindus declare, the support of foreign powers to the north and north-west of India, may have visited Alexander, as asserted by Plutarch and Justin. We cannot, however, attach any credit to the marvellous part of the story as told by the latter; nor can we conceive that a mere adventurer, as he makes *Sandrocoptus* to have been, should have rendered himself master of a mighty kingdom, in so brief an interval as that between Seleucus and Alexander, and by the aid of vagabonds and banditti alone.

Although, therefore, the classical writers had gleaned some knowledge of CHANDRAGUPTA'S early history, it is very

evident that their information was but partially correct, and that they have confounded names, whilst they have exaggerated some circumstances and misrepresented others. These defects, however, are very venial, considering the imperfect communication that must have subsisted between the Greeks and Hindus, even at the period of Alexander's invasion, and the interval that elapsed before the accounts we now possess were written. These considerations rather enhance the value of both sets of our materials. It is more wonderful that so much of what appears to be the truth should have been preserved, than that the stories should not conform in every particular.

However questionable may be the contemporary existence of Alexander and *Sandrocoptus*, there is no reason to doubt that the latter reigned in the time of Seleucus Nicator, as Strabo and Arrian cite the repeated declarations of Megasthenes, that he had often visited the Indian prince. Seleucus is said to have relinquished to him some territories beyond the Indus, and to have formed a matrimonial alliance with him. We have no trace of this in the Hindu writers, but it is not at all improbable. Before the Christian era the Hindus were probably not scrupulous about whom they married; and even in modern days, their princesses have become the wives of Mohammedan sovereigns. CHANDRAGUPTA, however, had no right to be nice with respect to the condition of his wife; and in whichever way the alliance was affected, it was feasible enough, whilst it was a very obvious piece of policy in CHANDRAGUPTA, as calculated to give greater security to his empire and stability to his reign. The failure of Seleucus in his attempt to extend his power in India, and his relinquishment of territory, may possibly be connected with the discomfiture and retreat of MALAYAKETU, as narrated in the drama, although it may be reasonably doubted whether the Syrian monarch and the king of *Magadhá* ever came into actual collision. It is very unlikely that the former ever included any part of the Punjab within his dominions; and at any rate it may be ques-

tioned, whether CHANDRAGUPTA or his posterity long retained, if they ever held possession of the north-western provinces, as there is no conjecturing any resemblance between the names of the *Maurya* princes (*As. Res.* vol. ix. table) and the *Amitrochates* and *Sophagasenas*, who reinforced the armies of Antigonus, the son of Seleucus, and of Antigonus the Great, with those elephants that were so highly prized by the successors of Alexander (Wilford, *As. Res.* vol. v. p. 286, and Schlegel, *Indische Bibliothek*), although, as shown by Schlegel, the names are undoubtedly Sanskrit and Hindu.

All the classical writers agree in representing *Sandrocoptus* as king of the nations which were situated along the Ganges, which were the *Gangaridæ* and *Prasii*—called, however, indifferently, but no doubt inaccurately, *Gargaridæ*, *Gandaridæ*, and *Gandarii*, and *Prasii*, *Parrhasii*, and *Tabresii*. The first name was probably of Greek origin, expressing, as *Raderus* and *Cellarius* justly observe, the situation of the nations in the neighbourhood of the Ganges; but in truth there was a nation called the *Gandhari* or *Gandaridæ* west of the Indus, whom the classical authors often confound with the *Gangetic* nations, as has been shown in another place (*As. Res.* vol. xv.) The other appellation, which is most correctly *Prasii*, is referable to a Hindu original, and is a close approximation to *Práchí*, the eastern country, or *Práchyas*, the people of the east, in which division of *Bharata-Khańda*, or India, *Mithilá*, the country opposite to *Behar*, and *Magadha*, or *South Behar*, are included by Hindu geographers. Both Greek and Hindu accounts are therefore agreed as to the general position of the people over whom CHANDRAGUPTA reigned.

Finally, the classical authors concur in making *Palibothra*, a city on the *Ganges*, the capital of *Sandrocoptus*. Strabo, on the authority of Megasthenes, states that *Palibothra* is situated at the confluence of the *Ganges* and another river, the name of which he does not mention. Arrian, possibly on the same authority, calls that river the *Erranoboas*, which is a synonyme of the *Sone*. In the drama, one of the characters

describes the trampling down of the banks of the *Sone*, as the army approaches to *Pátaliputra*; and *Pátaliputra*, also called *Kusumapura*, is the capital of CHANDRAGUPTA. There is little question that *Pátaliputra* and *Palibothra* are the same, and in the uniform estimation of the Hindus, the former is the same with Patna. The alterations in the course of the rivers of India, and the small comparative extent to which the city has shrunk in modern times, will sufficiently explain why Patna is not at the confluence of the *Ganges* and the *Sone*; and the only argument, then, against the identity of the position, is the enumeration of the *Erranoboas* and the *Sone* as distinct rivers by Arrian and Pliny: but their nomenclature is unaccompanied by any description, and it was very easy to mistake synonymes for distinct appellations. *Rájamahal*, as proposed by Wilford, and *Bhágalpur*, as maintained by Franklin, are both utterly untenable, and the further inquiries of the former had satisfied him of the error of his hypothesis. His death prevented the publication of an interesting paper by him on the site of *Palibothra*, in which he had come over to the prevailing opinion, and shown it to have been situated in the vicinity of Patna.*

It thus appears that the Greek and Hindu writers concur in the *name*, in the *private history*, in the *political elevation*, and in the *nation* and *capital* of an Indian king, nearly, if not exactly contemporary with Alexander, to a degree of approximation that cannot possibly be the work of accident; and it may be reasonably concluded, therefore, that the era of the events described in the following drama is determined with as much precision as that of any other remote historical fact.

* "Asiatic Researches," vol. xiv. p. 380.

APPENDIX TO PREFACE.

1.

PAURÁŃIK ACCOUNTS OF *CHANDRAGUPTA*.

THE son of *Mahánandin*, born of a *Śúdra* woman, a powerful prince named *Mahápadma*, shall put an end to the *Kshattriya* rule, and from his time the kings will be mostly *Śúdras* void of piety. He will bring the earth under one umbrella, his rule being irresistible, and he will reign like another *Bhárgava*. He will have eight sons, *Sumálya* and others, who will be kings of the earth for one hundred years. A Bráhman will destroy these nine *Nandas*, and after their disappearance the *Mauryas* will reign in the *Kali* age. That Bráhman will inaugurate CHANDRAGUPTA as king.—(*Bhágavata-Puráńa*, 12*th Skandha.*)

Mahánandin will be the last of the ten *Śaiśunága* princes, whose joint reigns will be three hundred and sixty-two years. The son of *Mahánandin* or *Nanda*, named *Mahápadma*, will be born from a *Śúdra* mother. He will be avaricious, and like another *Paraśuráma*, will end the *Kshattriya* race, as from him forwards the kings will be all *Śúdras*. He, *Mahápadma*, will bring the whole earth under one umbrella, his rule being irresistible. He will have eight sons, *Sumálya* and others who after him will govern the world. He, and these sons, will reign for a period of one hundred years, until *Kauṫilya*, a Bráhman, shall destroy the nine *Nandas*.

After their destruction the *Mauryas* will possess the earth, *Kauṫilya* inaugurating CHANDRAGUPTA in the kingdom.—*Vishńu-Puráńa.*

The comment explains *Maurya* thus;—so named from CHANDRAGUPTA, the first, who derived this name from his mother *Murá*, one of the wives of NANDA.

2.

STORY OF *NANDA*, AS RELATED BY *VARARUCHI* IN THE *VŔIHAT-KATHÁ*.

I now returned from my sojourn in the snowy mountains, where by the favour of *Śiva* I had acquired the *Páńiníya* grammar. This I communicated to my preceptor *Varsha*, as the fruit of my penance; and as he wished to learn a new system, I instructed him in that revealed by *Swámi-Kumára*. *Vyáđi* and *Indradatta* then applied to *Varsha* for like instructions, but he desired them first to bring him a very considerable present. As they were wholly unable to raise the sum, they proposed applying for it to the king, and requested me to accompany them to his camp, which was at that time at *Ayodhyá;* I consented, and we set off.

When we arrived at the encampment we found everybody in distress, NANDA being just dead. *Indradatta*, who was skilled in magic, said: "This event need not disconcert us: I will transfuse my vitality into the lifeless body of the king. Do you, *Vararuchi*, then solicit the money: I will grant it, and then resume my own person, of which do you, *Vyáđi*, take charge till the spirit returns." This was assented to, and our companion accordingly entered the carcase of the king.

STORY OF YOGANANDA.

The revival of NANDA caused universal rejoicing. The minister *Śakaťála* alone suspected something extraordinary in the resuscitation. As the heir to the throne, however, was yet a child, he was well content that no change should take place, and determined to keep his new master in the royal station. He immediately, therefore, issued orders that search should be made for all the dead bodies in the vicinage, and that they should forthwith be committed to the flames. In pursuance of this edict the guards came upon the deserted carcase of *Indradatta*, and burning it as directed, our old associate was compelled to take up his abode permanently in

the tenement which he had purposed to occupy but for a season. He was by no means pleased with the change, and in private lamented it with us, being in fact degraded by his elevation, having relinquished the exalted rank of a *Bráhman* for the inferior condition of a *Śúdra.*

Vyáḍi having received the sum destined for our master, took leave of his companion *Indradatta,* whom we shall henceforth call *Yogananda.* Before his departure, however, he recommended to the latter to get rid of *Śakaṭála,* the minister, who had penetrated his secret, and who would, no doubt, raise the prince CHANDRAGUPTA to the throne as soon as he had attained to years of discretion. It would be better, therefore, to anticipate him, and as preparatory to that measure, to make me *Vararuchi,* his minister. *Vyáḍi* then left us, and in compliance with his counsel I became the confidential minister of *Yogananda.*

A charge was now made against *Śakaṭála,* of having, under pretence of getting rid of dead carcases, burned a Bráhman alive; and on this plea he was cast into a dry well with all his sons. A plate of parched pulse and a pitcher of water were let down daily for their sustenance, just sufficient for one person. The father, therefore, recommended to the brothers to agree amongst themselves which should survive to revenge them all, and relinquishing the food to him, resign themselves to die. They instantly acknowledged their avenger in him, and with stern fortitude refusing to share in the daily pittance, one by one expired.

After some time *Yogananda,* intoxicated like other mortals with prosperity, became despotic and unjust. I found my situation therefore most irksome, as it exposed me to a tyrant's caprice, and rendered me responsible for acts which I condemned. I therefore sought to secure myself a participator in the burthen, and prevailed upon *Yogananda* to release *Śakaṭála* from his captivity, and reinstate him in his authority. He therefore once again became the minister of the king.

It was not long before I incurred the displeasure of *Yoga-*

nanda, so that he resolved to put me to death. *Śakaťála*, who was rejoiced to have this opportunity of winning me over to his cause, apprised me of my danger, and helped me to evade it by keeping me concealed in his palace. Whilst thus retired, the son of the king, *Hirańyagupta*, lost his senses, and *Yogananda* now lamented my absence. His regret moved *Śakaťála* to acknowledge that I was living, and I was once more received into favour. I effected the cure of the prince, but received news that disgusted me with the world, and induced me to resign my station and retire into the forests. My disappearance had led to a general belief that I had been privately put to death. This report reached my family. *Upakośá*, my wife, burned herself, and my mother died broken-hearted.

Inspired with the profoundest grief, and more than ever sensible of the transitory duration of human happiness, I repaired to the shades of solitude and the silence of meditation. After living for a considerable period in my hermitage, the death of *Yogananda* was thus related to me by a Bráhman, who was travelling from *Ayodhyá* and had rested at my cell.

Śakaťála, brooding on his plan of revenge, observed one day a Bráhman of mean appearance digging in a meadow, and asked him what he was doing there. CHÁŃAKYA, the Bráhman, replied: "I am rooting out this grass which has hurt my foot." The reply struck the minister as indicative of a character which would contribute to his designs, and he engaged him by the promise of a large reward and high honours to come and preside at the *Śráddha*, which was to be celebrated next new moon at the palace. CHÁŃAKYA arrived, anticipating the most respectful treatment; but *Yogananda* had been previously persuaded by *Śakaťála* to assign precedence to another Bráhman, *Subandhu*, so that when CHÁŃAKYA came to take his place he was thrust from it with contumely. Burning with rage, he threatened the king before all the court, and denounced his death within seven days. NANDA ordered him to be turned out of the palace. *Śakaťála* received him into his house, and persuading CHÁŃAKYA that he was wholly innocent of being

instrumental to his ignominious treatment, contributed to encourage and inflame his indignation. CHÁŃAKYA thus protected, practised a magical rite, in which he was a proficient, and by which on the seventh day NANDA was deprived of life. *Śakaťála*, on the father's death, effected the destruction of *Hirańyagupta*, his son, and raised CHANDRAGUPTA, the son of the genuine NANDA, to the throne. CHÁŃAKYA became the prince's minister; and *Śakaťála*, having attained the only object of his existence, retired to end his days in the woods.

3.

STORY OF *NANDA* AND *CHANDRAGUPTA*. BY A PAŃḊIT OF THE DEKHIN.

(From a Manuscript in the collection of the late Col. Mackenzie, *Sanskŕit*, *Telinga* character.)

After invoking the benediction of *Gańeśa*, the writer proceeds: In the race of *Bharádwája*, and the family of the hereditary councillors of the *Bhosala* princes, was born the illustrious and able minister *Bhaváji*. He was succeeded by his son *Gangádhara*, surnamed *Adhwaryu* (a priest of the *Yajur-Véda*), who continued to enjoy the confidence of the king, and was equal to *Vŕihaspati* in understanding.

By his wife *Krishńámbiká*, *Gangádhara* had two sons, who were both employed by the *Rájá*, *Sáhuji*, the son of the preceding prince. The favour of the *Rájá* enabled these ministers to grant liberal endowments to pious and learned *Bráhmans*.

The elder of the two, *Nŕisiḿha*, after a life passed in prayer and sacred rites, proceeded to the world of *Brahmá*, leaving three sons.

Of these, the elder was *Ánanda-Rája-Adhwaryu*. He was noted for his steadiness and sagacity from his childhood, and in adult years deserved the confidence of his prince, *Sáhuji*. He was profoundly versed in the *Vedas*, a liberal benefactor of the *Bráhmans*, and a skilful director of religious rites.

Upon his death and that of the youngest brother, the sur-

vivor, *Tryambaka-Adhwaryu* succeeded to the reputation of his ancestors, and cherished his nephews as his own children.

Accompanied by his mother he proceeded to the shores of the *Ganges*, and by his ablutions in the holy stream liberated his ancestors from the ocean of future existence.

He was solicited by *Sáhu*, the king, to assume the burthen of the state, but regarding it incompatible with his religious duties, he was unwilling to assent. In consideration of his wisdom and knowledge he was highly venerated by the *Rájá*, and presented with valuable gifts, which he dedicated to pious rites or distributed to the *Bráhmans*. Having on a particular occasion been lavish of expenditure, in order to gratify his sovereign, he contracted heavy debts, and as the prince delayed their liquidation, he was obliged to withdraw to seek the means of discharging them. On his return he was received by *Sáhu* and his nobles with high honours, and the prince, by the homage paid to him, obtained identification (after death) with *Tyágeśa*, a glory of difficult attainment to *Yayáti*, *Nala*, *Mándhátri*, and other kings.

The brother of the prince, *Sarabhaji*, then governed the kingdom and promoted the happiness of all entrusted to his care by *Sáhu*, for the protection of piety, and rendering the people happy by his excellent qualities: the chief of the *Bráhmans* was treated by him with increased veneration.

The land of *Chola* is supplied at will by the waters of the *Káverí*, maintained by the abundant showers poured down constantly by *Indra;* and in this land did the illustrious *Sarabhaji* long exercise undisturbed dominion and promote the happiness of his people.

Having performed with the aid of his reverend minister the late rite to his brother, he liberally delivered *Tryambaka* from the ocean of debt, and presented him with lands on the bank of the *Káverí* (the *Sahyagirijá*), for the preservation of the observances enjoined by religion and law.

And he diffused a knowledge of virtue by means of the *Tantra* of the son of the foe of *Káma* (*Kárttikeya*), as com-

municated by *Brahmá* to *Nárada* to relieve his distress, and whatever learned man takes up his residence on the hill of *Swámin*, and worships *Skanda* with faith, will undoubtedly obtain divine wisdom.

Thus, on the mountain of *Swámin*, enjoying the favour of *Giríśa*, does *Tryambaka* reside with uninterrupted prosperity, surrounded by his kinsmen, and sons, and grandsons, and *Bráhmans* learned in the *Vedas*, engaged in the performance of the holy rites and the worship of *Íśwara.* May he live a thousand years!

An object of his unbounded benevolence, and one to be included in those cherished by his bounties, having worshipped the lord of *Śrí* (*Vishńu*), and acquitted himself of his debt to the Gods and Manes, is rewarded by having it in his power to be respectfully obedient to his (*Tryambaka's*) commands. This individual, named *Ďhunďhi*, the son of the excellent Pańdit *Lakshmańa*, of the family of *Vyása*, had in his possession, and expounded, the new and wonderful drama entitled the *Mudrá-Rákshasa*, and in order to convey a clear notion of his drama, the composition of *Viśákha-Datta*, he relates as an introduction the following particulars of the story.

STORY OF NANDA AND CHANDRAGUPTA.

According to the *Puráńas*, the *Kshattriya* sovereignty was to cease with NANDA. In the beginning of the *Kali* age the *Nandas* were kings so named.

Amongst them SARVÁRTHASIDDHI was celebrated for his valour; he was monarch of the earth, and his troops were nine score and one hundred. *Vaktranása* and others were his hereditary ministers, but amongst them the most famous was the Bráhman, RÁKSHASA.

He was skilled in government and policy, and the six attributes of princes; was eminent for piety and prowess, and was highly respected by NANDA. The king had two wives, of whom *Sunandá* was the elder—the other was of

Śúdra extraction; she was the favourite of the king, of great beauty and amiable character—her name was *Murá*. On one occasion the king, in the company of his wives, administered the rites of hospitality to a venerable ascetic, and after washing his feet, sprinkled the queen's with the water; nine drops fell upon the forehead of the elder, and one on *Murá*. This she received with reverence, and the Bráhman was much pleased with her deportment.

Murá accordingly was delivered of one son, of most excellent qualities, who was named *Maurya*. *Sunandá* was delivered of a lump of flesh.

This RÁKSHASA divided it into nine portions, which he put into a vessel of oil, and carefully watched.

By his cares nine infants were in time evolved, who were brought up by RÁKSHASA, and called the nine *Nandas* after their progenitor.

The king when he grew old retired from the affairs of state, consigning his kingdom to these nine sons, and appointing *Maurya* to the command of the army.

Maurya had a hundred sons, of whom CHANDRAGUPTA was the best, and they surpassed the *Nandas* in merit.

The *Nandas*, being therefore filled with envy, conspired against his life, and inviting him and his sons into a private chamber put them to death.

At this time the *Rájá* of *Siṁhalá* sent to the court of the *Nandas* a lion of wax in a cage, so well made that it seemed to be alive. And he added this message, "If any one of your courtiers can make this fierce animal run without opening the cage, I shall acknowledge him to be a man of talent."

The dulness of the *Nandas* prevented their understanding the purport of the message; but CHANDRAGUPTA, in whom some little breath yet remained, offered, if they would spare his life, to undertake the task, and this being allowed, he made an iron rod red-hot, and thrusting it into the figure, the wax soon ran, and the lion disappeared.

Although they desired his death, CHANDRAGUPTA was taken

by the *Nandas* from the pit into which he had been cast, and continued to live in affluence. He was gifted with all the marks of royalty: his arms reached to his knees; he was affable, liberal, and brave; but these deserts only increased the animosity of the *Nandas*, and they waited for an opportunity of compassing his death.

Upon one occasion CHANDRAGUPTA observed a Bráhman of such irascible temperament that he tore up violently a tuft of *kuśa* grass, because a blade of it had pierced his foot: on which he approached him, and placed himself under his protection, through fear of incurring the Bráhman's resentment.

This Bráhman was named *Vishńugupta*, and was deeply read in the science of government taught by *Uśanas* (*Saturn*), and in astronomy: his father, a teacher of *níti*, or polity, was named *Chańaka*, and hence the son is called CHÁŃAKYA.

He became the great friend of CHANDRAGUPTA, who related to him all he had suffered from the *Nandas*.

On which CHÁŃAKYA promised him the throne of the *Nandas*; and being hungry, entered the dinner-chamber, where he seated himself on the seat of honour.

The *Nandas*, their understanding being bewildered by fate, regarded him as some wild scholar of no value, and ordered him to be thrust from his seat. The ministers in vain protested against the act; the princes forcibly dragged CHÁŃAKYA, furious with rage, from his seat.

Then, standing in the centre of the hall, CHÁŃAKYA, blind with indignation, loosened the lock of hair on the top of his head, and thus vowed the destruction of the royal race:—"Until I have exterminated these haughty and ignorant *Nandas*, who have not known my worth, I will not again tie up these hairs."

Having thus spoken, he withdrew, and indignantly quitted the city; and the *Nandas*, whom fortune had deserted, made no attempt to pacify him.

CHANDRAGUPTA being no longer afraid of his own danger, quitted the city and repaired to CHÁŃAKYA; and the Bráhman

Kautilya, possessed of the prince, resorted to crooked expedients for the destruction of the *Nandas*.

With this view he sent a friend, *Indraśarman*, disguised as a *Kshapańaka*, as his emissary, to deceive RÁKSHASA and the rest, whilst on the other hand he excited the powerful *Parvatendra* to march with a *Mlechchha* force against *Kusumapura*, promising him half the kingdom.

The *Nandas* prepared to encounter the enemy, relying on the valour of RÁKSHASA. He exerted all his prowess, but in vain; and finding it impossible to overcome the hostile force by open arms, attempted to get rid of *Maurya* by stratagem; but in the meantime all the *Nandas* perished like moths in the flame of CHÁŃAKYA'S revenge, supported by the troops of *Parvatendra.*

RÁKSHASA, being worn in body and mind, and having lost his troops and exhausted his treasures, now saw that the city could no longer be defended; he therefore effected the secret retreat of the old king, SARVÁRTHASIDDHI, with such of the citizens as were attached to the cause of the *Nandas*, and then delivered the capital to the enemy, affecting to be won to the cause of CHANDRAGUPTA.

He prepared by magic art a poisoned maid, for the destruction of that prince, but *Kautilya* detected the fraud, and diverting it to *Parvateśa*, caused his death; and having contrived that information of his share in the murder of the monarch should be communicated to his son, MALAYAKETU, he filled the young prince with alarm for his own safety, and occasioned his flight from the camp.

Kautilya, though master of the capital, yet knowing it contained many friends of NANDA, hesitated to take possession of it; and RÁKSHASA, taking advantage of the delay, contrived, with *Dáruvarman* and others, machines and various expedients, to destroy CHANDRAGUPTA upon his entry; but *Kautilya* discovered and frustrated all his schemes.

He persuaded the brother of *Parvateśwara*, VAIRODHAKA, to suspend his departure, affirming with solemn asseverations, that

RÁKSHASA, seeking to destroy the friends of CHANDRAGUPTA, had designed the poisoned maid for the mountain monarch. Thus he concealed his own participation in the act; and the crafty knave deceived the prince, by promising him that moiety of the kingdom which had been promised to his brother.

SARVÁRTHASIDDHI retired to the woods to pass his days in penance, but the cruel *Kautilya* soon found means to shorten his existence.

When RÁKSHASA heard of the death of the old king, he was much grieved, and went to MALAYAKETU and roused him to revenge his father's death. He assured him that the people of the city were mostly inimical to CHANDRAGUPTA, and that he had many friends in the capital ready to co-operate in the downfall of the prince and his detested minister. He promised to exhaust all his own energies in the cause, and confidently anticipated *Malayaketu's* becoming master of the kingdom, now left without a legitimate lord. Having thus excited the ardour of the prince, and foremost himself in the contest, RÁKSHASA marched against *Maurya* with an army of *Mlechchhas* or barbarians.

This is the preliminary course of the story—the poet will now express the subject of the drama. It begins with an equivoque upon the words *Krúragraha*, in the dialogue of the prelude. This ends the introduction.

4.

EXTRACTS FROM CLASSICAL WRITERS RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF SANDRACOTTUS.

He (Alexander) had learned from Phigæus that beyond the *Indus* was a vast desert of twelve days' journey, and at the farthest borders thereof ran the Ganges. Beyond this river dwell the *Tabresians*, and the *Gandaritæ*, whose king's name

was *Xandrames*, who had an army of 20,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 2000 chariots and 4000 elephants. The king could not believe this to be true, and sent for *Porus*, and inquired of him whether it was so or not. He told him all was certainly true, but that the present king of the *Gandaritæ* was but of a mean and obscure extraction, accounted to be a barber's son; for his father being a very handsome man, the queen fell in love with him, and murdered her husband, and so the kingdom devolved upon the present king.—*Diodorus Siculus.*

At the confluence of the Ganges and another river is situated *Palibothra:* it is the capital of the *Prasii*, a people superior to others. The king, besides his birth-name and his appellation from the city, is also named *Sandracottus*. *Megasthenes* was sent to him.

Megasthenes relates that he visited the camp of *Sandracottus*, in which 400,000 people were assembled.

Seleucus Nicator relinquished the country beyond the *Indus* to *Sandracottus*, receiving in its stead fifty elephants, and contracting an alliance with that prince (contractâ cum eo affinitate).—*Strabo.*

Phegelas informed him, that eleven days from the river the road lay over vast deserts to the Ganges, the largest stream in India, the opposite bank of which the *Gangaridæ* and *Parrhasii* inhabited. Their king was named *Aggramen*, who could bring into the field 20,000 horse and 200,000 foot, 2000 chariots and 3000 elephants. As these things appeared incredible to the king, he referred to *Porus*, who confirmed what he heard. He added, however, that the king was not only of low, but of extremely base origin, for his father was a barber, whose personal merits recommended him to the queen. Being introduced by her to the king then reigning, he contrived his death, and under pretence of acting as guardian to his sons, got them into his power and put them to death. After their extermination he begot the son who was now king, and who, more worthy of his father's condition than his own, was odious and contemptible to his subjects.—*Quintus Curtius.*

Megasthenes tells us he was at the court of *Sandracottus.*

The capital city of India is *Palembothra*, on the confines of the *Prasii*, where is the confluence of the two great rivers, *Erranoboas* and *Ganges.* The first is inferior only to the *Indus* and *Ganges.*

Megasthenes assures us he frequently visited *Sandracottus*, king of India.—*Arrian.*

Sandracottus was the author of the liberty of India after Alexander's retreat, but soon converted the name of liberty into servitude after his success, subjecting those whom he rescued from foreign dominion to his own authority. This prince was of humble origin, but was called to royalty by the power of the gods; for, having offended Alexander by his impertinent language, he was ordered to be put to death, and escaped only by flight. Fatigued with his journey, he laid down to rest, when a lion of large size came and licked off the perspiration with his tongue, retiring without doing him any harm. The prodigy inspired him with ambitious hopes, and collecting bands of robbers, he roused the Indians to renew the empire. In the wars which he waged with the captains of Alexander, he was distinguished in the van, mounted on an elephant of great size and strength. Having thus acquired power, *Sandracottus* reigned at the same time that *Seleucus* laid the foundation of his dominion; and *Seleucus* entered into a treaty with him, and settling affairs on the side of India, directed his march against Antigonus.—*Justin* 15—4.

The kings of the *Gandarites* and *Prasians* were said to be waiting for them there (*on the Ganges*) with 80,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 8000 chariots and 6000 elephants. Nor is this number at all magnified, for *Androcottus*, who reigned not long after, made *Seleucus* a present of 500 elephants at one time, and with an army of 600,000 men traversed India and conquered the whole.

Androcottus, who was then very young, had a sight of Alexander, and he is reported to have said that Alexander was

within a little of making himself master of those countries: with such hatred and contempt was the reigning prince looked upon, on account of his profligacy of manner and meanness of birth.—*Plutarch*, 'Life of Alexander."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Chandragupta, also called *Vríshala* and *Maurya.*—The young king of *Páťaliputra.*

Cháňakya, or *Vishňugupta.*—A Bráhman, chiefly instrumental to *Chandragupta's* accession to the throne, and now his minister.

Rákshasa.—The minister of the last king, the enemy of *Chandragupta*, and whom it is *Cháňakya's* policy to win over to an alliance with his protegé.

Malayaketu.—Son of the King of the Mountains, leading an army against *Páťaliputra.*

Bháguráyaňa.—His supposed friend.

Nipuňaka,
Siddhárthaka,
Jívasiddhi,
Samiddhárthaka,
A Man. — Agents and emissaries of *Cháňakya.*

Śárngarava.—*Cháňakya's* Pupil.

Chandana-Dása,
Śakaťa-Dása. — Friends of *Rákshasa.*

The son of *Chandana-Dása.*

Viráđhagupta,
Priyaṁvadaka,
Courier. — Servants and agents of *Rákshasa.*

Vaihínari.—An attendant on *Chandragupta.*

Bhásuraka,
Jájali. — Attendants on *Malayaketu.*

Officers and attendants.

WOMEN.

The wife of *Chandana-Dása.*

Śoṅottará.—An attendant on *Chandragupta.*

Vijayá.—An attendant on *Malayaketu.*

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

Nanda.—King of *Páṭaliputra,* slain by *Cháṅakya's* contrivance.

Parvataka or *Parvateśwara.*—King of the Mountains, at first the ally of *Chandragupta,* but afterwards slain privily by *Cháṅakya.*

Sarvárthasiddhi.—Placed on the throne by *Rákshasa,* after the death of *Nanda,* but retired to a life of devotion.

Vairodhaka.—The brother of *Parvataka,* and killed by *Rákshasa's* emissaries by mistake for *Chandragupta.*

Various Princes, Chiefs, Bards, &c.

The scene is laid partly at *Páṭaliputra,* or *Palibothra,* and partly at the capital, or subsequently at the camp of *Malayaketu.*

The time of each act is that of the action—the intervals of the acts are uncertain.

PRELUDE.



Enter the MANAGER.

MAY the craft of that *Śiva* protect you, who, desirous of concealing *Gangá*,* thus evaded the inquiries of his goddess. What is this, so brilliant, that decorates thy brows?†—a digit of the moon—has it no name?—You know the name; it is impossible that you should have forgotten it—I talk of a woman, not of the moon. Let *Vijayá* ‡ tell you then, if the moon does not satisfy you.

May the dance of the victor of *Tripura* § protect you—that dance to which space is wanting. Lightly treads the god, lest he should overset the earth; he cramps his action, lest his arms reach beyond the limits of the three worlds; and he bends his spark-emitting glances on vacuity, lest they should consume the objects on which they gaze.|| Enough.

I am commanded by this assembly to represent the drama entitled *Mudrárákshasa*, the work of *Viśákha-Datta*, the son of *Prithu Mahárája*, and grandson of the chieftain *Vaṭeśwara-*

* As a goddess, *Gangá*, or the deified Ganges, is usually viewed as an object of jealousy by Durgá, the wife of *Śiva*.

† On her descent from heaven by the prayers of *Bhagíratha*, *Śiva* received the falling river upon his head.

‡ *Vijayá* is one of the attendants upon *Durgá*.

§ *Śiva*, from his destruction of the three cities of a demon, thence named *Tripura* or *Tripurásura*, the supposed origin of the modern *Tippera*.

|| The dance of *Śiva*, and that of his consort, its exact counterpart, have already been fully adverted to in the *Málatí* and *Mádhava*.

*Datta;** and it is a great satisfaction to me to perform this drama before an audience so capable of appreciating its merits. Justly is it said, the tillage of a blockhead will rear a harvest in a fertile soil; the luxuriant growth of the grain does not depend upon the talents of the sower. Having, therefore, gone home and summoned my wife,† I shall proceed with my company to the representation. Here is my house: I will enter.

How now! what festival have we here to-day, that all the domestics are so busy? One is bringing water, another grinding perfumes, a third weaves a chaplet of many colours, and a fourth is sighing over a pestle. I must call one of them, and ask the meaning of all this. Here, you clever, sharp, sensible hussy, come hither; you sum of all wishes and decorum, come hither.‡

Enter ACTRESS.

Here am I, sir; what are your commands?

Mana. Tell me what is going on here? have any Bráhmans been invited to do honour to my race, or have any welcome guests arrived, that there is such preparation?

Act. The Bráhmans have been invited, sir, by me.

Mana. What for, pray?

Act. There is an eclipse of the moon to-day.

Mana. Who says so?

Act. The people of the city.

* According to other authorities, however, the father of *Ṕithu, Ṕithwí-* or *Ṕithiví-Rája*, was named *Someśa* or *Vigraha-Deva*, and his grandfather *Śárnga-Deva* or *Viśála-Deva*. The term *Datta* is also more appropriate to a man of the *Vaiśya* tribe than a *Rájput;* but then *Vaťeśwara* is called a *Sámanta*, a term especially implying a warrior and a chief, and as in the case of the *Ját*s, the agricultural tribes occasionally follow a military life. These considerations, however, leave the individuality of the author very doubtful.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. xv. p. 407. *Transactions of Royal Asiatic Society.*

† He calls her the *Gŕiha-kuťumbiní*, literally, the head of the house or of the family; but by the authority she exercises she should scarcely be less than his wife.

‡ This is obviously imitated from the *Mŕichchhakaťí*.

Mana. Stop your preparations, dame, for the Bráhmans you have invited: there is no eclipse to-day. Trust to one who has laboured diligently in the sixty-four divisíons of astronomy; for observe, when *Ketu*, the angry planet, labours to depose from his high throne the mighty *Chandra*——

(*Behind.*) Who talks of deposing the king?*

Mana. The friendly Sage† is active in his defence.

Act. But who was that who so readily noticed on earth the peril of the monarch?

Mana. I need not heed particularly, but we will find out. I will repeat what I said, and if he repeat his exclamation we may know his voice. Observe, "When the angry *Ketu* endeavours to depose *Chandra*"——

(*Behind.*) Who threats the king, though I am yet alive?

Mana. Ha! I know;—it is *Kauťilya*, as crooked in nature as in name,‡ the flames of whose anger have burnt up the family of *Nanda.* He has caught but part of my speech, and confounds it with an allusion to hostility towards his pupil.

Act. Here he comes: we had better get out of his way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHÁŃAKYA, *with his top-knot§ untied.*

Where is this babbling wretch that idly threatens
The monarch I have raised? Lives there the man
That does not trembling pray he may behold
These tresses bound again, whose length dishevelled
Hangs an envenomed snake to Nanda's race;
A smoky wreath, engendered by the fires

* The original plays upon two words, *Ketu* the planet, or *Malayaketu* a prince, enemy of the present king, and *Chandra* his name, or the moon.

† The planet *Budha*, or Mercury, or in the text the *Budha-Yoga*; but there is no *Yoga* so named, and unless a different system be alluded to, simple conjunction or propinquity must be implied. The term has a double import here: *Budha*, Mercury, or a wise man, referring to *Cháńakya.*

‡ *Kauťilya*, implies crookedness, both physical and moral.

§ The single lock of hair left on the shaven head of a Bráhman.

Of my consuming wrath? The fool, unwitting
Of his own weakness, would he play the moth,
And heedless plunge into the deadly flame
Of my resentment, blazing like a meteor,
Fierce o'er the prostrate forest of my foes?
What, ho! S'árngarava!

Enter PUPIL.

Your commands, sir.

Cháń. A seat.

Pup. It waits you in the porch, sir.

Cháń. Bring it here; affairs of weight disturb me.
It is not fit the teacher should endure
A scholar's disobedience.

(*Pupil brings him a seat—he sits.*)

What should this rumour be, so general noised
Amongst the citizens? They say that Rákshasa,
In stern resentment of the total fall
Of Nanda's race, stirs up th' aspiring son
Of Parvateśwara; who would avenge
His father's death, to join him, and has vowed
To make him lord of Nanda's former realm.
With these designs, they have implored the aid
Of the great monarch of the *Mlechchha* tribes;*
And now, against the sway of *Vŕishala*
These fierce and formidable foes combine.
It may be thus—'Tis known to all the world,
I vowed the death of Nanda, and I slew him.
The current of a vow will work its way
And cannot be resisted. What is done
Is spread abroad, and I no more have power
To stop the tale. Why should I? Be it known,
The fires of my wrath alone expire,
Like the fierce conflagration of a forest,

* Literally, by the great *Mlechchha-Rája*, *mahatá mlechchharájena.*

From lack of fuel—not from weariness.
The flames of my just anger have consumed
The branching ornaments of Nanda's stem,
Abandoned by the frightened priests and people.
They have enveloped in a shower of ashes
The blighted tree of his ambitious counsels:
And they have overcast with sorrow's clouds
The smiling heavens of those moon-like looks
That shed the light of love upon my foes.
Now may *they* triumph—*they*, who late beheld
With downward looks and struggling indignation,
Scarce smothered by their terrors, my dishonour,
Thrust from my seat, and banished from the presence,
Disgraced, but not dejected—now they see me
Spurn Nanda and his offspring from their throne,
As from the mountain's crest the lion hurls
Incensed the lordly elephant.
My vow is now accomplished, but I bear,
In *Vŕishala's* defence, the fatal arms
That have uprooted Nanda's tyrant race,
Like fond affections from the breast of earth;
And now, in him, his fortune must implant,
Firm as the fragrant lotus in the lake.
Such is the equal fruit of love and hatred;
And friends and foes confess alike the power
That works their elevation or their fall.
Yet, what avails it, to have rooted out
The stem of Nanda; what to have allied
Fortune with Chandragupta, unsubdued
Whilst Rákshasa remains? His faith inflexible
Survives their ruin; and whilst yet exists
The most remote of kindred to their house,
He is our foe. Well; be it so!
We must devise with craft to break the league
We cannot face. The sole remaining shoot
Of Nanda's stem, the pious anchorite,

Sarvárthasiddhi, tranquil lies in death;
Even in the instant Rákshasa had promised
Malayaketu, that more vigorous means
Should be pursued to overturn our empire.

(*Addressing vacancy.*)

'Tis bravely done, thou worthy minister,
Thou saintly priest, thou human *Vŕihaspati.**
The mercenary herd obey their lords
For their own profit: should they hold their faith
In time of adverse fortune, they expect
That future days will give back power and wealth.
How few, like thee, regardless of reward,
And animated by remembered kindnesses,
Unwearied labour in the perilous service
A master no more lives to recompense?
How shall I change the enmity of such
As thou to friendship? It but little profits
To court alliance with a fool or coward;
Nor do the brave and wise claim our dependence,
Unless fidelity confirm their worth.
They, who to intellect and courage join
Devoted faith, are wedded to their lords,
In adverse ever as in prosperous fortune.
I must not sleep in this. To win the chief
Demands my utmost care. Thus far, success
Befriends our cause, and on his head revert
His hostile counsels. Whilst he designed
One of the princes to destroy, and drive
Me hence, I gained his minister, directed
The shaft against Parvataka, and spread
The rumour, Rákshasa had done the deed.
So runs the general credence; but his son,
Malayaketu, knows the truth. To him

* The regent of the planet of Jupiter, and preceptor and councillor of the gods.

'Twas purposely revealed; and with the aid
Of Bhágaráyańa, he frightened fled.
Now he is leagued with Rákshasa, and may
Defy our arms whilst aided by his policy.
Yet some discredit must attend his union
With one the world conceives his father's murderer,
A stain no skill nor craft can wipe away.
I have my spies abroad—they roam the realm,
In various garbs disguised, in various tongues
And manners skilled, and prompt to wear the show
Of zeal to either party, as need serves.
At home, my agents, versed in every shift
And quaint device, maintain assiduous quest
Amongst the people of the capital,
And instant note amidst the multitude
The covert friends of Nanda and his minister.
The chiefs, whose ready aid placed Chandragupta
Firm on his throne, are faithful to his cause,
And careful servants keep unwearied watch
To baffle those who would administer
Envenomed draughts and viands to the king.
There is a fellow of my studies, deep
In planetary influence and policy,*
The Bráhman, *Indusarman;* him I sent,
When first I vowed the death of Nanda, hither;
And here repairing as a *Bauddha* mendicant,†
He speedily contrived to form acquaintance
And friendship with the royal councillors.
Above them all, does Rákshasa repose

* Literally, "Having obtained great proficiency in the *Dańdaníti* political system of *Usanas,* and the sixty-four *Angas,* or branches of the *Jyotiś-Sástra,* the science of astronomy or astrology."

† Having the marks of a *Kshapańaka,* which usually designates a *Bauddha* mendicant; but, as hereafter shown, the individual is a *Jain,* not a *Bauddha,* and the confusion of terms is worthy of notice, as characteristic of a period subsequent to the disappearance of the *Bauddhas* in India.

In him implicit confidence. 'Tis well [*Rises.*
We triumph in his aid. Then none shall dare
Deride our purposes. The kingly burthen
Unbending, Chandragupta shall sustain,
And vigilantly guard his regal prize.
He must not hope for indolent delights,
Whose daring wins a throne. The king of men
And monarch of the woods alike must vanquish
Frequent and fierce aggression, to enjoy
In peace the prey their prowess has achieved. [*Retires.*

Enter NIPUŃAKA, *a spy in the service of Cháńakya, disguised, and carrying a scroll; or cloth with figures of Yama on it.**

Devotion to *Yama*† alone be selected,
For only by him is existence protected:
Their servants all other gods leave in the lurch,
When *Yama* his messenger sends in their search,
But trust we to *Yama,* and well are we sped,
With a friend whilst alive, and a friend when we 're dead.
I 'll enter here, show my pictures and chaunt my song.

(*Entering Cháńakya's house.*)

Pup. Stop, stop! you must not enter here.

Nip. No!—pray, whose house is it?

Pup. It belongs to my preceptor, of well-selected name.‡

* A *Yama-paṭa.* It should seem to be a sort of raree show. The showman probably held something of a religious character; the person and his accompaniment are now unknown.

† The *Hindu Pluto.*

‡ *Sugŕihítanámna árya-Cháńakyasya.* This phrase is of constant occurrence in the preceding dramas, as well as this, and indicates the importance attached, not to well-sounding, but to lucky or propitious appellations. This superstition was common amongst the nations of antiquity; and, according to Cicero, care was taken in the lustration of the people, that those who conducted the victims, and on the formation of the army that the first soldier on the muster-roll should have auspicious names: Cum imperator exercitum, censor populum lustraret, bonis nominibus qui hostias ducerent, eligebantur, quod idem in delectu consules observant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine.

Nip. Then it belongs to a brother professor; so let me pass. I must have some talk with him, and let him see what I know.

Pup. What can you teach my master, pray?

Nip. Don't be wroth. One man cannot know everything; he may know some things, to be sure; and so may even such as I am.

Pup. How dare you detract from my master? He knows everything.

Nip. Does he know, think you, by whom *Chandra* * is disliked?

Pup. What has he to do with such knowledge?

Nip. He will know what is to be known, I daresay; but you only understand this, that the lotus cannot bear *Chandra*; its disposition is counter to its shape and beauty: the place abounds with such.

Cháń. (*Overhearing.*) He means, the minds of men are yet averse
To Chandragupta.

Pup. What nonsense do you chatter?

Nip. I talk very good sense, if——

Pup. What?

Nip. Those who hear me understand me.

Cháń. (*Aloud.*) Advance; you will find one, friend,
Willing to hear and understand.

Nip. Long life to your Excellency!

Cháń. (*Apart.*) Amidst my many missions I forget
What was assigned Nipuńaka. Oh! I remember,
He was to gather and report the state
Of public feeling. Welcome, friend; sit down.

Nip. As your honour commands. (*Sits on the ground.*)

Cháń. Now for your news. What say the citizens?
How do they stand affected?

Nip. Your Excellency has removed all their grievances, so

* The moon, or Chandragupta.

that they cannot choose but be well affected to the auspicious Chandragupta. There are, however, in the city three men attached personally to the minister Rákshasa, who cannot bear His Majesty's prosperity.

Cháń. They weary of their lives then—who are they?

Nip. The first is a *Bauddha* beggar.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) A *Bauddha* beggar—excellent! (*Aloud.*) His name?

Nip. Jívasiddhi.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) My own true emissary. (*Aloud.*) Well, who next?

Nip. Rákshasa's very particular friend, the scribe S'akaťa-Dása.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) A scribe—a matter of light moment; yet

'Tis well not to despise a foe though humble:
He has been noted—and Siddhárthaka
Fastened upon him as a friend. (*Aloud.*) The third?

Nip. Is also the friend of Rákshasa, an inhabitant of Pushpapur, the head of the jewellers, named Chandana-Dása. In his house the wife of the minister was left when he fled from the city.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) This man must be, in truth, his friend:

To one, alone, he valued as himself,
Would Rákshasa commit so dear a charge.
(*Aloud.*) How know you that the wife of Rákshasa
Was left in trust of Chandana-Dás?

Nip. This seal-ring will apprise you.

Cháń. (*Taking the ring* * *and reading the name.*) Rákshasa—Rákshasa is in my grasp! (*Aloud.*) How got you this?

* *Anguliya-mudrá*, a finger-ring seal. Seals or signets of this kind were from the earliest periods commonly used in the East. Ahasuerus takes his signet off his hand and gives it first to Haman and again to Mordecai: and Herodotus notices that each of the Babylonians wore a seal-ring. The Greeks and Romans had their rings curiously engraved with devices, and that cast by Polycrates into the sea was the work of an engraver whose name the historian has not thought unworthy of commemoration. Thus also in the Demagogues of Aristophanes:—

"*Demus.*

Nip. I will tell your Excellency. It was your pleasure that I should take note of the sentiments and conduct of the citizens. To gain free access to their habitations I assumed this disguise, and amongst other houses I entered that of Chandana-Dása. Exhibiting the *Yama* show, I commenced my ballad, when a little boy of about five years of age, of a most lovely appearance, his eyes sparkling with the curiosity common at his years, ran out from a verandah in the court. Cries of, "He is gone out—he is gone out!" uttered by female voices, proceeded instantly from the apartment adjoining, and a woman

"*Demus.* This is no ring of mine; it tallies not
With my device, or much my eyes deceive me.
"*Sausage-seller.* Allow me, sir. What might be your impression?
"*Dem.* A roasted *thrium* in thick fat enclosed.
"*Saus.* I see no *thrium.*
"*Dem.* What the impression then?
"*Saus.* A wide-mouthed gull, high seated on a rock,
In act to make a speech."

The use of the seal amongst the ancients, as amongst the Orientals to the present day, was not, as with us, to secure an envelope, but to verify letters and documents in place of a written signature. Amongst the natives of Hindustan, both Mohammedan and Hindu, the seal is engraved with the name of the wearer; and the surface being smeared superficially only with ink, the application of the seal to the paper leaves the letters which are cut in the stone, white on a black ground. Such also was the manner in which the seals of the Greeks and Romans were applied. It might be suspected that the translator of Euripides was thinking of a seal of wax on the outside of a letter, in the following passage in Iphigenia in Aulis:

"*Attendant.* But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,
Or with your daughter, or the royal dame?
"*Agamemnon.* The seal which on that letter I have stamped,
Preserve 'unbroken.'"

It is literally "Take care of the seal which you bear on that letter." The stage direction should be probably "giving his ring to the messenger," a mark of confidence, and a confirmation of the previously impressed signature, which would induce Clytemnestra to trust him implicitly. There could be no need to charge the messenger not to break, or not to efface, a mere impression within a folded letter, as it is previously described; and if that impression alone were sufficient to inspire belief, it was unnecessary for the messenger to require of Agamemnon to grant any further token. *Sphragis*, the word used in all these places, is placed by Julius Pollux amongst the synonymes of finger-ring seals, *Episémoi daktylioi.*

coming to the door caught hold of the child and dragged him in with some little resistance. She exposed her person with evident caution, so that little more of her was distinguished than a pair of very beautiful arms. In the struggle with the child, however, this ring, which, as it is a man's ring, was probably too large for her finger, slipped off, and rolling near my foot, stopped there, like a modest woman stooping to make a bow. I took an opportunity of picking it up unobserved, and finding that it bore the name of Rákshasa, I brought it to your honour.

Cháń. S'árngarava!

Enter PUPIL.

(*To Nipuńaka.*) You may withdraw, now I have heard the story:
But before long your toils shall be rewarded.

Nip. As you command. [*Exit.*

Cháń. Paper and ink! What shall I write? By this
Is Rákshasa to be subdued.

Enter a FEMALE SERVANT.

Serv. Victory to your Excellency!

Cháń. (*Apart.*) I accept the omen.* (*Aloud.*) S'ońottará, what news?

* Great importance is attached to the fortuitous expressions of individuals throughout these dramas, and a prosperous or unprosperous result anticipated from the thoughts or the words, by the person to whom they are addressed. The Greek plays are full of similar instances, and they are sufficiently abundant in every other department of classical literature. Cicero cites various curious examples in his book "De Divinatione." That related of Lucius Paulus is very analogous to the instance in the text. "Lucius Paulus the consul had been appointed to conduct the war against Perseus. On returning to his house in the evening he found his little daughter Tertia full of grief, and on asking her what was the matter, replied, '*Persa* (*a puppy so-named*) is no more.' Taking her up in his arms, and kissing her, the consul exclaimed, 'I accept the omen,' and the event corresponded with the expression." The effect of the omen seems also with the Hindus, as well as the Greeks and Romans, to have depended in a great measure upon a person's applying it, and signifying his acceptance of it. The phrase addressed to Cháńakya is a customary one to princes and ministers, *Jayatu áryaḱ*, and

Soń. His Majesty S'rí-Chandra has sent me with his profound respects, to request your assistance in paying the final honours to Parvateśwara; and it is his wish to make an offering to learned Bráhmans of the jewels and valuable articles worn by that prince.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) In all he meets my wishes. (*Aloud.*) Go, S'ońottará,

Inform the king his purpose is most fitting,
And should be speedily performed. As for the gems,
They are no doubt of cost, and should be given
Only to Bráhmans of repute. Those I will send
When I have put their merits to the test,
To take the presents at his hands.

Soń. I obey. [*Exit.*

Cháń. S'árngarava, seek out Viśwávasu;
Bid him and his three brothers from the king
Receive those gifts, and then repair to me.
[*Exit Pupil.*
What further purpose shall I give the letter?
My spies inform me, of the *Mlechchha* princes,
The chiefest five, or Chitravarman, king
Of Kulúta—the king of Malaya, Nŕisiṁha,
The lion-voiced—the monarch of Cashmir,
Brave Pushkaráksha—Sindhusheńa, prince
Of Saindhava, for enemies o'erthrown
Renowned; and powerful with his hordes of horse,
Megháksha—Párasíka's sovereign:* these
Are friends of Rákshasa. I write their names;
Let Chitragupta† wipe them from the record.—

it is rendered prophetic by Cháńakya's assent, *Gŕihíto 'yam jaya-śabdaḥ*— "The word *jaya* (victory) is accepted." *Oionon* dechesthai, Omen arripere, and śabdaṁ gŕihítum, are terms of similar import in the three languages.

* The position of Kulúta is not known; that of Malaya, the western Ghats, is very oddly introduced as a kingdom other than Hindu. *Saindhava*, is Sindh and Balochisthan; and *Párasíka*, Persia.

† The registrar of *Yama*, or the recorder of the dead.

No, not their names. It were as well to leave
Some indistinctness. Ho, S'árngarava!

Enter PUPIL.

I have bethought me—learned Bráhmans write
Not always clearly. To Siddhárthaka
Convey these my instructions. (*Whispers.*) I myself
Will tell him for what purpose, and for whom
The note is meant, and who the writer is.
Let it be copied by S'akat́a-Dás, and folded
In fashion of a letter, but not addressed;*
Nor let the writer know he writes for me.

Pup. As you direct. [*Exit.*

Cháń. Malayaketu is o'erthrown!

Enter SIDDHÁRTHAKA.†

Sid. Victory to your Excellency! the letter is prepared.

Cháń. Let me peruse it.—Right,
Now sign it with this seal. (*Gives Rákshasa's seal-ring.*)

Sid. It is done. What else?

Cháń. I would assign you
A business of great import.

Sid. I hold myself much honoured by the trust.

Cháń. Go to the place of execution, give
The executioner a signal privily,
And then put on a most ungoverned fury.
Attack the officers, and they, prepared,
Will fly in seeming terror. They dispersed,
Untie the bonds that fasten S'akat́a-Dás,
And with him shape your flight to Rákshasa.
He, for the preservation of his friend,
Will give you ample recompense, which you
Accept, and for a time remain his follower,

* Literally, "without any name being seen externally."

† In the conduct of the business this piece is inferior to its immediate predecessors, and bears most resemblance to the *Mṙichchhakat́i.*

Until the foes approach the city, when
This end must be contrived. (*Whispers.*)

Sid. As you command.

Cháń. S'árngarava !

Enter PUPIL.

Bear the chief officers of justice* these
The king's commands :—Arrest the *Bauddha* mendicant,
Named Jívasiddhi ; let it be proclaimed
He was commissioned here by Rákshasa,
And by the poisoned maiden has destroyed
The prince Parvataka. Be this duly cried ;
And then he must be banished with each mark
Of contumely from the capital.
The scribe, too, S'akaťa-Dás, whom Rákshasa
Stirs up to plot against the royal person,
Let him be seized ! his crime proclaimed abroad ;
Then bear him to the stake, and into bonds
Conduct his family.

Pup. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Cháń. Now shall Rákshasa be taken.

Sid. (*Advancing.*) I have taken—

Cháń. (*Apart.*) Rákshasa ; most true. (*Aloud.*) Whom ?

Sid. Your highness's commands, and now depart
To give them action.

Cháń. It is well. (*Giving him the letter and the ring.*)
Success attend you !

Sid. Such are your commands. [*Exit.*

Enter PUPIL.

Pup. The officers obey the orders of the king.

Cháń. Now, child, go call the provost of the jewellers,
Chandana-Dás his name.

Pup. I shall obey. (*Exit and returns with him.*) This way,
Provost.

* The *Kálapáśika* and *Dańdapáśika*, the bearers of the noose of death and of punishment.

Chand. (*Apart.*) Cháńakya's cruel nature gives alarm
To those who are not conscious of offending.
I have offended—what can I expect?
I have desired my friends, lest that my house
Be seized on by this tyrant, to remove
The family of Rákshasa; and now
I am prepared—what may befall me, may be.

Pup. Here, sir, is Chandana-Dás.

Chand. Glory to your Excellency!

Cháń. Provost, you are welcome: sit.

Chand. Excuse me, sir,
This ceremony suits not with the sorrow
In which the sufferings of my friends
Have left me. I will sit me down,
So please you, on the ground.

Cháń. It must not be;
This distance needs not when with such as I am.
Here, take this seat.

Chand. If you will have it so.
(*Apart.*) What does he purpose?

Cháń. Now, Provost, does your trade
Yield you due profit?

Chand. With your honour's patronage,
All trade must flourish; so of course must mine.

Cháń. And do the people still recall to mind
The many virtues of their former lords,
When they comment on Chandragupta's vices?

Chand. I cannot hear such words. (*Stops his ears.*)
The virtues of His Majesty afford
The soothing pleasures that autumnal moons
Diffuse.

Cháń. It may be; but all kings expect
To meet from those they cherish some requital.

Chand. You need but speak it, sir, and any sums—
What monies may be needed?

Cháń. You forget;
This is the reign of Chandragupta, not
Of Nanda. To his avaricious soul
Your treasures were acceptable; but now,
Your king esteems your happiness his wealth.
Chand. I joy to hear it.
Cháń. You should rather ask
How best such happiness may be evinced.
Chand. Command.
Cháń. 'Tis easy; let no man presume
To offer opposition to his sovereign.
Chand. What luckless wretch exists, who would pretend
To think of opposition? Does your grace
Know such a man?
Cháń. Thou art the man.
Chand. Alas!
How should a blade of straw encounter flame?
Cháń. Yet thus it is. Why, even now your house
Gives shelter to the family of Rákshasa,
The open enemy of Chandragupta.
Chand. This is untrue. Some base and secret foe
To me has brought this story to your ears.
Cháń. You need not be alarmed. The miscreant servants
Of the late sovereign, when they fled the state,
Compelled by force the honest citizens
To give unwilling shelter to their families.
In this *they* are unblamed—the only act
That makes it an offence is its concealment.
Chand. I do admit that formerly, indeed,
The family of Rákshasa was thus
Lodged in my house.
Cháń. This is again untrue:
Your former declaration would imply
They never found asylum in your mansion.
Chand. I own I was in this not quite sincere.
Cháń. Such insincerity will now obtain

Its proper estimation—but deliver
The family of Rákshasa, and you may yet
Be held excused.

Chand. I have already said—
They *were* in my abode.

Chdń. Where are they gone?

Chand. I do not know.

Chdń. You do not know! Beware:
The hooded snake hangs over you, and far
Your hope of safety lies. As Vishńugupta
Will Nanda—(*checking himself*). What! merchant, can you be
So idle, as to cherish hopes that Rákshasa
Will triumph over Vŕishala? Have you forgotten,
Fortune deserted Nanda in his life,
With all his power and warlike friends to back him?
Now she is steadily affianced—bound
To Chandra, as is moonlight to the moon;
And who shall think to sunder them? who so rash,
To thrust his arm into the lion's jaws,
And seek to tear away his pointed fangs,
Red as the twilight moon, stained with the blood
Of the fresh-slaughtered elephant?

Chand. (*Apart.*) These words,
Alas! too well events have justified.

(*A noise behind.*)

Chdń. How now, S'árngarava, what has chanced?

Pup. The Bauddha beggar, sir, named Jívasiddhi, is banished from the city by order of the king.

Chdń. A holy man I mourn his fate: yet such
The treatment that the prince's foes deserve.
You mark, good Provost,—Vŕishala resolves
To treat his enemies with just severity.
Take a friend's counsel, and give up the family
Of Rákshasa; then Chandragupta's favour
Will long be yours.

Chand. They are not in my dwelling.

(*A noise behind.*)

Chán. Again!—S'árngarava, what is this?

Pup. The scribe, sir, S'akat'a-Dás, is led forth to be impaled.

Chán. So let him reap the fruit of disobedience.—
You see the king is stern. Believe me, Provost,
He will not brook your giving an asylum
To those who are his enemies. Resign them—
So you and yours shall yet escape with life.

Chand. What signs of fear do you behold in me,
To think I should be moved to sacrifice
Those I had sheltered, by the dread of death?
But I have said it—those you seek of me
I have not in my power. What more remains?

Chán. You hold to this?

Chand. I do.

Chán. (*Apart.*) 'Tis bravely spoken.
Who in this selfish world would lose the hope
Of affluence, and like *Śivi*,* thus discharge
The arduous task of generous self-devotion!
(*Aloud.*) This is your last resolve?

Chand. It is.

Chán. Expect the king's displeasure.

Chand. I am prepared—do with me as you please.

Chán. S'árngarava, bid the officers
Secure this miscreant. Hold! let them seize
His house and family, and keep them close,
Till I impart this matter to the king:
He will, I know, command the forfeiture
Both of his wealth and life.

Pup. I shall obey—this way, Provost.

* *Śivi* was a prince who, to save a dove from the pursuit of a hawk without prejudice to the latter, gave it a piece of his own flesh.

† This duty is assigned to the *Durgapálaka* and *Vijayapálaka*, who should be military officers, if not proper names.

Chand. I attend. (*Apart.*) Happy that friendship's claim,
Not mortal frailty, terminates my life.

[*Exit.*

Cháń. Now Rákshasa is safe; for when he learns
The faith and imminent danger of his friend,
Imperilled in his cause, he will, I know,
Be eager to prevent the sacrifice;
And ere he suffer that this merchant lose
His life for him, will offer up his own,
As much less precious than so dear a friend. (*Noise.*)
How now?

Enter PUPIL.

Pup. Siddhárthaka has rescued S'akat́a-Dása, sir, as he was about to suffer death, and they are fled together.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) Our work is well begun. (*Aloud.*) Fled, say you?
Quick! boy, and order Bhágiráyańa
To overtake and seize them.

[*Pupil goes out and returns.*

Pup. Alas! sir, he too has disappeared.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) For our advantage. (*Aloud.*) Let him be pursued.
Where are the officers?*

Pup. They are overcome with terror; and Bhadrabhat́a and many other chiefs, I learn, sir, were off this morning long before daylight.

Cháń. (*Apart.*) They will promote our triumph. (*Aloud.*) Let them go.
We shall not miss them. Those who now have fled,
Had in their hearts deserted us. Let all
Who would abandon us be free to go:
I heed them not, whilst yet the mind is firm

* In the original, *Cháńakya* names them: *Bhadrabhat́a, Purushadatta, Hingurráta, Balagupta, Rájasena, Rohitáksha, Vijayavarman*; and it may be observed that they are names not of present currency, although Sanskrit. *Cháńakya* also sends out to dispatch them after *Bhágurayáńa* as before; a ceremony dispensed with in the translation.

That plucked down Nanda, and in which I feel
More powerful far than in a hundred hosts.
Let not my spirit fail, though left alone,
And we shall conquer. As for the fugitives,
They shall be seized and meet with their reward.
(*Apart.*) Now, Rákshasa, I have you—I shall see you
Tame and submissive to my sovereign's will,
Caught by superior craft, though now you roam
Unshackled like the elephant, whilst yet
He ranges, high in blood, amidst the shades
And cooling torrents of his native woods.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

STREET BEFORE RÁKSHASA'S HOUSE.

Enter VIRÁDHAGUPTA, *an agent of Rákshasa, disguised as a Snake-catcher.*

Those who are skilled in charms and potent signs may handle fearlessly the fiercest snakes.

Passenger. Hola! what and who are you?

Vir. A snake-catcher, your honour—my name is *Jírńavisha.* What say you? you would touch my snakes? What may your profession be, pray? Oh! I see, a servant of the prince—you had better not meddle with snakes.—A snake-catcher unskilled in charms and antidotes, a man mounted on a furious elephant without a goad, and a servant of the king appointed to a high station and proud of his success, these three are on the eve of destruction. Oh! he is off.

2d Pass. What have you got in your basket, fellow?

Vir. Tame snakes, your honour, by which I get my living. Would you wish to see them? I will exhibit them here, in the court of this house, as this is not a convenient spot.

2d Pass. This, you blockhead, is the house of Rákshasa, the prince's minister. There is no admittance for us here.

Vir. Then go your way, sir: by the authority of my occupation I shall make bold to enter. So, I have got rid of him.

* 'Tis very strange—and what will be the end?
The efforts of my master, Rákshasa,
To shake the power of Chandragupta, fail,
Defeated by Cháńakya's foresight: yet, methinks,

* In the original he changes his style from a low and difficult Prákŕit to Sanskŕit.

When I observe Malayaketu aided
By Rákshasa's high wisdom, I behold
The sovereign sway wrested from Chandragupta.
Fortune is bound to Maurya's cause with cords
Fast woven by Cháńakya, yet the hand
Of Rákshasa seems often on the point
To snatch her from her bands. Between such foes,
Such masters of their craft, the cause of Nanda
Hangs in suspense, and fortune wavers—
Like a young female elephant, whose love
Two lordly males dispute,—between these ministers,
Doubting on which she shall confer her favour.
Well, time determines. Now to visit Rákshasa.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—AN APARTMENT.

RÁKSHASA, *with Attendants.*

Alas! my cares are vain: my anxious days
And sleepless nights are all of no avail,
Since, like the house of *Yadu,** Nanda's race
Has perished utterly, exterminated
By powerful foes and unrelenting fate.
Now a new master claims my zealous service,
Not for the mercenary hope of fortune,
Nor coward apprehensions for my safety;
Not for the idle love of brief authority,
Nor in forgetfulness of former faith.
I serve this lord, the better to effect
The fall of Nanda's enemies, and pay
The tribute of revenge his fame demands.
O Goddess, lotus-throned!† dost thou so lightly

* The members of the family of *Yadu*, in which *Kŕishńa* was born, were all destroyed upon the eve of his death or return to heaven, by intestine division and an affray amongst themselves, in which all the combatants were slain.

† *Lakshmí*, the Goddess of Fortune, appeared at the creation seated on a lotus amidst the waters.

Esteem desert, that Nanda is forgotten
And all thy favour lavished on his foe,—
On Maurya's ignominious son ? *
Why, like the frontal juice, didst thou not perish,
That dries when falls the royal elephant.
Was there no chief of noble blood to win
Thy fickle smiles, that thou must elevate
A base-born outcast to imperial sway,—
And thus, with truly feminine caprice
(For women are unsteady as the buds
That float in air), fly from exalted worth ?
But I shall cure thee of this fleeting fancy,
By levelling the mansion of thy choice.
For this have I consigned my wife and child
To my friend's care, and when I fled the capital
Left them behind, that men may therefore deem
I cherish confident purpose to return
To them and to my home, and thus, the zeal
Of those who yet are faithful to the cause
Of Nanda, may not slacken by despair.
To S'akaṭa-Dás is ample wealth entrusted
To recompense our emissaries sent
To work by craft the death of Chandragupta,
Or foil the secret malice of the foe;
And Jívasiddhi and some other friends,
Are nominated to convey intelligence
Of all that chances every instant to me.
What else can be devised ? Mine ancient lord,
Who for his own destruction kindly reared
A tiger's cub, and his illustrious race,
Are ever in my thoughts. I yet may strike
The savage that destroyed them to the heart,
With wisdom's shaft, if fate be not his shield.

* *Chandragupta* is here therefore the grandson, not the son of *Murá*.

Enter JÁJALI, *the Chamberlain of* MALAYAKETU.

Health to your Excellency!

Rák. Jájali, welcome: what has brought you hither?

Jáj. I come a messenger from the prince. Malayaketu grieves to see your Excellency so regardless of personal appearance; and without desiring you to be unmindful of your ancient monarch, he requests you will pay regard to his wishes. He, therefore, sends you these jewels, taken from his own person, and entreats your Excellency will wear them.

Rák. My worthy friend, apprise the noble prince,
The virtues of my former gracious lord
Are all forgotten in his highness' merits;
But that I must not decorate my person,
Whilst I endure the deep humiliation
Of late discomfiture—nor till his foes
Are all exterminated, and I rear
His golden throne within the regal palace.

Jáj. This is an easy matter to your Excellency; therefore respect this first favour of the prince.

Rák. I do respect his orders, and your message:
The prince's will in this shall be accomplished.

Jáj. I take my leave.

Rák. I bow to you.

[*Exit Jájali.*

Priyaṁvadaka, who waits to see me?

PRIYAṀVADAKA *enters with* VIRÁDHAGUPTA.

Rák. Who is this?

Priy. A snake-catcher, your Excellency.

Rák. (*Feeling his left eye throb.*)
What should this import? the sight of snakes, too! *
I have no pleasure in the exhibition.
Give him a donation, and let him go.

Priy. Here is for your pains; for not seeing—not for seeing.

Vir. Inform the minister, I beg of you, that besides exhi-

* An equally unlucky omen as the throbbing of the left eye.

biting snakes, I am a bit of a poet in the vulgar tongue. If I cannot have the honour of seeing him, request he will favour me by perusing this. (*Gives a paper.*)

Priy. He says, sir, he is a poet as well as a snake-catcher, and requests your perusal of this paper. (*Gives it.*)

Rák. "The busy bee, that from each flower
Extracts the nectary juice,
To fragrant honey all its store
Converts for others' use." *

(*Apart.*) He means by this, he brings news from the capital,
The city of flowers. Who should this be?—it is
Virádhagupta—such was his disguise.
(*Aloud.*) Bid him approach—he is no vulgar bard,
And merits our encomium.

PRIYAḾVADAKA *brings* VIRÁDHAGUPTA *forward.*

Rák. Priyaḿvadaka, I will see these snakes.
In the meantime, do you and your companions
Discharge your several duties.

Priy. We obey, sir.

[*Exit with attendants.*

Rák. My friend Virádhagupta, sit you down.

Vir. As you command, sir.

Rák. It grieves me to behold you thus; how hard
A fate pursues the friends of Nanda!

Vir. Heed it not, sir;
Your wisdom will ere long restore us all
To former fortune.

Rák. What news from Pushpapur?

Vir. I have much to tell, sir: where shall I commence?

Rák. With Chandragupta's entry in the city.
Whate'er my agents since have done, inform me.

Vir. You will remember, sir, when in close league
United by Cháńakya, Parvateśwara
And Chandragupta in alliance, led

* Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.

Their force against our city—a wild multitude
Of *Śakas, Yavanas,* and mountaineers,
The fierce *Kámbojas,* with the tribes who dwell
Beyond the western streams,* and Persia's hosts,
Poured on us like a deluge.

Rák. Who shall dare
Assail the city whilst I breathe? Quick! line the walls
With archers—plant the elephants at the gates:
Let those who scorn a feeble foe, who thirst
For martial glory, and who fear not death,
Attend me to the field!

Vir. Compose yourself:
I merely speak of what has some while passed.

Rák. I had forgot myself; I deemed it present.
Yes,—well I recollect the inspiring trust
That Nanda then reposed in me. On me
His every hope relied; and his affection,
Converting me to many like myself,
To every quarter threatened by the foe

* The *Śakas* of the Hindus cannot be other than the *Sacæ* or *Sakai* of classical geography. They are perpetually named in various works, and seem to have been known on the borders of India or in its western districts in the first century preceding Christianity. *Vikramáditya,* king of Ougein, being known as the *Śakári,* or enemy of the *Sacæ,* his era dates B.C. 56, and it should appear that, about this date, some northern tribes had settled themselves along the Indus, constituting the Indoscythi of Arrian. Their attempt to penetrate farther to the east, by way of Kandesh and Malwa was not improbably arrested by *Vikramáditya,* whence the epithet *Śakári.* The term of *Yavanas* is in modern times applied to Mohammedans of every description; but in this instance, and in works prior to the Mohammedan era, some other people must be intended. The interpretation of the word by Sir W. Jones is, Ionians or Asiatic Greeks; and there are some considerations in its favour, although the chief argument in its behalf is the difficulty of attaching it to any other people. The mountaineers, or *Kirátas,* may come from any part of India. They are known in classical geography as the *Cirrhadæ* or the *Cirrodes,* the latter in *Sogdiana,* near the Oxus. The *Kámbojas* are the people of the Arachosia, or north-eastern province of Persia. For the site of the *Báhlikas,* as they are termed in the text, we are indebted to the *Mahabhárata,* and the *Párasikas* speak for themselves.

His orders sent me—"Rákshasa, behold
Yon troop of elephants, like a black cloud,—
Disperse them.—Rákshasa, lead on those horse,
That bound like waves, and charge the foe's advance.—
Rákshasa, draw up the foot in firm array,
And drive them back!"—Your pardon—pray proceed.

Vir. Beholding Pushpapura thus beleaguered,
And grieving for the sufferings of the people,
Sarvárthasiddhi, quitting further thought
Of opposition, private left the city,
And thence assumed the life of an ascetic.
Lorn of their lord, the warriors soon relaxed
Their efforts, and resistance ceased; and soon
The trumpets of the enemy proclaimed
Their triumph to unwilling ears. You, then,
Departed to maintain the realm of Nanda
In other provinces, devising means*
Intended Chandragupta to remove;
Which failing him, the mountain king destroyed.

Rák. So fate decreed, and turned aside the blow;
As *Vishńu* craftily contrived to ward
The shaft of *Karńa* from the breast of *Arjuna*,
And speed it to *Hiḋimbá's* son.† What then?

Vir. The prince Malayaketu was alarmed

* These means are designated in the text here, as well as in other places, and in other books, the *Visha-kanyá*, the Poison-Maid; which it would be more consonant to our ideas to consider as an effigy, but it appears to mean a female whose nature was charged with venom so that her embraces should prove fatal. The *Hitopadeśa* says, Cháńakya killed Nanda by means of a fatal emissary; and the author of the *Purusha-paríkshá*, a modern collection of tales in Bengali, taken chiefly from the Sanskŕit, in giving a version of this story adds, that the damsel was so venomous that flies alighting on her person instantly perished.

† *Karńa* had received a lance from *Indra* which was fated to kill one individual, and which he kept, intending it for *Arjuna*. But *Ghaťotkacha*, the son of *Bhíma* by the *Rákshasí*, *Hiḋimbá*, having by the counsel and aid of *Kŕishńa* become so formidable to the *Kuru* host as to threaten their destruction, *Karńa* was compelled to hurl the lance against him, and *Arjuna* thus escaped the peril.—(*Mahábhárata*, *Karńa-Parván*.)

By this, his father's death, and quickly left
The camp. His father's brother, whom Cháńakya
Persuaded that the monarch's death was not
His deed, or Chandragupta's, still remained
Confiding; and the entry of the foe
Of Chandragupta into Nanda's palace
Was solemnly proclaimed.

Rák. What then befell?

Vir. Cháńakya called the architects together,
And gave them orders to prepare the palace,
With all expedient haste, for the reception
Of Chandragupta at the hour of midnight,
As by the aspect of the stars determined.
To this they answered, all should be made ready,
And that anticipating his desires,
Their provost, Dáruvarman, had completed
The decorations of the outer gateway;
The rest would soon be done. Cháńakya praised
Their ready zeal, and promised Dáruvarman
His promptitude should meet its due reward.

Rák. Whence was Cháńakya's satisfaction?
I deem that Dáruvarman's project failed
To work its end, or wrought an end unwished.
For such simplicity, such hasty service,
That would not wait the orders of Cháńakya,
Could not have failed to rouse his strong suspicion.

Vir. At the hour of midnight
All was prepared; and at the moment fixed,
Vairodhaka and Chandragupta, seated
On the same throne, installed as equal kings,
Divided Nanda's empire.

Rák. Then to Vairodhaka the like partition,
That bought the aid of Parvateśwara,
Was pledged?

Vir. It was.

Rák. A shrewd contrivance, truly!

To banish all suspicion, they had wrought
The death of Parvateśwara, to quit
An ill-judged contract: other means were found,
No doubt, to rid them of this second dupe.

Vir. At the appointed hour.
Vairodhaka, as first inaugurated,
Entered the city. He was clothed in mail,
O'er which were thrown robes of rich dye, and strewn
With snow-white pearls* profuse; his brow was radiant
With the imperial fillet; the fragrant wreath
Flowed o'er his breast, and costly ornaments,
Cumbrous adorned at once and masked his person.
All thought him Chandragupta. He was mounted
On Chandragupta's elephant, and attended
By Chandragupta's guards to do him honour.
As he approached the gateway, Dáruvarman,
True to his faith and sharing in the error
That fancied Chandragupta present, stood
Prepared to let the temporary arch,
Contrived for such a purpose, fall upon him.
The princes who composed his train now reined
Their steeds and chariots, and alone Vairodhaka
Advanced upon his elephant. The driver,
Alike your servant, poor Barbaraka,
Attempted then to draw from its concealment
Within his golden stick the hidden dagger,
Provided for his need, and with the weapon
To stab him he supposed was Chandragupta.

Rák. Alas, untimely efforts both!

Vir. As forth
He stretched his hand to grasp the staff that hung
Suspended by a chain of gold, the elephant,

* *Hima-vimala-muktáguńa*, "a string of pearls as pure as snow." This comparison is of too rare an occurrence to be looked upon as commonplace, and it is an idea not likely to have occurred to a native of the South of India.

Who marked his arm extended, and imagined
The blow was meant for her, sprang quickly forward.
Her entrance in the gateway gave the signal
To loose the spring that stayed the impending arch.
It fell! but crushed Barbaraka, in act
To strike the blow, which shaken, missed his aim.
When Dáruvarman saw the driver slain,
The prince unharmed, and all the fraud revealed,
Despairing of his own escape, he seized
The iron bolt that had secured the arch,
And with it dashed Vairodhaka to earth.

Rák. Fruitless despair!—what was his fate?

Vir. He fell
Beneath a shower of stones the prince's followers
O'erwhelmed him with, incensed.

Rák. We lose in him
A faithful friend—and what of our physician,
Abhayadatta?

Vir. His tasks are all accomplished.

Rák. Is Chandragupta dead?

Vir. No, Fate has saved him.

Rák. What meant your words?

Vir. I will apprise your Excellency—
The poisoned draught had duly been concocted,
And would have been administered, but Cháńakya,
In pouring it into a golden goblet,
Observed the colour change, and thus detected
The venomous admixture—then forbidding
The prince to taste it, ordered the physician
To swallow his own dose—and thus he died.

Rák. A learned man has perished. What has chanced
The chamberlain, Pramodaka?

Vir. The same—
The sums you had entrusted to his charge
He lavished with unbounded prodigality,
Till such expenditure drew observation.

He answered incoherently the questions
Put to him as to his immense possessions,
And thus suspicion gaining confidence,
He was condemned, by order of Cháńakya,
To suffer cruel death.

Rák. Fortune still baulks our schemes.
What news of the brave men who were concealed
In the subterrene avenue that led
To Chandragupta's sleeping chamber—thence
To steal by night, and kill him as he slept?

Vir. They have sustained the fortune of the rest.

Rák. How so? were they discovered by Cháńakya?

Vir. Even so; before the king retired to rest,
The watchful minister was wont to enter
The chamber, and with diligent scrutiny
Inspect it. Thus he saw a line of ants
Come through a crevice in the wall, and noticed
They bore the fragments of a recent meal;
Thence he inferred the presence of the feeders
In some adjoining passage, and commanded
That the pavilion should be set on fire
That moment. Soon his orders were obeyed,
And our brave friends, in flame and smoke enveloped,
Unable to escape, were all destroyed.

Rák. 'Tis ever thus.—Fortune in all befriends
The cruel Chandragupta. When I send
A messenger of certain death to slay him,
She wields the instrument against his rival,
Who should have spoiled him of one-half his kingdom;
And arms, and drugs, and stratagems, are turned
In his behalf, against my friends and servants;
So that whate'er I plot against his power,
Serves but to yield him unexpected profit.

Vir. Yet let us on, sir. What is once begun,
Is not to be abandoned. Obstacles foreseen
Deter the poor of spirit from an enterprise—

Some, more adventurous but not all resolved,
Commence, and stop mid-way ; but noble minds
Like thine, by difficulties warmed, defy
Repeated checks, and in the end prevail.
A weary burden is the cumbrous earth
On *Śesha's** head, but still he bears the load.
Day after day the same fatiguing course
The sun pursues, yet still he travels on.
Shame mocks the man of elevated rank,
Who holds his promise light, like meaner creatures :
To him a law inflexible proclaims,
His faith once pledged, he can no more recede. †

Rák. You speak the truth—that which is once begun
Should never be relinquished. Well, what else ?

Vir. Cháńakya's vigilance was now increased
A thousand-fold, and every one suspected
Of enmity to Chandragupta, all
Your friends and kindred, found in Pushpapur,
Have been arrested.

Rák. Whom has he seized ?

Vir. First, Jívasiddhi, the religious mendicant ;
Him he has banished.

Rák. (*Apart.*) This is a slight affliction ; one who owns
No children nor dependants. (*Aloud.*) But what plea
Was urged for such a sentence ?

Vir. That he supplied,
Employed by you, the poisoned emissary
That killed Parvataka.

Rák. (*Apart.*) Well done, *Kauťilya,*
One seed bears double fruit with you—you lose
A sharer of your spoil, and heap on us
The infamy of his death. (*Aloud.*) What more ?

Vir. He then

* The many-headed snake on which the Earth is supposed to rest.

† It may be doubted if perseverance is anywhere recommended in a more manly and spirited tone.

Proclaimed, that Dáruvarman and the rest
Were bribed by S'akat'a-Dás to kill the king,
And he was sentenced therefore to the stake.

Rák. Alas, how little fitting to my friend
So vile a death! Yet less art thou, who perishest
In a loved master's cause, to be lamented,
Than I, who still in vain survive the fall
Of Nanda's race.—Go on, I am prepared
To hear the worst—what other friends have suffered?

Vir. In dread of what might happen, was your family
Removed to a more safe asylum.

Rák. Why were they not delivered to Cháńakya?
Chandana-Dás in this is much to blame.

Vir. He had been more to blame, had he betrayed
His friend.

Rák. Go on.

Vir. He faithfully refused
To yield his charge: Cháńakya, then, incensed—

Rák. —Put him to death?

Vir. Not so; he had him seized,
With all his family, and thrown in prison.

Rák. Why then rejoicing tell me, that my family
Is in a safe asylum?—Rather say,
That I and mine are held in captive bonds.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Victory to your Excellency!—S'akat'a-Dása is at the gate.

Rák. Is it possible?

Att. It is not possible for your Excellency's servants to imagine an untruth.

Rák. Virádhagupta, what is this?

Vir. Fortune relents, and has preserved our friend.

Rák. Why do you hesitate—admit him quick.

[*Exit Attendant, and returns with Śakaťa-Dása, followed by Siddhárthaka.*

Śak. Victory to the minister!

Rák. Welcome, my friend. I little hoped to see you,
Since you were honoured with Kautilya's notice.
(*Embraces him.*)
How chanced this happiness?—inform me.

Śak. This,
My friend Siddhárthaka dispersed my guard,
And bore me off in safety from the stake.

Rák. 'Twas bravely done. These ill repay such merit,
But favour us and take them.

(*Gives him the jewels and ornaments off his person.*)

Sid. (*Apart*). I must obey my lord Cháńakya's orders. (*Falls at the feet of Rákshasa.*) Sir, I am grateful: but I am here a stranger, and know not what I shall do with these valuables. If your Excellency will allow it, I should wish to leave them in your treasury—they can be sealed with my seal.

Rák. Let it be so.

Śak. (*Taking the seal.*) What is this?—your name appears
Engraved upon the seal. (*To Rákshasa.*)

Rák. (*Apart.*) Alas! what's this I hear?
When I departed from the capital,
I left my wife this seal, to comfort her
Under my absence—how should it now have fallen
Into this man's possession? (*Aloud.*) Say, Siddhárthaka,
How got you this?

Sid. I found it at the door of one Chandana-Dása, a jeweller of Kusumapur.

Rák. 'Tis probable—

Sid. What, sir?

Rák. —That seals like this are found
At rich men's doors.

Śak. My friend Siddhárthaka,
The name of Rákshasa appears engraved
Upon this ring; present it to the minister,
And be assured the gift will be rewarded.

Sid. Its acceptance is all the reward that I desire.

(*Gives.*)

Rák. My friend, this ring must be employed
In our affairs.

Śak. It shall be as you wish it.

Sid. May I presume?

Rák. Speak boldly.

Sid. I have deserved, as your Excellency knows, the enmity of Cháńakya; I dare not return to Páťaliputra, and I should therefore hope to be allowed to remain at the feet of your Excellency.

Rák. I am well pleased you have forerun my purpose.

Sid. I am highly favoured.

Rák. Withdraw my friend. (*To Śakaťa-Dása.*) Go taste repose
awhile,
With this your fellow-traveller. [*Exeunt.*

Rák. Now then, Virádhagupta, to the rest
Of thine intelligence. How thrive the schemes
That we have set on foot to sow dissension
'Twixt Chandragupta and his followers?

Vir. Well: the chief accomplished, all the rest succeeds.

Rak. How so? what mean you?

Vir. This especially,—
That since Malayaketu was removed,
Cháńakya has been slighted by the prince;
Whilst haughty with his triumphs, and disdaining
Superior rule he frequent disobeys
The will of Chandragupta, who thence cherishes,
I must suspect, deep and augmenting anger.

Rák. Return, my friend, in this disguise. There dwells
At Pushpapur, the minstrel Stanakalasa.
He is with us: tell him that Chandragupta
Should be informed, by stanzas well designed
To rouse his wrath, yet covert in expression,
Cháńakya contravenes his high commands,
And spurns the king's authority. Should aught

Ensue, despatch a courier straight,
To bring me tidings here.

Vir. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. Victory to your Excellency! S'akat'a-Dása sends word, these three sets of jewels are arrived for sale. Will your Excellency examine them?

Rák. (*Looking at them.*) They are jewels of great price.
Tell him to make the purchase, at what cost
The seller may demand. [*Exit Attendant.*
I will send a courier to Kusumapur.
Cháńakya and his prince will surely sever;
And then we reach our aim. Full well I know
That Maurya, in his pride, conceives himself
Supreme o'er all the monarchs of the world.
With equal arrogance, Cháńakya vaunts,
This is my deed—I made this man a king.
The one has gratified his vowed resentment;
The other reaped the fruit of his ambition.
No mutual interest now cements their counsel;
No acts of friendship bind them now together;
And once a breach, however slight, be made
In their alliance, 'tis dissolved for ever.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THE PALACE OF CHANDRAGUPTA AT PÁṬALIPUTRA.

Enter VAIHÍNARI, *one of the Royal Attendants.*

Ah, I feel I am no longer young! Desire, you torment me in vain. Age has set his stamp upon my forehead: my limbs afford but tardy obedience to my will; and should the objects of sense be presented to my senses, their functions are disappointed by their incompetence to perform them. What, ho!—Warders of the *Sugánga* palace, prepare the apartments for the reception of His Majesty, who is coming hither, to view from the lofty turrets the city decorated as suits the festival of the autumnal full moon. What say you?—the celebration is prohibited! By whom, I pray you? Why, you unlucky rogues, hold ye your lives so cheap?—away, despatch—suspend bright *chowris* from the glittering pillars, and let festoons of flowers, and wreaths of curling incense, twine round the lofty columns. Sprinkle the earth with flowers and perfumed waters, to recover her from her fainting fit, as it were, at being so long debarred the lion-mounted throne. Quick, quick! the king approaches. He who in his tender years, faltering sometimes through humanity, but never failing through fatigue, now supports the weighty burthen of the earth, which has been hitherto sustained by his mighty and unquailing preceptor with nervous strength through the most arduous paths.

Enter CHANDRAGUPTA *with Female Attendant.*

Chandra. How irksome are the toils of state to those
Who hold their tasks as duties!—Kings must leave
Their own desires, and for the general good,

Forego their own advantage. But to lose
My own for others' benefit makes me a slave;
And what should slaves know of sincere regard?
Fortune makes kings her sport; and vain the hope
To fix the fickle wanton in her faith.
She flies the violent, disdains the mild,
Despises fools, the wise she disregards,
Derides the cowardly, and dreads the brave.
My honoured minister and friend commands me
To wear the semblance of displeasure towards him,
And rule awhile without his guiding aid.
How can I act a part my heart disowns?
Yet 'tis his will, and he must be obeyed.
The pupil, worthy of the name, conforms
In all to his preceptor; if he stray,
It is unwillingly—his teacher's voice
The goad that brings him back. Differing at once
From those who have no power of self-election,
And those who heed no pleasure but their own,
The wise and virtuous never know restraint,
For all they wish a sage preceptor sanctions.—
Vaihínari, conduct us to the palace.

Vai. This is it; please your Majesty ascend;
Be careful.

(*Chandragupta mounts the terrace.*)

Chandra. How beauteous are the skies at this soft season!
Midst fleecy clouds, like scattered isles of sand,
Upon whose breast the white heron hovers, flows
In dark blue tides the many-channelled stream;
And like the lotus-blossoms, that unfold
Their petals to the night, the stars expand.
Below is *Gangá* by the autumn led,
Fondly impatient, to her ocean lord,
Tossing her waves as with offended pride,
And pining fretful at the lengthened way.
But how is this, as city-wards I gaze,

I mark no note of preparation
That speaks the festive time? Vaihínari,
Did we not issue orders, that the capital
Should hold this festival with due solemnity?

Vai. Such were your Majesty's commands.

Chandra. Why disobeyed, then?

Vai. They demand obedience
From all the world—how should the citizens
Withhold compliance?

Chandra. What, then, is this I view?
Why is the city thus immersed in gloom?
Why do not sportive bands of either sex
Spread mirth and music through the echoing streets?
Why are not all the citizens with their wives
Abroad and merry-making? why shine not
Their dwellings, emulous with rival splendour,
No longer dreading public to display
Their affluence to their sovereign, not their tyrant?

Vai. The truth———

Chandra. Speak out.

Vai. —Your Majesty has spoken.

Chandra. What mean you? Be intelligible.

Vai. There is no merry-making—'tis forbidden.

Chandra. Forbidden! How? by whom?

Vai. Forgive us, Sire;
Your servants have not courage to inform you.

Chandra. It could not be Cháńakya?

Vai. Who should else
Have set so little value on his life,
As to oppose your Majesty's commands?

Chandra. A seat, S'ońottará!

Vai. So please your Majesty,
This is the royal throne.

Chandra. Away, away—
I must this instant see Cháńakya;—call him.

Vai. As you command. [*Exit.*

CHÁŃAKYA'S HOUSE.

Cháńakya discovered seated.

It will not be—though Rákshasa persist
To thwart our projects and attempt to cast
The king, as I hurled Nanda, from his throne,—
His efforts are in vain. He does forget
That Chandragupta is not Nanda, cursed
With evil counsellors, proud and unjust.
Neither is Rákshasa, though rank and title
Confer similitude, Cháńakya's equal.
I may discard these anxious thoughts. The prince
Malayaketu is enclosed with toils
That only wait the signal to secure him;
And Rákshasa himself is close surrounded
By friends supposed, in truth my spies and creatures.
There wants but this—the semblance of dissension
'Twixt me and Maurya's son.—His own device
Shall catch himself; his craft to disunite
Our league shall scatter ruin midst the foe.

Enter VAIHÍNARI.

The situation of a king's servant is one of no little vexation: he is not to stand in awe of his master alone, but of his master's minister; of the prince's noble associates and friends, and even of the companions of his lighter hours. Learned men call a life of servitude a dogged life,* and very justly; for a servant like a dog fawns and whimpers, and all for a morsel of meat. This is Cháńakya's house—a splendid mansion for a minister, and sumptuously furnished. Here is a bit of stone for bruising cow-dung fuel; here is a bundle of holy grass † collected by the disciples—and the old walls, from which a thatched roof projects, are covered by a parcel of fuel stuck up to dry. Chandragupta merits such a minister. False

* *Sevám lágkavakáriñím .... śwavrittim viduh*—The term is applied by *Manu* to the service of a Bráhman for hire.

† *Kuśa, Poa Cynosuroides.*

flatterers laud a prince though he be good for nothing, and poverty compels many honest men to become false flatterers. Desire is a despotic emperor. Those who have no wants are your only freemen, and to them a monarch is no more than a wisp of straw. Ah! there is the minister. Glory to your grace! (*Kneels.*)

Cháń. Vaihínari, what brings you hither?

Vai. His Majesty, whose feet are touched by gems
That gleam on regal diadems, declines
His forehead to your sacred feet, and begs
You will attend him speedily.

Cháń. Indeed!
Attend him speedily! Has he heard, believe you,
That I forbade the purposed festival?

Vai. He has.

Cháń. (*Angrily.*) Who had the daring to inform him?

Vai. Pray you, sir, be patient:
The king himself perceived it from the terrace
Of the *Sugánga* palace.

Cháń. By you he was inflamed to wrath against me.

Vai. (*Remains silent.*)

Cháń. Yes; well I know, the servants of the monarch
Bear me but little love. Where is the king?

Vai. At the *Sugánga* palace.

Cháń. Lead me thither. [*Exeunt.*

THE PALACE AGAIN.

Chandragupta seated on the throne.

Enter CHÁŃAKYA *and* VAIHÍNARI.

Vai. So please your grace, ascend.

Cháń. (*Ascending the terrace sees Chandragupta. Apart.*)
He fills the seat of kings.—Why, this is well:
The throne, the race of Nanda has abandoned,
Now bears a prince who well becomes the state
Of king of kings—my cares are all rewarded.

(*Chandragupta descends, and falls at Cháńakya's feet.*)

Cháń. Arise, my son.
And may thy regal feet absorb the beams
Shot from a thousand diadems, as bend
Before thee in subjection and humility
The crowned brows of tributary kings—
Whether they sway the shores of southern seas,
Whose depths are rich with many-coloured gems,
Or rule the realms where Gangá falls in showers,
Cold on Himála's ice-encrusted brow.

Chandra. So will it be whilst I retain your favour,
Whate'er my wish affect,—I pray you sit.

Cháń. (*Seated.*) Now, Vŕishala, what means this urgent summons?

Chandra. To gain the pleasure of your honoured presence.

Cháń. Enough of this—kings do not call their servants
From weighty cares on insufficient grounds:
Declare the cause.

Chandra. Your excellency's orders
Inhibiting our festival.

Cháń For this
You would reprove me?

Chandra. Nay, not so, sir;
I merely seek to be informed.

Cháń. 'Tis well.
But 'tis a pupil's duty, to be ready
To acquiesce in acts that he may think
Demand inquiry.

Chandra. No doubt. But I am sure,
The measures that must claim my acquiescence
Are not without their reason, and 'tis that
I beg to know.

Cháń. You rightly judge me, Vŕishala;
Cháńakya never acts, even in his dreams,
Without due motives.

Chandra. Those I wish to hear.

Chán. Have you not read, all public acts possess
A threefold source, and from the king, the minister,
Or both conjointly, emanate. What I have done
Is done by virtue of the state I hold;
And to inquire of me why I did it,
Is but to call my judgment or authority
In question, and designedly affront me.
(*Chandragupta turns away as if offended.*)

(*Music behind.*)

First Bard. Like *Śiva's* ashen whiteness, autumn bears
The budding grass,* and like the foul hide wears
The dun clouds,† scattering from the silver beams
Of the bright moon—that in mid azure gleams,
As on his polished brow ‡—
Above, below,
O'er all, they twine;
More brilliant than around his neck the line
Of the skull-woven chaplet §—see—on high,
Yon row of swans sail laughing through the sky,

* *Śiva* is represented with his person powdered with the grayish white ashes of burnt cow-dung, termed *Vibhúti*, which is consequently used in a similar way by all the *Śaiva* and many of the *Vaishńava* ascetics. The season of autumn, or that following the rains, is said to be invested with a similar whiteness, from the *kuśa* grass, or *saccharum spontaneum*, with which the country along the Ganges, and the banks of rivers in general, are overspread at this period. This grass grows from ten to fifteen feet high, and the base of the flowers is surrounded with an immense quantity of bright silver-coloured wool which whitens all the fields.

† Part of *Śiva's* scanty raiment is the skin of an elephant, or more properly of an *Asura* or Titan killed by him under that form, and thence named *Gajásura*. To this the autumnal clouds, no longer deeply laden with the dews of a tropical climate, nor yet wholly discharged of their waters, are not unaptly compared.

‡ *Śiva*, as has been mentioned on various occasions, wears the crescent moon upon his forehead.

§ A necklace of skulls adorns the neck of *Śiva* in his terrific forms.

The Godhead's pearly smile.*—May Autumn,† clad
In *Śiva's* semblance, thus like him make glad
The hearts of men. May *Vishńu's* shrinking glance
Yield peace and joy—as, waking from his trance,
His opening eyes are dazzled by the rays
From lamps divine, that blaze
And from the gems
That burn upon their stems:
Those eyes, that with long slumber red,
Ambrosial tear-drops shed,
As pillowed on his snake-couch mid the deep
He breaks reluctant from his fated sleep.‡

Second Bard. Shall monarchs mighty o'er innumerous bands
Allow their slaves their hests to disobey?
Shall the gaunt lion suffer puny hands
To rend his talons and his fangs away?
Is that god-given strength to be reviled
From *Brahmá* that proceeds,
And upon earth on kings alone conferred;
Or on the monarch of the wild,
The elephant, who leads
Through shady groves and dells his fierce, yet subject
herd?
What makes a monarch, not his throne, his crown—
But men to work his will—to tremble at his frown.

* It is a curious commonplace in Hindu poetry, to compare a smile to objects of a white colour, originating perhaps in the striking contrast between the teeth and the complexion, which give to the former, when displayed in a laugh, additional whiteness.

† The season of *Śarad*, or the two months *Aświn* and *Kárttika* (from September to November), which follow the periodical rains.

‡ At the intervals of the minor destruction of the world, *Vishńu* is represented as reposing himself upon the serpent *Śesha*, amidst the waters by which the earth is overspread. He also takes a nap of four months' duration from the 11th of *Ashádha* to the 11th of *Kárttika*, or about the middle of June to the middle of October, or from the time the periodical rains usually commence till their termination, and it is to his awakening from this last slumber, as most apposite to the season, that the *Vaitálika*, or Bard, alludes.

Cháń. (*Meditating.*) What do these strains import? The first conveys
A simple benediction; but the second
Has deeper meaning. Ha! is it e'en so?
It must be: Rákshasa, thy hand is here:
But 'tis too palpable. Cháńakya wakes!

Chandra. Vaihínari,
Reward those stanzas with a thousand pieces.*

Vai. I shall obey your Majesty.

Cháń. Hold, hold! Vaihínari. (*To Chandragupta.*)
What has deserved such prodigal bounty?

Chandra. If thus my lightest mood is to be canvassed
And thwarted by your Excellency, my kingdom
Is but a prison to me.

Cháń. It is ever thus
When monarchs reign with delegated sway.
If I displease you, take into your hands
Your own authority.

Chandra. We shall do so.

Cháń. I am content, and gladly shall return
To humbler cares.

Chandra. Yet we would first be told
Why you forbade the wonted festival?
Or whether worthier motives prompted you,
Than the proud thought to contravene our will.

Cháń. Why deem I wish to contravene your orders?
What other hands have hung them, as a wreath
Of newly-gathered flowers, upon the neck
Of prostrate princes—those, whose rule extends
As far as to the boundaries that girt
The black and tossing waters of the main.

Chandra. What else could urge you?

Cháń. I shall inform you.
S'ońottará, request the scribe to give you

* In the original, a hundred thousand *suvarńas;* the number is a favourite donation, and is put, in fact, for any considerable sum.

The scroll I trusted to his care.

[*Exit Śońottará, and returns with the paper.*

Śoń. 'Tis here, sir.

Cháń. Your Majesty will please to pay attention.
(*Reads*) "The chieftains late attached to Chandragupta,
And now deserted to Malayaketu.—
First, Bhadrabhaťa, governor of the elephants;
Purushadatta, master of the horse;
Then Hinguráta, nephew of the chamberlain;
His highness Balagupta, the king's cousin;
The tutor of the young prince, Rájasena;
The general's younger brother, Bhágaráyańa;
His highness Rohitáksha, prince of Málwa;
And lastly, Vijayavarman, chief by birth
Of all the warrior tribe."

Chandra. Why have they fled?

Cháń. The masters of the elephants and horse,
Neglecting their high charge for wine and wassail,
Had been displaced, and though allowed such means
As their late rank demanded, such reduction
But little pleased the chieftains, and they left us
To seek the service of the enemy.
'Twas avarice urged the nephew of the chamberlain,
And even your Majesty's kinsman, to desert:
They sold their faith. The tutor of the prince,
Whom with most lavish benefits your Majesty
Had ever recompensed, conceived a dread,
The bounties showered upon him would ere long
Be by your hand resumed; and, to retain
The wealth he merited so ill, he fled.
For Bhágaráyańa, friendship of old
Attached him to the sire, and this regard
Extending to the son; his councils snatched
Malayaketu timely from our grasp.
Awhile he tarried; but of late observing
Your highness' policy secured your foes,

His conscious treason warned him of his peril
And counselled his escape; he fled, and now
Is high in favour with Malayaketu,
Who, grateful for his aid, and in remembrance
Of that affection which he showed his father,
Has nominated him his minister.
The Prince of Málwa, and the Kshattriya chief,
Disdained the elevation of your kin
To rank competing with their own, and hence
Their flight. Your doubts are now, I trust, removed.

Chandra. And yet methinks 'tis strange—the principles
That influenced these nobles known so well,
Nought was devised to stop their purposed flight.

Chán. What means could prudent policy suggest?
Favour already had been tried in vain,
And vainly would have bribed their future faith; *
While force had brought your new-got power in peril,
Opposed to their adherents, joined by those
Who lurk the covert enemies of your reign.
'Tis well they are from hence—but thus assisted,
And further aided by barbaric hosts,
Malayaketu purposes to march
And storm us in our capital. Is this
A time for frivolous merriment?—a time
To muster men, repair our shattered walls,
To toil in arms, not idle in festivity.

Chandra. I marvel much, that foresight so profound
As still your counsels evidence, allowed
The only cause of all these causeless fears,
Malayaketu, to escape our power.

Chán. Why needed it prevention? Our sole means
To countercheck his flight, had been to cast
His person into bonds, or to have yielded him,
As plighted to his sire, your kingdom's moiety.—

* This passage is compressed, the original again particularising each individual.

His thraldom had exposed us to men's censure,
For violence and deep ingratitude:
And to but little purpose had our hands
Removed the mountain monarch from his claim,
Had we conceded empire to his son.—
These reasons moved me to permit his flight.

Chandra. And yet you suffered, seemingly unnoted,
The stay of Rákshasa within our capital.

Chán. I would not give it public note. His friends
Were many, of fidelity approved,
Devoted to his will, inflexibly attached
By his own worth and by long service to him.
All, too, that cherished Nanda's memory,
Made common cause with him, and his vast wealth
Secured adherents numerous and brave.
Provided with these hostile means, he long
Maintained a dangerous ferment in the capital,
But like a barbed arrow from a wound
By dexterous sleight extracted, he was driven
At length to quit the city, and remote,
Wage an avowed and less alarming enmity.

Chandra. Why not arrested and by force detained?

Chán. The act had led to blood—and Rákshasa
Had perished in the desperate attempt
To make him captive living, or had wrought
Escape by the destruction of your friends:
Either alike to be lamented. No!
'Tis craft that snares the monarch of the woods,
And stratagem alone must win us Rákshasa.

Chandra. 'Tis shrewdly argued, but the truth is clear,
And you must own in Rákshasa a master.
Although the city was our own, this foe
Abandoned not his home: treading disdainfully
Upon our very throats, he echoed back
Our clamorous shouts of triumph with defiance,
And laughed all threats and stratagems to scorn.

Oh! none but those who boast unquestioned worth
Deserve our trust—not the mere partial friends,
Whom prosperous fate attaches to our cause.

Chán. 'Twere wise in you to give your trust to Rákshasa;
He, who would drive you from your throne, as I
Expelled the sons of Nanda,—who would raise
Malayaketu to that throne, where I
Have seated you.

Chandra. 'Tis fate I thank—no mortal—for my sceptre.

Chán. Illiberal and ungrateful! Who but I
Vowed and achieved the downfall of my foes?
Whose hand but mine unloosed these angry locks
Portending wrath and fate? What other arm
Destroyed inexorable all the race
Of Nanda, o'er a hundred kings supreme?
Like beasts I felled them; and this vaunted statesman,
This Rákshasa, looked on.
From numerous pyres, and undisturbed, the smoke
Spread a long veil of clouds beneath the sky,
And blurred the light of day; expectant flights
Of vultures hovering o'er the darkness, clapped
Their wings with hope, and gibbering spectres snuffed,
Exultingly, the exhalations borne
Aloft by flames, whose sullen fierceness fed
Upon the marrow and the flesh of kings.

Chandra. The hapless race of Nanda were destroyed
By adverse destiny.

Chán. Thus, shallow mortals
Ascribe whatever ill betide to fate.

Chandra. Wise men refrain from idle vaunts.

Chán. Enough!
I understand you. Vṙishala, you seek
To trample on me as a slave. My hand
Hurries to set my braided locks at liberty,
And my impatient foot again would stamp
The confirmation of a second vow.—

Beware how you arouse those slumbering flames
That Nanda's fall has scarcely yet appeased.

Chandra. (*Apart.*) Is he indeed incensed! Methinks the earth
Shakes, apprehensive of his tread, recalling
The trampling dance of *Rudra;* from his eye,
Embrowned with lowering wrath, the angry drops
Bedew the trembling lashes, and the brows
Above are curved into a withering frown.

Cháń. Here break we off; I will no more contend.
If Rákshasa be better worthy trust,
If he be my superior give him this.
(*Throws down his ministerial dagger.*)*
This is indeed his triumph! Well he knew,
Could he remove Cháńakya, he should soon
Achieve a victory over Maurya's son.
His ends are all accomplished: the dissension
He sought to rouse has risen. Yet, miscreant, yet
Thy scheme malign shall only yield thee shame!
[*Exit.*

Chandra. Vaihínari, apprize our court, the Bráhman
Cháńakya is dismissed, and we ourselves
Henceforth conduct the functions of the state.

Vai. (*Apart.*) Cháńakya out of office! this is strange:
Not mine, however, to condemn His Majesty.
'Tis a sufficient fault in any minister
To be dismissed. The elephant is termed
A vicious beast who frequent quits his path,
Although his awkward driver goads him from it.

Chandra. What do you murmur?

Vai. Nothing, your Majesty. I but observed,
That now your Majesty is king indeed. [*Exit.*

Chandra. (*Apart.*) Our own immediate followers deceived,
My great preceptor's project cannot fail.

* The original has simply, weapon, "*śastram.*" A dagger of a particular shape is the official weapon, however, in modern Hindu courts.

(*Aloud.*) S'oṅottará, this wearisome contention
Has quite o'erpowered me—lead me to my chamber.
(*Apart.*) Although 'tis in obedience to his will
I have put on this show of disrespect,
My mind is ill at ease.
Oh, how can those, who have indeed provoked
The awful anger of their sacred guide,
Survive the terrors of such dread displeasure!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE HOUSE OF RÁKSHASA.

Enter COURIER.

A hundred *yojanas* and more, out and back again, are no slight matter, and no one would have thought of such a thing, only that my master's commands were peremptory to travel without stopping. Now, then, to the minister's residence. Holloa! where is the warder, to apprize his Excellency that his courier Karabhaka, like a camel in speed, has returned from Pát́aliputra?—What ho!

Enter WARDEN.

Gently, gently, my friend!—his Excellency, exhausted with fatigue and watching, is troubled with a violent headache, and is not yet risen—so, wait awhile, till I find an opportunity of informing him you are returned.

Cour. Very well, take your own time. [*Exeunt.*

RÁKSHASA *discovered on his couch—Śakat́a-Dása asleep on a chair.*

Rák. It will not be—sleep flies me—nor the change
Of night or day short intermission brings
From wakeful care; whilst fate continues adverse
And aids the crooked projects of Cháńakya.
Such task is mine as on dramatic bard
Devolves—to fix the object of the action,
Develop fitting incidents, uprear
Fruit unexpected from self-pregnant seeds,
Dilate, condense, perplex, and last reduce
The various acts to one auspicious close.

Enter WARDEN.

Glory to your Excellency ! *

Rák. Your news ?

War. The courier, Karabhaka, from Pátaliputra is returned, and is desirous of being admitted to your presence.

Rák. Haste, bid him enter.

War. (*Without and returns.*) He is here, sir.

Rák. You are welcome—sit.

Cour. As you command. [*They retire.*

Enter an ATTENDANT *on Malayaketu, bearing a staff.*

Stand apart: stand out of the way. Know you not, my masters, the vulgar are not admitted to the sight of kings and Bráhmans of high rank. Out of the way!—his Highness the Prince Malayaketu approaches, on his road to visit the minister Rákshasa, who is indisposed. Away, away! [*Exit.*

Enter MALAYAKETU *with* BHÁGURÁYAŃA *and an* ATTENDANT.

Mal. Nine months have o'er us passed, since that sad day
My father perished, and his spirit still asks
His funeral honours—the revenge I vowed,
But which, scarce meriting the form of man,
I hesitate to pay. To beat the breast,
To rend the vesture, to discard all ornament,
To scatter ashes on the humbled head,
And utter groans and sighs,—these are the shows
Of feminine despair, to be exacted
From the afflicted partners of my foes,
As a fit offering to my father's ghost.
This were a proof of filial grief and love,
And still withheld, admits no more delay.
I will take up the brave man's load, and tread
The fatal path my sire has gone, or dry

* There is some inauspicious juxtaposition of expressions here between Rákshasa and the doorkeeper, which cannot well be translated even if worth translating.

My mother's tears, exchanged for bitter showers
The wives of slaughtered enemies shall shed.
Jájali, let the princes who attend us
Here halt awhile; alone, we would receive,
And unannounced, the welcome of our minister.

Jájali. (*Speaking as to persons without.*)
Princes and potentates, his Highness orders
That none shall follow him; here halt awhile.
(*To the Prince.*)
They have obeyed, sir, and like ocean's waves,
Pass not the bounds assigned. The steed short-reigned
Curves his proud neck and paws the passive air,
As if to spurn the skies: the stately elephant
Stops sudden, and the music of his bells
Is on the instant mute.

Mal. You and my train
Fall off, and none but Bhágaráyańa
Attend me to the minister.

Jájali. Your Highness is obeyed. [*Exit with followers.*

Mal. My valued friend, the nobles who have late
Abandoned Chandragupta, and transferred
To us their faith and service, have declined
The mediation of our minister Rákshasa;
And rather by the surety of our general
Proffer their fealty. They justify
Their flight from Chandragupta, that they found him
The puppet of his minister Cháńakya,
Whose arrogant sway they longer scorn to brook,
And therefore with their followers withdrew
From an unworthy lord, to choose as worthier
Their plighted troth. This I can comprehend;
But that they should refuse the guarantee
Of one so wise, so brave, and so approved
A servant and a friend as Rákshasa,
Does somewhat, I confess, move my surprise.

Bhág. And yet methinks, their motives are not hard

To scan, and haply may be thus expounded.
'Tis true, that Rákshasa has ever seemed
Your Highness' faithful friend; but 'tis well known,
Cháńakya is the object of his emnity,
Not Chandragupta. Should, then, the prince
Discard the haughty minister, no more
Might Rákshasa affect your Highness' interests.
Nay, 'tis surmised, should such event betide,
That from the love he bears the stock of Nanda,
Of which this Chandragupta is a scion,
He may be tempted to desert our cause
And join the enemy, who, in regard
Of old hereditary ties,* no doubt,
Will gladly welcome Rákshasa again.
In prudent fear of such vicissitude,
These valiant chieftains have declined the surety
Of Rákshasa, lest from his veering faith
Their own fidelity become suspected.
'Tis thus that I conceive of their objections.

Mal. 'Tis plausibly interpreted.—Let us on
And seek the minister.

Bhág. This is his dwelling:
So please your Highness enter.

RÁKSHASA *and the* COURIER—MALAYAKETU *and* BHÁGURÁYAŃA *behind and unobserved.*

Rák. Now tell me, friend, you went to Kusumapur,
And saw the bard to whom you were addressed?

Cour. I did, sir.

Mal. They talk of Kusumapur. Hold back awhile,
And listen to them unobserved; for courtiers
Disguise unwelcome truths, when to their masters

* The history of modern India, and the records of inscriptions some centuries back, show that the office of minister was frequently hereditary, and that the lines of king and premier ran collaterally through several generations. It is this connection to which the original refers.

They bear intelligence, but when in private
They speak their honest thoughts.

Rák. And have we speeded?

Cour. Such is your Grace's fortune.

Rák. How?—let me hear.

Cour. Agreeably to your Excellency's commands, I set off with all speed for Kusumapur; there finding Stanakalasa the Bard, I communicated to him my instructions.

Rák. Proceed.

Cour. It so chanced, that at the period of my arrival, Chandragupta, purposing to win popularity with the citizens, issued orders that the autumnal festival should be held with usual celebration. The gratifying tidings spread rapidly throughout the capital, and the people welcomed it with as much rapture as a man feels when he meets with a kinsman.

Rák. Alas! lamented Nanda, moon of monarchs,
How, reft of thee, should autumn's moonlight shed *
Delight upon the nations?—What ensued?

Cour. Whilst the expectation of the people was at its height, the festival was suddenly prohibited by the villainous Cháńakya, much to their disappointment; and Stanakalasa availed himself of this opportunity to recite some stanzas, calculated to rouse Chandragupta's indignation.

Rák. 'Twas seasonably done. The seed is sown,
And in due time shall bear the fruit of discord.
The very vulgar brook impatiently
The sudden interruption of their pastimes;
And shall a king, of nature uncontrolled,
And spirit lofty as his state, submit
To such degrading check? impossible!
He must and will resent it.—Pray proceed.

Cour. Chandragupta was highly incensed at this opposition to his commands, and after bestowing many praises on your Excellency's merits, he dismissed Cháńakya from his station.

* The original has some quibbling upon the words Chandra and Chandratwa, the moon and its nature, or Chandragupta and moon-like lustre.

Mal. (*Behind.*) Indeed, does Chandragupta prize so high
The worth of Rákshasa?

Bhág. He shows much less
The rate at which he holds it, by his praise,
Than by his thus discarding so abruptly
His minister Cháńakya.

Rák. Yet, methinks,
The prohibition of a popular festival
Were insufficient reason to excite
The wrath implacable of Chandragupta
Towards Cháńakya.

Mal. It is enough, methinks—
Why seeks he other motives?

Bhág. He opines,
Cháńakya were too wise to be displeased
With Chandragupta for a trivial cause,
And that the prince would scarce prove so ingrate
To one whom he may thank for his dominion,
As to forget the deference that is due
To his preceptor; therefore, if the breach
Be cureless, it must spring from graver source.

Cour. There were other causes, your Excellency, that moved Chandragupta to wrath.

Rák. What were they?

Cour. The escape of the prince Malayaketu, and the evasion of your Excellency, with both which the prince reproached Cháńakya.

Rák. (*To Śakata-Dása.*)
What, ho! my friend, awake, awake, we triumph:
I have my hand on Chandragupta now.*

Śak. (*Awaking.*) How? are your family arrived, your friend
Chandana-Dás at freedom, and the rest
Escaped from apprehension?

Bhág. (*Apart.*) It is true—
They now indeed are free from all anxiety.

* The expression is literally, he is now under my hand.

Mal. "I have my hand on Chandragupta now"—
What should these words of Rákshasa import?
Bhág. What else, but that Cháńakya now removed,
He counts the regency of Chandragupta
Already in his grasp?
Rák. Heard you, my friend,
Whither the minister, dismissed, retired?
Cour. At present, sir, he remains in Páťaliputra.
Rák. He has not sought the forest dwelling then?
What! does he meditate another vow?
Cour. It was rumoured, that he purposed to depart and end his days in the woods.
Rák. I deem this little probable.
What think you, friend? (*To Śakaťa-Dása.*) Will he, who so resented
Removal from his seat, though by a king,
Who like an earthly *Indra* ruled, commanded,
Patient endure expulsion from authority
By one whom he himself created king?
Mal. What is to him Cháńakya's forest dwelling?
Bhág. Methinks 'tis much—he holds his aim secure,
As long as lives Cháńakya far removed
From Chandragupta.
Śak. (*To Rákshasa.*) What need for further doubt?
It cannot be that Maurya, who has placed
His foot on prostrate kings, and proudly trod
On moony diadems, should bear contempt
And insult from a servant; and though Cháńakya
Be of obdurate temperament, he knows
What pains one vow has cost him, and may pause
Ere he again indulge his fiery nature
To weigh the turns of ever slippery fortune.
Rák. You rightly judge—I will be satisfied.
Go, lead this faithful messenger within,
And let him taste repose.
Śak. I shall obey. [*Exit with Courier.*

Rák. Now to the prince.

(*Going he is met by* MALAYAKETU *and* BHÁGURÁYAŃA *advancing.*)

Mal. Behold him here, my lord.
I come to save your Excellency trouble.

Rák. To do me honour. Please your highness sit.

Mal. I trust the indisposition that erewhile
Afflicted you is now subdued.

Rák. Impossible,
Until the style of Highness, howe'er graced
By your high bearing, be exchanged for that
Of Majesty, more fitted to your worth.

Mal. 'Tis long
Your Excellency has promised such a change
Is feasible—when will it be effected?
We gather here a formidable host,
Who burn to march against the foe.

Rák. Proceed.
The hour is come—conduct them forth to conquest.

Mal. What are our hopes—what tidings of the enemy?

Rák. He has sustained a heavy blow.

Mal. Explain.

Rák. Discord has risen 'twixt the prince and minister,
And severs Chandragupta from Cháńakya.

Mal. No mighty loss, methinks, to lose a minister.

Rák. To other princes none—but a main wound
To Chandragupta.

Mal. Less to him than others.

Rák. How so?

Mal. The proud deportment of Cháńakya
Excited general disaffection. Now,
He gone, the minds of men will reassume,
With whetted zeal, affection to their prince.

Rák. Not so—there are two parties in the state,
The friends of Chandragupta or of Nanda.
The arrogance of Cháńakya may have proved
Distasteful to the former; to the latter

It nought imported. They beheld alone
The base ingratitude of Chandragupta,
Who could abet and aid the murderous plot,
That his own kinsmen and his benefactors
Consigned to death. For this their scorn and hate
Pursue him unrelenting, though he boast
The name and sway of king, and though the many
Conceal their sentiments, whilst unassured
Of safety from his power. Let them observe
A prince of potency advance his arms
Against the tyrant, they will not be tardy
To join his banners, and proclaim their enmity
By overt acts. Such they behold in you,
Their hope and their protector, and already
They frequent seek asylum in your tents.

Mal. Yet, is the minister's disgrace the sole
Inducement to advance? I apprehend
There may be other reasons.

Rák. Such there are:
But this the chief.

Mal. Has Chandragupta none
Among his servants, able to supply
The vacant charge? or if upon himself
He take the load, may he not still defy us?

Rák. He cannot.

Mal. How so?

Rák. Be pleased, sir, to take note:
The weighty cares of state are jointly borne
By ministers and kings—or kings alone.
Not so with Chandragupta: inexpert
Of worldly business, he devolved all charge
Upon his minister—all in all to him,
As to a blind man is his trusty guide.
Fortune, impatient of divided pains,
Must, where a king and minister dispute
Her favours, one for other wholly fly.

And the unpractised prince, who nothing knows
Of kingly rule, can no more hope to govern
His empire with prosperity, deprived
Efficient counsel, than the babe receive
Due nutriment, denied his nurse's breast.

Mal. (*Apart.*) 'Tis well I am not so dependent. (*Aloud.*) Yet,
To an invader, you must be aware,
Some weightier motives need, than the dismissal
Of the most sapient minister.

Rák. In this
There needs no more. But let your highness weigh
These circumstances also, which concur
To urge your march—your forces are collected;
Yourself, the heir legitimate of kings;
Your adversary but a base usurper.
His very capital is hostile to him.
In me you have—(*checking himself*) a faithful guide at least;
And all appliances and means to boot
Provided; nought remains but your command.

Mal. Then let us march. Our mighty elephants
Shall drink the Soan's dark waves, and echo back
The roaring of its waters—spread through the groves
That shade its bordering fields, intenser gloom;
And faster than the undermining torrent,
Hurl its high banks into the boiling stream;
Then rolling onwards like a line of clouds
That girts in rain and thunder Vindhya's peaks,
Environ with portentous storm the city,
And lay its proud walls level with the ground.

[*Exit with Bháguráyańa.*

Rák. Who waits?

Enter ATTENDANT.

Whatever soothsayer* attend,

* A belief in judicial astrology has prevailed throughout the East from the earliest periods on record to the present day.

Command approach.

(*The Attendant goes out and returns.*)

So please you, sir, the *Bauddha* mendicant
Is here.

Rák. A *Bauddha* mendicant the first encountered! *

Att. 'Tis Jívasiddhi, sir.

Rák. Let him assume a not revolting semblance,
And bid him enter.

(*The Attendant goes out and returns with* Jívasiddhi, *a Kshapańaka.*)

Jíva. The precepts of the holy Saints † should ever be obeyed,
By virtue of whose cooling drugs is passion's heat allayed:
Whose healing skill a bitter portion here on earth has given,
That afterwards a sweet succeed, and man find health in heaven.
May the faithful ever know
Virtuous increase here below.

Rák. Now tell me, Sage,—is this a day auspicious
For men to undertake a distant journey?

Jíva. (*After meditation.*)
The aspects are viewed.
The conjunctions are good:

* An unlucky omen; to deprecate which is the purpose of Rákshasa's next speech.

† Of the *Arhats.* By this and by his salutation of *Śrávaka* addressed to those whom he speaks to, it is clear that, although the author calls this character a *Kshapańaka*, a *Bauddha* mendicant, he means a *Jaina.* The *Bauddha* salutation is *Upásaka* or *Buddhopásaka,* worshipper of *Buddha* (see *Mṙichchhakaṫiká.*) *Śrávaka* is the generic term of the *Jaina* laity, and *Sávaká-dhamma-láho hodu* for *Śrávaka-dharma-lábho bhavatu* as used by *Jívasiddhi* in one place, is still the ordinary salutation a *Yati,* or religious Jain, proffers to the laity. From the introduction of the *Jains* the antiquity of the drama cannot be very great. The mendicant speaks *Paiśácha Prákṙit,* it is said by the commentator: it differs not much from *Mágadha.*

Or by noon will decline
The Star that's malign.
But the way must go forth
To the South from the North,
As the full moon is bright
In the East on the right.
And the Sun sinks to rest
On the left in the West;
Whilst Virgo displays
Before you her rays,
And Mercury hies
To her house in the skies;
And in front too appears
The pale gleaming star,
That spreads through the spheres
Fear, famine, and war.

Rák. The day, as reckoned by the moon, I find,
Is unpropitious.

Jíva. And what of that? The day no more
Than one is counted—planets, four:
And mansions are thrice twenty told
And four. If friendly these, be bold;
For save when through the dark eclipse
The moon with difficulty slips,
The lunar influence shall bestow
Whate'er you seek, where'er you go.*

Rák. Consult with other learned soothsayers—

* The astrological purport of these passages can scarcely be made intelligible without conversancy with the original system. It is considered favourable to set out on a journey when certain divisions of the lunar day or *Karańas* do not occur, and when the moon is rising on the one hand, and the sun setting on the other, and when the *Lagna*, or point of rising of Mercury in that portion of the Zodiac appropriated to Virgo, occurs in front of the traveller. Rákshasa objects that it is the day of full moon, which as well as the 6th, 8th, and 12th lunar days, are considered unpropitious. The astrologer replies, that it is decidedly so only when an eclipse occurs, and that if other aspects are propitious the journey may be undertaken.

Jíva. Not I.—Do you consult them,* I shall go home.

Rák. Nay, be not offended.

Jíva. I know of no offence—but some one does.

Rák. Who?

Jíva. Fate, who drives you blindfold on your way,
To join the foe, and your own friends betray.

[*Exit.*

Rák. (*To the servant.*) See—what is the hour?

Att. Near sunset, sir.

Rák. Indeed—so near the time, when, like the slaves
That fly a lord whom fortune has abandoned,
The trees that cast their shadows at the dawn
With servile speed before the rising sun,
Now turn them backward from his downward course.

* This reply has nothing strange to those who know the sturdy self-importance of Hindu ascetics, and especially of the Yatis, when of any consideration with their own sect.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

THE CAMP OF MALAYAKETU.

Enter SIDDHÁRTHAKA (*with a letter and packet*).

The creeper of Cháńakya's policy will put forth fruit undoubtedly, watered as it is with the dews of wisdom, shed by the clouds of place and time.*—This letter is entrusted to me by the illustrious statesman, signed with the seal of Rákshasa, and this packet with the ornament he presented to me is sealed with the same. With these I will return to Páťaliputra. (*Going—stops.*) How! a heretic approaches this way—an unpropitious encounter! It cannot now be helped; I will counteract its effects by looking at the sun.

Enter JÍVASIDDHI.

All glory be paid to the *Arhats*, who show
The only true path to perfection below.

Sid. Soothsayer, I salute you.

Jíva. Be of good faith, my son, for in hand
Designs thou hast that faith demand;
A task as full of fear and pain
As traversing the boundless main.

Sid. How do you know?

Jíva. That which I know I know, and thou
Upon a journey travellest now:
Such purpose thy appearance shows;
What else, that letter will disclose.

Sid. As it seems you know my intention, and that I am

* This metaphorical style is not natural to the compositions of the period to which the drama belongs: the Hindus were perhaps beginning to borrow it from their neighbours.

travelling to another country, tell me, I beg of you, whether this be a lucky day.

Jíva. What, think'st thou, that thy shaven pate
May from the planets learn its fate?

Sid. You know; so speak at once. If it be lucky, I will go; if not, I will tarry.

Jíva. It unpropitious is to steal
From hence without the prince's seal.

Sid. How so?

Jíva. I will tell you in plain words. It was lately free to all to pass at pleasure to and from the camp, but now we approach Kusamapura, no person is allowed ingress or egress without a passport signed by Bháguráyańa with the prince's seal. If you have such, proceed; if not, hide yourself close, or you will be seized by the guard, and brought back bound hand and foot.

Sid. You do not know, I fancy, that I am the friend of his Excellency the minister Rákshasa. Who shall stop me, though I have not a pass?

Jíva. The friend of the devil you may be,* it weighs nought: there is no other means of going forth but the prince's seal.

Sid. How, then, can I effect my purpose?

Jíva. I trust you may succeed, go on—I shall to Bhágurâyańa, and solicit a passport for myself to go hence to Páťaliputra.

[*Exeunt severally.*

A Pavilion near Malayaketu's Tent.

Enter Bhágurâyańa *and* Attendant.

Bhág. Cháńakya's policy is most surprising,
And whether he succeed or fail, improve
Success or screen discomfiture, extract
Fair fruit from seeds sown in ungrateful soil,
He proves himself the statesman, and still triumphs
As sure and irresistible as fate.

* The literal phrase is, friend of *Rákshasa* or *Piśácha*—those words implying literally a fiend, a goblin.

Bring me a seat here, Bhásura, the Prince
Commands me to attend in his pavilion:
Should any seek my signet, give them entrance.

Att. I shall observe, sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Bhág. It grieves me much, this prince, whose honest thoughts
Affect me with regard, should from me reap
Requital so unmeet as treacherous friendship.
And yet what else is in my gift? Who owns
Dependence on another, must resign
All claim of kindred, friends, the world's esteem,
And equal weigh disgrace or reputation.
He sells his soul for perishable treasure,
Does as he's bid, nor longer has the privilege
To scan the difference betwixt right and wrong.

MALAYAKETU *enters behind with* VIJAYÁ, *an* ATTENDANT.

Mal. These doubts of Rákshasa perplex me strangely:
And whether I may venture to rely
Upon his faith, Cháńakya now dismissed
From Maurya's entertainment, or it be
More prudent to regard him as an enemy
Hereafter dangerous, alternate moves
Conflicting thoughts, 'midst which my understanding
Whirls like a potter's wheel, nor finds
A point on which to settle in decision.
Where shall I meet with Bhágurâyańa?

Vij. So please your highness, yonder he sits,
Engaged in granting passports to those persons
Whose business calls them from the camp.

Mal. Approach him gently,
His head is downward dropped, and with his hands
He veils his eyes, as if in meditation.

Enter ATTENDANT.

So please your Excellency, a mendicant requests admission for a pass.

Bhág. Let him enter.

(*Attendant goes out and returns with* JÍVASIDDHI.)

Jíva. Believer,* may you know increase of virtue!

Bhág. (*Apart.*) How, Jívasiddhi, the friend of Rákshasa?
(*Aloud.*) Sage, I salute you.

Jíva. May your virtue prosper.

Bhág. You go hence, I deem, on Rákshasa's affairs?

Jíva. Not so; I quit this place that I may hear
His name no more.

Bhág. How now! what grave offence
Against the seer has Rákshasa committed?

Jíva. None against me;
But I repent me of my past misdeeds.

Bhág. Repent of past misdeeds! You much excite
My marvel.

Mal. (*Behind.*) And mine too.

Bhág. I wish to hear
The secret import of your words.

Mal. So I.

Jíva. I cannot utter things so all unfit
To be made known.

Bhág. The deeper seems the mystery,
The more my need to hear its explanation.

Jíva. There is no mystery, but much of shame.

Bhág. If there be nought mysterious, speak the truth.

Jíva. I will not.

Bhág. Then expect no passport from me.

Jíva. Perforce then I must make disclosure.—Hear!
Dwelling at Pát'aliputra, I contracted,
Though poor, an intimacy with Rákshasa,
At the same season when his craft employed
The poison-maid his secret instrument
To work the murder of the mountain king.

* *Sávadńam dhamma-viddhi hodu*, for *Śrávaka-dharma-vriddhir bhavatu*. Śrávaka is properly a hearer, but is applied to the Jains.

Mal. My sire destroyed by Rákshasa, and not,
As I have still imagined, by Cháńakya!
Jíva. I after shared his fortunes, when ere long
I was exiled the city by Cháńakya—
But now, with his own policy engrossed,
He plans some scheme by which I may be banished
From life.
Bhág. Yet, hitherto, the rumour runs,
The murderous act was by Cháńakya wrought,
Not Rákshasa—its object, to evade
The resignation of the pledged gratuity
For friendly aid, a moiety of the kingdom.
Jíva. (*Covering his ears.*) Mark me, believer—to this hour Cháńakya,
Knows not the venomed maid, even by name.
Bhág. I seal your passport (*seals it*); but attend me now,
To bear these matters to his highness.
Mal. I am here;
And with deep-wounded ear have overheard
A friend impart—what better had become
An enemy's tongue. My father's hapless fate
To-day o'erwhelms me with redoubled anguish.
Jíva. (*Apart.*) The prince has overheard me! then
I gain my object.

[*Exit.*

Mal. Oh most unkind return! My father's heart
Was wholly Rákshasa's—of him, he said,
With confident energy, this is my friend,
And to this friend he owes his fall! so wept
By all our house, entrusted to the care
Of this deceitful fiend. O Rákshasa!
Thy devilish nature fits well to thy name.
Bhág. (*Apart.*) We must beware, the life of Rákshasa
Is not imperilled by the prince's fury—
Such are our master's most precise injunctions.
(*Aloud.*) Repress this agitation, sir—be calm;

Be pleased to sit, and listen to the counsel
Your friend and servant would presume to offer.

Mal. Speak on, my friend.

Bhág. Then please your highness, think,
That those who govern kingdoms must compute
Of friend, or foe, or neutral, as suggested
By principles of state and not the pleas
Of private feeling, which teach love or hate
To ordinary men. The aim of Rákshasa
Was first to crown Sarvárthasiddhi; but
To this, your father, as a mightier prince
Than Chandragupta, was the main impediment,
And thence the deadlier foe. Such cause of enmity
Admitted as of weight, the act of Rákshasa
Was prudent policy, not vulgar crime.
Again, consider, sir:
Wisdom political turns foes to friends,
And changes friends to foes; like a new birth,
It razes out all memory of past deeds,
Which to remember nought advantages,
As utterly as if they were, indeed,
The long-past actions of a former being.
Then for events gone by, let Rákshasa
Escape your censure, or at least forbear him
Until the realm of Nanda be your own.
No more of need to your success, he then
May be disposed of as your highness pleases.

Mal. So be it as you counsel—you judge wisely:
His death or bondage might alarm our followers,
And make our triumph doubtful.

Enter AN OFFICER.

Off. Victory to your highness! The captain of the guard reports that a man has been apprehended attempting to retire secretly from the camp, and on his person this letter was found—will it please your highness to examine him?

Mal. Bring him in.

[*Exit Officer and re-enters with* SIDDÁRTHAKA.

Sid. (*To himself.*) Praise be to mother Fidelity, animating her children in virtue, and turning their faces away from faults.

Off. This is the man,

Bhág. Who should this be?—a stranger, or the servant
Of any of our host?

Sid. A servant, sir,
A humble follower of the minister.

Bhág. Why sought you, then, thus covertly to quit
The camp without the prince's seal?

Sid. I went
Upon affairs requiring speed.

Bhág. So urgent,
That for their need, his highness' strict commands
Were disregarded?

Mal. Look at the paper!

Bhág. It bears in truth the seal of Rákshasa.

Mal. Efface it not, and let me hear the letter.

Bhág. "All greeting, and as fits from whence and whom
"It comes, to him for whom these news are meant.
"The expulsion of our adversary proves
"The truth of one whose words are ever true.
"The season is propitious now to show
"The promised kindness, and discharge the price
"That buys the plighted transfer of attachment.
"Then will these friends be ours, and strenuous join
"To overturn the mansion, where till now
"They have sought refuge. To requite such service,
"We must remind you, though no doubt 'tis needless,
"To call to recollection their conditions.
"Some stipulate domains, some gold, and some
"Demand the elephants and spoils of war.
"The three invaluable jewels sent
"Have been received, and in return unworthy,
"This offering comes, perhaps not wholly valueless,

"But to enhance its worth, Siddhártha bears,
"In words, what else may claim your confidence."

Mal. What can this dark epistle mean?

Bhág. Siddhárthaka!
Who sends this letter?

Sid. I do not know, sir.

Bhág. You are the bearer, and you do not know
From whom it comes; but let that rest awhile.
Speak out; to whom were you to have conveyed
The intrepretation that this letter promises?

Sid. To whom, but to your Grace.

Bhág. To me?

Sid. This violence so bewilders me,
I know not what I utter.

Bhág. We shall amend your knowledge. Bhásura,
Conduct him forth, and scourge him till he find
His recollection.

(*Siddhárthaka is led out and presently brought back by the Attendants.*)

Off. So please your Excellency, whilst flogging the prisoner, this packet dropped from his person.

Bhág. This is impressed with the same signet.

Mal. 'Twas this that gave the letter value. Open it,
But injure not the seal.

(*Bhág. opens it, takes out a jewel, and gives it to the prince.*)

This gem I took from my own person,
And sent a friendly present to the minister.
This letter is no doubt for Chandragupta.

Bhág. We will not leave the inference for question.
Away with him, and scourge him, till he own
The truth without reserve.

Sid. Oh, pardon me,*
And I will speak the truth without reserve.

(*Falls at the feet of Malayaketu.*)

* In the original he is again led out to be scourged, and then agrees to confess.

Mal. Arise! speak boldly—thy dependent station
Pleads thy excuse—reveal whate'er you know.
Sid. Then thus it is—that letter was entrusted me
By Rákshasa, to bear to Chandragupta.
Mal. And what the interpretation you should add.
Sid. Thus he commanded me: The kings
Barbaric are my personal friends, and may
Be to your interests won. They of Kulúta,
Malaya, and Kashmir, desire territory
From the possessions of Malayaketu;
The chiefs of Sindh and Persia covet most
His elephants and treasures. For myself,
Cháńakya's exile will as fully crown
My wishes, as those spoils that I have named
Will satisfy the craving of these princes.
Such was my message.
Mal. What! can this be true,
That my allies are treacherously affected?
And yet why doubt it? they have ever followed
The guidance and the beck of Rákshasa.
Ho, Vijayá! command the minister's presence.
Vij. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit Vijayá.*

SCENE.—RÁKSHASA'S DWELLING, RÁKSHASA *discovered.*

Our martial preparations are complete;
But whether more reliance may be placed
Upon our strength or Chandragupta's host,
I feel not wholly confident.
The premises that lead to truth are sure,
If logically urged, and though opposed
By hostile disputants, confirm the cause
They advocate.* The object of discussion
Is to both parties common, and to admit
Position incompatible is often

* The original passage is somewhat obscure, from its referring wholly to a proposition in logic described in technical terms.

As fatal unto monarchs as logicians.
Yet I will trust; especially that now
Amidst the foe such disaffection spreads,
And they are weakened by intestine strife.
I will not fear. Who waits? Go, Priyaṁvada,
And to the kings confederated bear
This message—"We approach Kusumapura,
The capital of the enemy—be vigilant—
Look well to your array. Let this be
The order of your march. The *Khaśa* troops,
The men of *Magadha*, and my contingent,
Lead in the van. The centre be composed
Of the *Gándháras*, with the *Yavana* chiefs.*
The *Kíras* and the *Śakas*, with the bands
Of *Chedi* and the *Húna* cohorts, form
Our rear battalia—whilst our royal friends,
With their choice warriors in firm phalanx knit,
Surround the prince and guard his sacred life."

Pri. I shall impart your orders.

[*Exit Priyaṁvadaka, and enter Vijayá.*

Vij. Victory to your Excellency!
His highness wills your presence.

Rák. But a moment—
Ho! there, who waits? Inform S'akaṭa-Dás
That I am summoned by the prince, and need
Becoming decoration to appear
Before his highness, who but late presented me
With costly trinkets—let him send me either
Of those rich jewels which to-day he purchased—
Quick, despatch.

(*Attendant goes out and returns with an ornament.*)

Att. This is the jewel, sir.

Rák. 'Tis well. (*Puts it on.*)

* The Calcutta edition reads *patibhiḱ* not *pattibhiḱ*, and the metre requires the former; the former translation, *yavana foot*, was therefore incorrect.

Now, lead the way. What should this summons mean
Howe'er unconscious of committed error,
The guidance of grave matters cannot fail
To prompt uneasy thoughts. A life of service
Is still a life of dread, and those most elevated,
As objects most of envy and malevolence,
Should ever be prepared to fear a fall. (*They proceed.*)

Vij. Behold his highness!

Rák. I observe him.
Absorbed in thought he seems—his youthful head
Already bowed with care, and on his hand
Reclined, whilst on the ground his eye reposes,
Or gazes fixed upon vacuity.—
All triumph to the prince!

Mal. I greet you, minister;—sit.
We grieve to have so little of your presence.

Rák. 'Tis true, my frequent absence has deserved
Your highness' censure, but the preparations
Our march exacts prevents my due attendance.

Mal. If yet determined, I should wish to learn
The disposition of our march.

Rák. 'Tis this:
The *Khaśa* troops and men of *Magadha*
And my adherents are the van brigade:
The *Yavana* and *Gándhára* forces
March in the centre; and the *Húna* cohorts,
The troops of *Chedi*, *Kíras*, and *Śakas*, form
The rear. The bands of the confederate kings
Are ordered to protect your highness' person.

Mal. (*Apart.*) Palpable treason!—they are named my guards
Who have conspired to give me up a prisoner.
(*Aloud.*) Send you any one
Precursor of our march to Kusumapura?

Rák. There needs not any—in five days our host
Will lie before its gates.

Mal. What man is this, then,

Who with despatches from your Excellency
Goes thither even now?

Rák. From me? impossible! (*Sees Siddhárthaka.*)
Siddhártha—how is this?

Sid. Forgive me, sir,
The fear of punishment severe has wrung
The secret from me.

Rák. Secret—what secret?
I know of none—I understand you not!

Sid. I own, I have but ill-obeyed your orders;
But stripes and pain—(*Appears to hesitate.*)

Mal. He fears to speak the truth
Before his lord.—Do you apprize the minister
What he has told. (*To Bhágaráyańa.*)

Bhág. Your highness is obeyed. (*To Rákshasa.*)
This man avers, your Excellency sends him,
The bearer of a letter and a message
To Chandragupta.

Rák. And is it so, Siddhártha?

Sid. Stripes forced me to confess the truth.

Rák. 'Tis false!
What will not torture force the innocent
To own!

Mal. (*To Bhág.*) Let him behold the letter!
Show him the packet.

Bhág. Read this note. (*Gives it to Rákshasa, who reads and returns it.*)

Rák. A weak invention of the enemy.*

Bhág. Behold this jewel! (*Showing him the jewel.*)
Is this, too, but a hostile stratagem?

Rák. No: this I recognise—'twas given me,
Even by your highness; and in note of deep
Acknowledgment, I did present the same
To this Siddhártha for a most dear service.

* Lit.—Prince, this is an attempt of the enemy. *Kumára, śatroh́ prayoga eshah́.*

Bhág. To such a man, methinks, but little fitted
This princely gift, and one that had been graced
By his own royal wearing.
Mal. "Siddhártha bears
In words, what else may claim your confidence!"
So writes your Excellency.
Rák. I sent no message, sir; I wrote no letter.
Mal. Whose is this seal?
Rák. The counterfeit of mine.
Mal. That may be true:
A seal, the fraudulent may imitate.
Bhág. 'Tis possible it may be; but the writing—
Whose characters are these, S'iddhárthaka?
(*Siddhárthaka looks at Rákshasa, and hesitates.*)
Speak, or expect fresh stripes.
Sid. S'akat́a-Dása's.
Rák. If it be his, I must admit it mine.
Mal. Let him be called.
Bhág. (*Apart.*) Chánakya's emissaries
Nothing advance that may not be attested.
Should S'akat́a-Dás appear and own he wrote
This letter, then the whole is manifest,
And Malayaketu's rage o'erleaps restraint.
This were less perilous. (*Aloud.*) With your highness' leave,
A friend of Rákshasa will not confess,
At least before him, that he wrote such letter:
Were it not better to procure a specimen
Of his own handwriting, and with this compare it?
Mal. You are right.
Vijayá, you hear. (*To the Attendant.*)
Vij. I shall observe.
Will not his seal be also needed?
Mal. Bring it along. (*Vijayá goes out and returns.*)
This is the seal of S'akat́a-Dás, and this
His writing.

Mal. (*Comparing them.*) It is the very same,—compare it.

Rák. (*Examining the two papers, then apart.*)
'Tis true, the writing is in both the same.
What must I think—he has been still my friend;
But haply, pining for his absent family,
He proves at last a traitor to his lord.
The seal is his; Siddhártha his associate;
And this mysterious letter is his writing.
To purchase his indemnity, or tempted
By the allurements of a crafty foe,
He has fallen off from honour, and abandoned
His fair imperishable fame, and me.

Mal. Three costly gems, this letter writes, have been
Received, and one methinks adorns your person.
Let me behold it nearer. (*Rákshasa gives it to him.*)
What do I see? (*Apart.*)
If I am not deceived, this jewel once
My sire possessed. (*To Rákshasa.*) Whence did your Excellency
Obtain this ornament?

Rák. Of some merchants, sir,
By whom 'twas sold me.

Mal. Vijayá, look here.—
Know you this gem?

Vij. How should I not remember it?
For often have I seen it when 'twas worn
By your illustrious sire, the king Parvataka.

Mal. Father lamented, well thy splendid ornaments
Became thy princely person, so attired;
As glorious as the autumn's evening sky,
Bright with the moon, and set with radiant stars.

Rák. (*Apart.*) If this, indeed,
Was Parvateśwara's, the seeming merchants,
In truth Cháńakya's agents, were by him
Employed, to send them to me.

Mal. Is it likely?

Such royal gems Parvataka once owned,
And Chandragupta as the kingly share
Of plunder set apart, should have been sold
By pedlar traders, bartered for vile cost?
No; it is clear the treacherous Chandragupta
Was here the vendor, and ourselves the price.

Rák. (*Apart.*) The snare is deeply laid; and though I know
The letter and the message are not mine,
Yet mine the seal. The writer is my friend.
The jewels, which it were absurd to deem
Maurya would vend, are found in my possession.
These facts so strongly argue treason, vain
The hope to gain my innocence belief.
Why then prefer reply? 'Tis wiser far
To acquiesce in silence, than engage
In angry words and profitless contention.

Mal. Now, I would ask your Excellency.

Rák. Ask
Him who deserves such epithet, not me,
Degraded by these accusations.

Mal. Proofs—
For by what other name shall we denote
This packet, this epistle, and these gems?

Rák. They prove, indeed, the malice of my fate,
And not alone the cunning of Cháńakya.

Mal. Why censure destiny for faults that spring
From vulgar avarice? Base and ungrateful!
Thy murderous fraud repaid my sire's affection
And confidence, that knew no fear, with death;
And now, ourselves, to whose regard thou owest
Thy present power and rank, with like deceit
Thou wouldst betray, and for a paltry bauble
Wouldst sell our bodies, as they were mere carrion,
To our most deadly enemies, proud to be
The mercenary hireling of their hate.

Rák. This blow is heavier far than my disgrace.
Son of Parvataka, I here protest
My innocence!

Mal. Who killed my father?

Rák. Fate!

Mal. We know it was thy doing—by thy friend,
And penitent agent, Jívasiddhi owned.

Rák. Is he too but Cháńakya's instrument?
My very heart leagues surely with my foes.

Mal. Bhásuraka, convey our general word:
The foreign princes, our allies, have plotted
To seize our person, and deliver us
Captive to Chandragupta: let him, therefore,
Secure them, and defeat their foul intents.
The three who are ambitious of our lands
Cast in a pit and whelm them o'er with earth,*
Till their desires be satiated: the others,
Whose moderate pretensions are confined
To martial stores, treasure, and elephants,
Be by those elephants trampled under foot;
And so their craving will be gratified.

Att. I shall impart your highness' commands.

[*Exit.*

Mal. For you, sir, I shall violate no troth
Once plighted. Go, join Chandragupta;
Him, and his crafty counsellor, though aided
By your profound experience, we yet trust,
We have the strength to root out from the earth.

Bhág. Enough! time flies, my prince. March we at once
Against the capital of the enemy. Let the dust,
Rolling in volumes from the trampling tread
Of our fierce elephants and steeds, ascend
In clouds, and hover o'er the trembling foe,
Proclaiming our approach in wrath, and spreading

* Part of the answer made by the Athenians to the messenger of Darius, who demanded earth and water.

Intenser paleness o'er the maiden's cheeks,
That far outvie the lodh's pale blossom, graced
By locks more sable than the jetty bee. [*Exeunt.*

Rák. How horrible my fate! My love still works
The ruin of my friends, my foes escape!
What now remains? Shall I conceal my shame
Amidst the thicket's gloom? No, rankling hate
And unappeased hostility will never
Sleep at devotion's bidding. Shall I end
My being, and attend my fallen sovereign?
No; thus to fly the contest whilst a foe
Triumphs secure, were base and womanish.
What, if I grasp my trusty sword, and rush
Desperate to death amidst the hostile ranks?
No; yet I may not. If my heart be still
Conscious of grateful duty, I must first
Effect the freedom of that faithful friend,
Who welcomes bonds and death for mine and me.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

SCENE.—PÁṬALIPUTRA.

Enter SIDDHÁRTHAKA (*ornamented*).

Now Keśava of cloudy hue, the destroyer of *Keśin*, triumphs: Chandragupta, the moon of the eyes of the virtuous, is victorious—the policy of Cháńakya is successful, and has discomfited the confiding army of the foe. I have not yet seen my old friend Samiddhárthaka, and will go seek him. Oh, here he comes!

Enter SAMIDDHÁRTHAKA.

Sam. The treasures of the heart that animate at festive assemblies, and inspire delight in family parties, are sources of affliction alone in the absence of our friends. Where now shall I find Siddhárthaka, who I hear is returned from Malayaketu's camp? Oh, there he is! Welcome, my dear friend, welcome.

Sid. Ha! my dear friend, all happiness! (*They embrace.*)

Sam. I have little cause to rejoice, methinks, when you could so long delay coming to my house after your return.

Sid. Excuse me; the truth is, I was ordered by Cháńakya to go immediately, and carry my intelligence myself to the auspicious prince S'ríchandra. I went accordingly; was rewarded as you see (*showing the ornaments*), and am now on my way to your habitation.

Sam. Well, my friend, and what news had you to convey to His Majesty that proved so agreeable? may I hear it?

Sid. Why not?—what is there that you may not hear?—Beguiled by the policy of our master, Malayaketu dismissed Rákshasa from his service, and put to death the five foreign kings, his allies; upon which, this violent and imprudent man,

being looked upon as one whom no good fortune could attend, was abandoned by his chief followers. They left his camp gradually, and returned to their own countries, till being left almost alone, he was made prisoner by Bhadrabhaťa and our other captains.

Sam. How could that be? for Bhadrabhaťa had deserted to him, having been dissatisfied with S'ríchandra. This is like the drama of a bungling writer, in which the catastrophe is inconsistent with the beginning!

Sid. So much the more honour to the never-failing policy of Cháńakya; a policy as certain as the decrees of destiny. Well, after that, Cháńakya with great state went forth, and secured the whole barbarian host with all its chiefs.

Sam. Where are they now?

Sid. Look yonder; observe those elephants, roaring aloud with passion, and vast and black as the rain cloud:—see those horses, richly caparisoned, plunging in fear of the lash.

Sam. I see, I see. Now let them rest, and tell me how it is that Cháńakya resigned the administration, who publicly now resumes his post?

Sid. Ha, ha! do you think you can fathom the intentions of Cháńakya? Rákshasa himself was unequal to the task.

Sam. And where is Rákshasa?

Sid. He quitted the enemy's camp during the confusion that ensued upon the retirement of the chiefs, and privately entered Kusamapura; not unobserved, for his steps were followed by a diligent spy, and due notice of his coming has been given to Cháńakya.

Sam. Why should he come hither again, disappointed in all his schemes to recover the city for the race of Nanda?

Sid. Affection for his friend Chandana-Dása brings him, I suspect.

Sam. Do you expect Chandana-Dása's liberation?

Sid. His liberation! how is that possible? for you and I are to conduct him to the place of execution and put him to death.

Sam. How so? Has not Cháńakya executioners enough, that he must put us upon such a cruel duty?

Sid. Gently, my friend. If you intend remaining a little longer in this world, you will not call Cháńakya's orders in question: so, come along, we will put on the *cháńḍála* dress, and lead Chandana-Dása to execution. [*Exeunt.*

A GROVE.

Enter a man with a rope in his hands.

This is the place which *Undura* described, and where I am ordered by the sagacious and successful Cháńakya to throw myself in the way of Rákshasa. Here he comes, I fancy, avoiding notice apparently.—I will hide amongst these trees and observe where he stops. (*Retires.*)

Enter RÁKSHASA.

Alas, the harlot Fortune, to whom change
Is ever welcome, now transfers her favours
To a new dynasty—whilst the multitude,
No less inconstant, and of former benefits
Regardless, follow in her fickle train.
The burthen of the state, by those abandoned
Who failed to reap the harvest of their virtues,
Is now with daring confidence assumed
By weak and worthless hands; and without head
Not long the body politic subsists.
Base-born and vile, Fortune with Vŕishala,
A partner meet, associates,—her great lord,
The monarch of mankind, forgotten quite:
And for the present she appears immovable.
What's to be done—whatever I devise,
Inflexibly adverse, Fate counteracts,
And still implacably pursues my course,
Wherever I direct my hopes. Too soon,
To heaven transported my lamented lord.

I lent assistance to the mountain king—
In vain ; his death came hard upon our union.
Then did I aid his son's projected vengeance,
But still in vain—I wrought my own disgrace.
Fate, not the indignant Bráhman, is the enemy
Of Nanda's race. Ill-judging, rash barbarian,
Who on such baseless charges could mistrust
My faith, and deem that one who had maintained
Devotion to a fallen lord unshaken,
Would from his truth be tempted, or would cease
His just and stern resentment but with life.
This, the untutored savage could not see—
Or haply, when a man is doomed to fall,
Fate first perverts his intellect.* He now
Is held in captive bonds : well—let him perish ;
Not therefore will I harbour thought of peace
With Chandragupta. Be it said, I failed
In all my projects, this shall be my fame,—
Foiled as I was, I yet was unsubdued.
These gardens mark the city's pleasant confines,
And oft were honoured by my sovereign's presence,
When with abandoned curb and loosened rein,
He urged his rapid steed, and in mid course
Struck with unerring shafts the distant targe.†
These scenes are hateful to me now. But whither
Shall I repair? Here I may lurk unnoted,
Till I can gain some tidings of my friend.
Alas, how rarely seen by mortal prescience
The strange vicissitudes of human life !
Once when I came abroad, like the new moon,
The people paused to gaze and point at me,
As in resplendent state I moved along,

* Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat. *Daivenopahatasya buddhir athavá púrvaṁ viparyasyati ;* or rather, the understanding of one struck by fate will first become perverted.

† This is Medic, Persian, or Parthian.

And in my train great potentates esteemed it
An honour to be numbered. Now, alone,
Covered with shame, and dreading to be marked,
I shrink from every eye, and like a thief
Who apprehends detection, cowering, creep
Into the darkness of these ancient groves;
And those my benefactors to whose favour
I owed my former greatness, are no more.
This garden too has lost its former splendour!
The shattered walls are like a noble race
By poverty reduced: the lake is dry,
Like a kind heart that pines for luckless friends;
As destitute of fruit the trees, as schemes
Of policy by fate opposing blighted;
And rank grass chokes the fertile soil, like vice
And ignorance, the rude uncultured mind.
These hoarse resounding murmurs of the dove,
Varied alone by the harsh ringing strokes
Of the destroying axe, seem to bewail
The ruin of these shades, whose naked trees,
Leafless and sear, are destined soon to fall
And yield their limbs to feed funereal fires.
Here on this marble, fractured as my fortunes,
I will sit down and rest. (*Sits and listens.*)
What mean those sounds?
The mingled bray of horn and beat of drum,
These shouts of multitudes, given back redoubled
In echoes from the palace towers, afflict
The listening ear, and fill the bounds of space.—
Sounds of rejoicing are they? Yes, they tell
Of Maurya's victory, and the captive son
Of the brave mountain king. Where'er I roam,
The foe's superiority assails
Mine eye and ear, and destiny compels me
Despitefully to contemplate their triumph.

The Man. (*Coming forward.*) He sits, and does not see me—

Now to practise
The orders of Cháńakya. (*He advances so as to be seen by Rákshasa, and fastening the rope round his neck, pretends to purpose hanging himself.*)

Rák. Who should this be, whom misery extreme,
Like mine, enforces to such desperate act?
Hold, friend—what means this recklessness of life?
Who art thou? Speak!

Man. A wretch, deprived of all
That life held dear.

Rák. If not to thee too painful,
Nor secret be thy sorrows, let me hear,
Who am a fellow in thy miseries,
The cause of such rash purpose.

Man. Thou may'st hear it.
I cannot bear one instant to survive
A dear loved friend.

Rák. (*Apart.*) A censure of the apathy
With which I view the sufferings of my friends.
(*Aloud.*) Proceed.

Man. A wealthy banker, Jishńu-Dás,
Resided here.

Rák. I know the name: an old and valued friend
Of Chandana. (*Apart.*) What has befallen him?

Man. I lose in him whom most I love. His wealth
Upon the indigent he now bestows,
And yields his life an offering to the flame:
Even now he goes to sacrifice. Unable
To view or to outlive so sad a blow,
I hither come, at the same time to end
Those days, that would be misery without him.

Rák. What are his motives? pines he under anguish
Or bodily pain no medicine can assuage?

Man. Not so.

Rák. Then is he by the tyrant king
Compelled to choose his fate by fire or poison?

Man. Stranger, in Chandragupta's happy reign
We know not tyranny.
Rák. It may be so;
Perhaps his aims ambitious may affect
Some object unattainable; or perchance,
He woos some damsel, who repays his love
With scorn?
Man. Such sorrows would but ill become
A sober burgher.
Rák. What, then, should it be
But loss of some dear friend?
Man. You name his motive.
Rák. (*Apart.*) Too well my heart assured me it was so.
I scarcely dare know more—yet must inquire
His fate. (*Aloud.*) Go on—the friend of Jishńu-Dás—
Who is he—tell me?
Man. I can no longer parley.
Rák. One moment—answer me.
Man. The banker, Chandana-Dás.
Rák. Fate has at last descried a spot defenceless,
A passage for a wound. Be firm, my heart;
You have no heavier blow to fear. (*Aloud.*) Proceed.
Man. With him was Jishńu-Dás combined in bonds
Of amity; and when his friend incurred
The prince's anger, to preserve his life,
He offered all the accumulated wealth
He and his prudent ancestors had gathered:
In vain. The prince replied: "Not for his wealth
The prisoner is in durance; let him yield
The family of Rákshasa, whom 'tis known
He secretly protects, and he is free.
If he persist to hide them from our search,
His forfeit life alone allays our wrath."
So persevering, Chandana is now
Led forth to execution. His firm friend

Enters the final fire, and I conclude
My miserable being.

Rák. Hold awhile;
Return and seek thy friend—bid him forbear
His fearful purpose—Chandana shall live;
I go to save him.

Man. By what means?

Rák. This sword,
Friend of my trust, oft tried in time of peril,
Bright as the heaven's clear azure when the clouds
Disparted vanish—and whose keen edge bites,
Remorseless, when the stone of battle whets
Its sharpness. Now it prompts me to defy
Opposing multitudes to guard a friend.

Man. His safety is ensured, if, as I guess,
I see illustrious Rákshasa before me.

Rák. You see in me, the servant of a race
I could not save—the friend whose friendship yields
Ruin—the ill-starred and humbled Rákshasa.

Man. Such as thou art, accept my veneration.
(*Falls at his feet.*)

Rák. Arise—time hastes—quick to thy friend repair,
Aud tell him what has chanced.

Man. Yet I may, sir,
Thus humbly counsel. S'akaťa-Dás, erewhile
Condemned by Chandragupta to impalement,
Was at the place of execution rescued,
And to a distant region safe conveyed.
The king, by his evasion much incensed,
Commanded that the executioners
Should suffer death. Since then more vigilant,
The officers of justice, should they see
An armed man approach and dread a rescue,
Proceed not to the place of execution,
But instant put their prisoner to death.

Therefore be cautious, sir, or your attempt
Will but accelerate your friend's destruction. [*Exit.*

Rák. The politic expedients of Cháńakya
Are yet to me inexplicable. Why,
If his contrivances sent S'akat́a,
His emissary, to effect my downfall,
Should those who suffered his escape incur
Such bloody retribution, and acquit
Their negligence or treachery with death?
From this I might infer the letter found
A forgery—but how?—here all is dark.
This at the least is clear, not now the season
To use the sword. Forewarned by past events,
The ministers of justice were in vain
Again assailed—yet something must be tried—
Inaction were a crime. In deadly plight
My friend now stands for me, and can I less!
No; I will cheerfully confront the danger,
And with my own redeem his dearer life. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

SCENE.—PÁṬALIPUTRA.

Enter SIDDHÁRTHAKA *as a Cháńḋála or public executioner.*

Out of the way, out of the way, my masters, and let every one who values his life, his wealth, his family, avoid the displeasure of the king as he would poison. Sickness is a simple demolition of man's life, and unwholesome diet noxious only to himself; but he, and all his, perish, if he incur regal indignation. If you doubt what I say, behold this Chandana-Dása led to execution, and followed by his wife and child. What is that you say—is there no chance of his escape? Yes, if he give up the family of Rákshasa. How! say you, give up those whom he is pledged to shelter for the sake of his life—he will never be guilty of so base an action! Very well, do you mark his unhappy lot, lest such should be your fate.

Enter CHANDANA-DÁSA *dressed for execution, bearing the stake upon his shoulder, followed by his wife and child, and by* SAMIDDHÁRTHAKA *as second executioner, with attendants and guards.*

Wife. Ah, woe is me—that such disgraceful fate,
A felon's doom, should close a life of credit!
Ah, ruthless destiny—that barbarous man
Should persecute alike both friend and foe,
The guilty and the innocent confounding!
A savage hunter, who in thickets spares not
The beautiful and inoffensive deer.

Chand. Where is my faithful friend? will none reply
To my last supplications? Ah, how few

Approach in adverse season! Those alone
Are friends who hold on with us to the last,
And follow us with eyes suffused with tears.

Sid. This is the place, so now dismiss your family.

Chand. Withdraw, my love, and lead our boy along.

Wife. Forgive me, husband. To another world
Thy steps are bound, and not to foreign realms,
Whence in due time they homeward will return.
No common farewell our leave-taking now
Admits, nor must the partner of thy fate
Leave thee to trace thy solitary way.

Chand. What dost thou mean?

Wife. To follow thee in death.

Chand. Think not of this—our boy's yet tender years
Demand affectionate and guardian care.

Wife. I leave him to our household gods, nor fear
They will desert his youth. Come, my dear boy,
And bid thy sire a long and last farewell.

Boy. (*Falling at his feet.*) What must I do, my father, when deprived
Of thee.

Chand. Go, dwell where'er Cháńakya is not.

Sid. Come, sir, the stake is planted.

Wife. Oh, save us, save us!

Chand. Yield not thus to grief.
Exalted princes, Nanda's glorious sons,
Who stooped to solace misery from the throne,
Have gone before me to the realms of heaven:
And that I die by no infirmity
Of frail humanity, but for a friend,
Is subject of rejoicing, not of tears.

Sid. Come, come, we have delayed too long—bring him and raise him on the stake. His family will retire of their own accord fast enough.

Chand. One moment only—let me kiss my boy.
Loved child, adieu! Remember, all that lives

Must die; but he that to preserve his friend
Expires, dies with honour.

Boy. Such a lesson
There scarcely needed; for full well I know,
Faith to a friend is still our house's fame.

Sid. Bring him along. (*They lead Chandana-Dása towards the stake.*)

Wife. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Enter RÁKSHASA *hastily.*

Rák. Lady, dismiss your fears.
Hold! officers—your prisoner must not suffer.
He, who in safety long unmoved surveyed
His sovereign's fall, the danger of his friends,
And calmly, as if seated at a festival,
Looked down upon their sufferings, comes at last,
To claim of right his own, these marks of shame,
These garlands and insignia of the grave.

Chand. Oh, what is this!

Rák. The feeble imitation
Of your exalted virtue.

Chand. No; our ruin—
What hast thou done—think'st thou thy destruction
A grateful sight to me?

Rák. Hear me, my friend—
Life is to every living creature dear—
In saving thine, I have performed my duty,
And do not heed thy censures. (*To the Officer.*) Hence, report
These welcome tidings to your ruthless lord.

Sid. (*To Samiddh.*) Hark ye, comrade, do you lead Chandana-Dása under the shade of those trees; I will go and inform his Excellency that Rákshasa is secured.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE.—CHÁŃAKYA'S HOUSE.

Enter SIDDHÁRTHAKA *with* RÁKSHASA.

Sid. Ho, warder, inform Cháńakya, that destructive thunderbolt to the host of Nanda, that elevation of the house of Maurya, and aggregate of every virtue——

Rák. Must I hear this!

Sid. That the minister Rákshasa is secured; his wisdom and valour bound by the chains his Excellency's policy provided.

Enter CHÁŃAKYA *wrapped in a mantle concealing his person.*

Cháń. What are these tidings? Tell me, who has brought,
Safe in his robe, this fire unquenchable?
Who bound in bonds the circumambient wind?
Who craftily encaged the roaring lion,
Foaming with fury, from his hard-won strife
With the fierce elephant? or who has forded
The bottomless main, unharmed against its monsters!

Sid. What but your honour's sagacity!

Cháń. Not so, my friend, but fate, the constant foe
Of Nanda's race.

Rák. (*Aside.*) This must be himself,
The vile Cháńakya. Rather, let me own,
The wise Cháńakya; an exhaustless mine
Of learning—a deep ocean stored with gems
Of richest excellence. Let not my envy
Deny his merits.

Cháń. This then is Rákshasa,
Whose enmity so long has held at bay,
And doomed to sleepless nights, the friends of Vŕishala,
And furnished me with theme of ceaseless thought!
(*Discovering himself.*)
Hail, minister, most welcome! Vishńugupta *
Pays thee his homage.

* The proper name of Cháńakya.

Rák. Minister! the title
Is now my shame. Reverence to Vishńugupta!
Approach me not—a S'údra's touch defiles me.*
Cháń. You are deceived; no S'údra your attendant,
But one whom you before have seen, Siddhártha,
A servant of the king, and equal rank
That other seeming S'údra holds. The first,
You may remember, was the venturous friend
Of S'akat́a-Dás, the bearer of the letter,
Written indeed at my request by S'akat́a,
But with entire unconsciousness of what
Its purport or intended destination.
Rák. This is indeed most welcome news, assured
My friend was not unfaithful.
Cháń. You shall hear:—
The chieftains who deserted to your army—
That letter—this Siddhárthaka—the three jewels,
Your purchase—your astrologer—the man
Whom you this morning in the garden met—
The imminent peril of your friend the jeweller—
Were all expedients to win your alliance,
Devised by me; or rather, say by Vŕishala,
Who hither comes impatient to behold you.
Rák. (*Apart.*) How shall I act!

Enter CHANDRAGUPTA *attended.*

Chandra. A mighty host o'erthrown without a conflict,
Exposes me to shame. Of what avail
The feathery shafts, that indolently lie
With downward points recumbent in the quiver,
Not launched with force against the destined aim!
And yet, what need of prowess, whilst alert,
My holy patron's genius is, alone,

* Which would have made him impure. The following speech explains that such disgrace was not incurred, and shows why the office of Cháńdála was entrusted to such hands.

Able to bend the world to my dominion?
Tutor and guide, accept my lowly reverence!
(*To Cháńakya.*)

Cháń. Your every hope is now accomplished. Vŕishala,
Salute this honourable minister—
Rákshasa, hereditary councillor
Of your imperial house.

Rák. (*Apart.*) A bond of union
His promptness has created.

Chandra. (*To Rákshasa.*) Chandragupta
Greets you, exalted sir, with veneration.

Rák. (*Apart.*) This, Chandragupta! yet so young—so raised
To mighty empire, as the forest monarch,
Over subjected herds. (*Aloud.*) King, may you triumph!

Chandra. Triumph is certain—now to the guidance
Of my preceptor I may add your vigilance.

Rák. (*Apart.*) What, does the pupil of Kautilya scoff me?
I wrong him, and my stubborn enmity
Misdeems his graciousness.

Cháń. Say, wishes Rákshasa
The life of Chandana?

Rák. A needless question.

Cháń. But how can Vŕishala consent to grant
Such generous proof of grace, whilst Rákshasa
Yet holds aloof, and menaces defiance!
If it be true, that you desire his safety,
Forego the sword, and in its stead assume
This weapon. (*Offering him the ministerial dagger.*)*

Rák. Pardon me, I am not fit
To bear what you so worthily have wielded.

Cháń. Not fit! how so? Why then these elephants
Incessantly caparisoned, till their backs
Are fretted by the burthen, and they pine,
Of needful rest and sustenance curtailed?

* A drawing of this dagger occurs in the last volume of Duff's History of the Mahrattas.

Or why these steeds, of rider never eased,
Chafed by the constant curb and whip, and jaded
By labour unrelaxed? Whom may they thank
For this but Rákshasa, whose valour humbles
The pride of the most haughty? To be brief,
The life of Chandana, and your acceptance
Of ministerial conduct, are conditions
Which we cannot disjoin.

Rák. (*Apart.*) Mine ancient faith,
And grief for Nanda's race, still closely cling,
And freshly, to my heart; and yet perforce
I must become the servant of their foes!
The plants so long I tenderly have cherished,
And watered with assiduous love, must now
By my own hands be levelled, to preserve
A dearer friend. Not Brahma's self foresees
The devious current of this world's events.
(*Aloud.*) I yield me, Vishńugupta. Friendship triumphs!
Friendship, who works strange metamorphosis
Of human sentiments, controls my purposes,
And I submit. (*Takes the dagger.*)

Cháń. (*To Chandra.*) Fate, prince, is now made sure.

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. Victory to your Grace! for Bháguráyańa
And the accompanying chiefs, conduct the prince
Malayaketu to the city's confines,
There to await your Excellency's orders.

Cháń. Impart their coming to the noble Rákshasa,
Who now directs the state, and ask of him
Their meet instructions.

Rák. If it be so,
Permit me, prince, to crave a boon. You know,
How in Malayaketu's dwelling long
I found asylum—in return, I beg
His forfeit life.

(*Chandragupta looks interrogatively at Cháńakya.*)

Cháń. (*To Chandra.*) The minister's first suit
Exacts compliance. (*To the Officer.*) Go, inform the chiefs,
His Majesty, by Rákshasa's request,
Is moved to clemency, and to the prince,
Extends forgiveness—rendering back to him
His liberty and patrimonial lands—
And order them forthwith to lead him hence,
Home to his native country.

Att. I obey. (*Going.*)

Cháń. Hold ! this message to the governor of the city
Likewise convey. His Excellency, Rákshasa,
Being now admitted to the royal favour,
His friend the banker, Chandana, is named
The provost of the merchants. And this order
Bear to the captain of our host: in proof
Of the high satisfaction that the king
Receives from his new minister, he wills
That all the captives and the martial stores,
Coursers and elephants excepted, gain
Enfranchisement. Nay, free them too;
We need them not, strengthened by such alliance.
All shall be free—the only thing condemned
To lasting bondage, be this lock of hair.
My vow is all fulfilled. Say, Rákshasa,
Is there aught else the aim of your desires ?

Rák. My only wish is now my sovereign's glory.
Long graced by virtue, and beloved by friends
Of eminent faith and merit, may he guard
From harm this nurse of elemental life.
Now harassed by barbarians,* earth repairs

* This illusion to *Mlechchhas* is corroborative of the drama's being written in the eleventh or twelfth century, when the Patan princes were pressing upon the Hindu sovereignties. The boar alluded to is the third incarnation of Vishńu in the *Varáha-Avatára*, the delineations of which manifestation of that divinity represent the figure of a man with the head of a boar, and the earth, recovered from the waters of the deluge, resting on the points of his tusks.

For refuge to the bosom of true royalty,
So to escape second annihilation.
As erst, by strength divine upstaid, she rode
Safe on the tusks of that celestial boar,
Who snatched her from the o'er incumbent floods,
And reared her green hills once again to heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

REMARKS ON THE MUDRÁ-RÁKSHASA.

THE peculiarities of this play have already been adverted to. It is a historical or political drama, and represents a curious state of public morals, in which fraud and assassination are the simple means by which inconvenient obligations are acquitted, and troublesome friends or open enemies removed. It is not, however, that such acts are not held in themselves as crimes, or that their perpetrators, if instigated by vulgar vice or ferocity, are not condemned as culprits; it is only when the commission of the crime proposes a political end that it is represented as venial, and is compatible with the possession of great virtues, and even with an amiable character. The principle is one which has long pervaded Asiatic courts, and has proved no unimportant instrument in working their downfall.

In delineating the operation of this system, the author of the drama has evinced considerable dexterity, and has contrived to invest his chief personages with interest and dignity; an effect produced, in a great measure, by showing them wholly unmindful of personal advantage. Cháńakya has to fulfil a vow, but, that accomplished, relinquishes rank and power; and Rákshasa, whilst he pursues Chandragupta with hostility, seeks only to revenge the death of his former sovereign, without the thought of acquiring fortune or dignity for himself.

The author has also been fortunate in the delineation of these two statesmen, who although of the same depraved school of politics, are of very different characters. Cháńakya is violent and inexorable; Rákshasa gentle and relenting. Cháńakya's ruling principle is pride of caste; Rákshasa's, attachment to his friends and sovereign. Cháńakya revenges wrongs done to

himself; Rákshasa, those offered to them he loves. Cháńakya with his impetuous passions combines deep design; Rákshasa, notwithstanding his greater temperance, is a bungler in contrivance, and a better soldier than a plotter.

Another redeeming feature in Hindu treachery is devoted fidelity to an employer. Although some of the personages cannot help expressing a disgust for the duty they have to discharge, they never think of betraying their trust; and they never intimate any relaxation of purpose, although treated with indignity or blows.

The plot of the drama singularly conforms to one of the unities, and the occurrences are all subservient to one action, the conciliation of Rákshasa. This is never lost sight of from first to last, without being made unduly prominent. It may be difficult, in the whole range of dramatic literature, to find a more successful illustration of the rule.

The conduct of the action is open to some objections, but rather on the score of stage management than dramatic probability. The chain of evidence by which Rákshasa is separated from Malayaketu is ingeniously connected.

The succession of incidents is active and interesting, although women form no part of the *Dramatis Personæ*, except in the episodical introduction of Chandana-Dása's wife, a peculiarity that would be scarcely thought possible in the dramatic literature of Europe.

The author of the Mudrá-Rákshasa was not a poet of the sphere of Bhavabhúti or Kálidása. His imagination rises not to their level, and there is scarcely a brilliant or beautiful thought in the play. As some equivalent for the want of imagination, he has a vigorous perception of character, and a manly strain of sentiment, that are inferior only to elevated conception and delicate feeling. He is the Massinger of the Hindus.

The language of the original partakes of the general character of the play; it is rarely beautiful or delicate, but always vigorous, and occasionally splendid.

RATNÁVALÍ;

OR

THE NECKLACE.

A Drama,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKṘIT.

PREFACE.

THE RATNÁVALÍ is a play of a different character from any of those which we have hitherto examined. Although the personages are derived from Hindu history, they are wholly of mortal mould, and unconnected with any mystical or mythological legend; and the incidents are not only the pure inventions of the poet, but they are of an entirely domestic nature. In this latter respect the RATNÁVALÍ differs from the *Mṛichchhakaṭí*, *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, and *Mudrá-Rákshasa*, whilst its exemption from legendary allusion distinguishes it from the *Vikramórvaśí* and *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra*.

Although, however, the RATNÁVALÍ differs from its predecessors in these respects, and in others of still greater importance, it is well entitled to attention, as establishing an era in the history of both Hindu manners and literature, of which we are able to fix the date with precision.

The story of this drama appears to have been not wholly the invention of the author, but to have enjoyed very extensive popularity, at a period to which we cannot refer with confidence. The loves of VATSA, prince of *Kauśámbí*, and VÁSAVADATTÁ, princes of *Ujjayiní*, are alluded to in the *Megha-Dúta*, and are narrated in the *Vṛihat-Kathá* of *Soma-Deva*. The last is a writer of the same period as the drama, but he does not pretend to have invented the story; and the manner in which the tale is adverted to * in the *Megha-Dúta*, the date of which

* The author terms *Avantí* or "Ougein," great with the number of those versed in the tale of *Udayana* (Vatsa).

work is unknown, but which is no doubt anterior to the *Vrihat-Kathá*, seems to indicate a celebrity of some antiquity.* The second marriage of VATSA, which forms the business of the RATNÁVALÍ, appears to be the invention of the writer, as it is very differently told in the *Vrihat-Kathá;* the heroine being there named *Padmávatí*, and being a princess of *Magadhá*, not of Ceylon. The circumstances under which the marriage is effected are altogether distinct.†

From whatever source, however, the plot of the drama may have been derived, it is very evident that the author is under considerable obligation to his predecessors, and especially to *Kálidása*, from the *Vikrama* and *Urvaśí*, of which writer several situations, and some of the dialogue even, are borrowed. At the same time, the manners described are very different, and the light and loose principles of VATSA are wholly unlike the deep dignified passion of *Purúravas*. If we compare the RATNÁVALÍ with the *Mrichchhakatí*, or with the dramas of *Bhavabhúti*, the difference is still more striking, and it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that they are the productions of different ages, and different conditions of society; the RATNÁVALÍ indicating a wider deviation from manners purely Hindu, more artificial refinement, and more luxurious indulgence, and a proportionate deterioration of moral feeling.

The RATNÁVALÍ, considered also under a purely literary point of view, marks a change in the principles of dramatic composition, as well as in those of social organization. Besides the want of passion and the substitution of intrigue, it will be very evident that there is in it no poetic spirit, no gleam of inspiration, scarce even enough to suggest a conceit in the

* The *Vásava-Dattá* of *Subandhu*, the nephew of *Vararuchi*, and as well as his uncle patronized by *Bhoja*, has nothing in common with the story of Vatsa and his bride, except the name of the latter. The *Megha-Dúta*, therefore, does not refer to that work. *Subandhu* also alludes to the *Vrihat-Kathá*, to which he is consequently subsequent.

† The story is translated from the *Vrihat-Kathá*, in the *Quarterly Oriental Magazine*, Calcutta, vol. ii. p. 198. [See H. H. Wilson's works, vol. III. edited by Dr. R. Rost; p. 228 ff.]

ideas. The only poetry of the play, in fact, is mechanical. The structure of the original language is eminently elegant, particularly in the Prákŕit. This dialect appears to equal advantage in no other drama, although much more laboured in the *Málatí and Mádhava:* the Sanskŕit style is also very smooth and beautiful without being painfully elaborate. The play is, indeed, especially interesting on this account, that whilst both in thought and expression there is little fire or genius, a generally correct and delicate taste regulates the composition, and avoids those absurdities which writers of more pretension than judgment, the writers of more recent periods, invariably commit. The RATNÁVALÍ, in short, may be taken as one of the connecting links between the old and new school; as a not unpleasing production of that middle region through which Hindu poetry passed from elevation to extravagance.

The place to which the RATNÁVALÍ is entitled in the dramatic literature of the Hindus is the more interesting, as the date is verifiable beyond all reasonable doubt. It is stated in the prelude to be the composition of the sovereign *Śrí-Harsha-Deva.* A king of this name, and a great patron of learned men, reigned over Kashmir: he was the reputed author of several works, being, however, in fact only the patron, the compositions bearing his name being written, the author of the *Kávya-Prakáśa* asserts, by *Dhávaka* and other poets. That it was fashionable in his reign to take the adventures of VATSA for the subject of fictitious narrative, we may infer from their being the groundwork of the *Vŕihat-Kathá,* the author of which was a native of Kashmir; and a cotemporary of the prince. *Somadeva,* the author, states that he complied his collection of tales for the amusement of the grandmother of *Harsha-Deva,* king of Kashmir, the son of *Kalaśa,* the son of *Ananta,* the son of *Saṁgráma.* His genealogy is nearly identifiable with that of *Abulfazl,* which runs in Gladwin's translation of the *Ayeen Akbary* (vol. ii. p. 154), *Sungram, Hurray, Anunt, Kulussder, Ungruss, Hurruss.* The two additional princes, *Hurray* and *Ungruss,* reigned conjointly but forty-four days, and they are for all chrono-

logical purposes non-entities.* But we have fortunately a better authority than either of the preceding, in the history of Kashmir by *Kalhana-Pańḍit.* The first portion of this work, down to the reign of *Saṁgráma-Deva,* in A.D. 1027, is translated summarily in the fifteenth volume of the Asiatic Researches. Since its publication, the subsequent portion of the original has been procured in Kashmir, and presented to the Asiatic Society by the late enterprising traveller, Mr. Moorcroft. From this we are enabled to trace the successors of *Saṁgráma* with precision.

Saṁgráma reigned twenty-five years, and was succeeded by his son *Hari,* who enjoyed his elevation but twenty-two days, having been removed, it was supposed, by the practices of his mother, who aspired to the regency during the minority of a younger son. She was set aside by the chief officers of the state, under whose ministry *Ananta,* the next prince, reigned interruptedly fifty-three years, when he was succeeded by his son *Kalaśa. Kalaśa* reigned eight years, and being displeased with his son, *Harsha,* left the crown to a kinsman, *Utkarsha.* That prince, however, enjoyed his authority but twenty-two days, having been defeated, and invested in his palace, by the partisans of the legitimate heir, and putting an end to his existence rather than fall into their hands. *Harsha* succeeded. He consequently ascended the throne A.D. 1113; and the play must have been written between that date and A.D. 1125, the termination of his reign. No mention is made of the composition by the author of the history: but he dwells at much length, and with some acrimony, on *Harsha's* patronage of poets, players, and dancers, and the prince's conversancy with different dialects and elegant literature. *Harsha's* propensities, indeed, were not likely to be regarded with a favourable eye by a Brahmanical historian, for, in order to defray the expenses into which he was led by them, he made free with the treasures of the temples, and applied their

* See also the *Quarterly Oriental Magazine* for March 1824, p. 64. [See H. H. Wilson's works, vol. iii. p. 158.]

gold and silver vessels, and even the images of the gods, to his necessities. These measures, and others of an equally imprudent character, distracted the latter period of his reign with civil broils, and he perished in an insurrection which transferred the crown to a different dynasty. The date thus assigned for the composition refers to a period, which Mohammedan history and Hindu literature sufficiently establish, as pregnant with important changes in the political situation and national character of the natives of Hindustan.

The RATNÁVALÍ has been translated in prose for the same reasons that the preceding dramas have been rendered in measured language: the fitness of the vehicle for the thoughts, and adaptation of the style to the pitch of the original ideas. Prose would have done scant justice to the merits of *Kálidása* or *Bhavabhúti*, for with them it would have had to translate lofty imaginings: it is perfectly applicable to the level conceptions of *Śri-Harsha.* It may also form a not unacceptable variety, and it may likewise serve to convey some idea, how far the translator may be suspected of widely deviating from his text in the preceding dramas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



MEN.

Vatsa.—The King of *Kausámbí.*

Yaugandharáyańa.—His chief minister.

Vasantaka.—The king's confidential companion.

Vasubhúti.—The ambassador of the King of *Siṁhalá.*

Bábhravya.—An envoy from *Vatsa* to the King of *Siṁhalá.*

Saṁvara-Siddhi.—A magician.

Vijaya-Varman.—An officer of *Vatsa's* army.

WOMEN.

Vásavadattá.—The Queen of *Vatsa.*

Ratnávalí, or *Ságariká.*— } The Princess of *Siṁhalá.*

Kánchanamálá.—The Queen's principal attendant.

Susaṁgatá.—The friend of *Ságariká.*

Nipuńiká, *Madaniká*, *Chútalatiká*, *Vasundhará.* } Female attendants.



PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

Vikramabáḥu,—The King of *Siṁhalá* or *Ceylon,* father of *Ratnávalí,* and maternal uncle of *Vásavadattá.*

Rumańwat.—The general-in-chief of *Vatsa.*

SCENE.—The palace of *Vatsa* in *Kausámbí.*

TIME, Three days.

PRELUDE.

BENEDICTION.

MAY that presentation of the flowery offering, made by the mountain goddess to her mighty lord, preserve you! Trembling she raised herself to reach his brows, but agitated by his triple glance, and bowed downwards by her heaving bosom, she missed her aim, and dropped the fragrant wreath.

May *Gaurí* ever be propitious to you! She who after new nuptials, yet scarce confiding, first hastened to her husband as remotely he advanced, then turned averse from him as he approached, till gently forced to the embraces of the smiling god by her persuading damsels.

May *Śiva* ever be your trust! He who laughingly narrated to his goddess, how the sacrifice was disturbed, the holy fires were quenched by his flaming glances; how the Bráhmans in terror were dragged by their turbans to the ground by his mischievous goblin legions; how *Daksha's* * spouse implored in

* *Daksha* was the son of *Brahmá* and father of *Sati*, whom at the recommendation of the *Ŕishis* or sages, he espoused to *Śiva*; but he was never wholly reconciled to the uncouth figure and practices of his son-in-law. Having undertaken to celebrate a solemn sacrifice, he invited all the gods except *Śiva*, which so offended *Sati*, that she threw herself into the sacrificial fire. To avenge her fate, *Śiva* created *Virabhadra* and other formidable beings, and sent them to the scene of action, where they disturbed the rites, beat and mutilated the assistants, and even maltreated the gods, till *Śiva* was appeased, and arrested their excesses. *Daksha*, who had been decapitated in the scuffle, was restored to life, but the head of a ram was substituted for his own. *Sati* was born again as the daughter of the mountain *Himálaya*, and was again married to *Śiva*. From this, her second birth, she is called *Párvatí* the mountaineer, or *Girijá* the mountain-born. The disturbance of *Daksha's* sacrifice appears to have been a favourite legend with the Hindus who excavated the cavern temples of Ellora and Elephanta, the leading incidents appearing sculptured in both.

tears his pardon, and the gods, frightened, fled. Glory to the moon! Reverence to the gods! Prosperity attend illustrious Bráhmans! May the earth be fertile, and may the king of moon-like loveliness shine ever resplendent as the monarch of the night.*

Enter MANAGER.

Enough! I have been desired by the princes here assembled from various realms, recumbent at the feet of our illustrious monarch, *Śrí-Harsha-Deva*, and who are collected together at this vernal festival; † to represent for their entertainment the unequalled drama entitled Ratnávalí, the elegant composition of our sovereign. "We have heard of this drama," they remark, "but have not yet witnessed its

* The extension of the *Nándí*, or benediction, to four stanzas, in the original, is unusual, and although sanctioned by the writers of systems, is evidently a modern innovation, not an improvement upon ancient practice.

† According to the *Bhavishyottara-Puráńa*, the *Vásantaki Yátrá*, or festival of Spring, extended from about the middle of *Chaitra* to the full moon in the same month, and comprised three festivals: the *Damana-Pújá*, in which the *dona* or *artemisia* flower was worshipped; the *Dolá-Yátrá*, or swinging of the gods; and the *Ratha-Saptami*, on which the gods came in cars to witness the frolics of man and nature under the influence of spring. The *Damana-Yátrá* occurred on the 14th of the dark half of the month: the day of the *Dolá-Yátrá* is not specified, but it must have been on or about the new moon: the *Ratha-Yátrá* occupied seven days, but they are not particularised. From the third to the full moon, every day had its separate divinity. *Gauri* was to be worshipped on the 3d, *Ganeśa* on the 4th, *Indra* on the 5th, *Skanda* on the 6th, the *Sun* on the 7th, *Śiva* on the 8th, *Chańdá* and *Chámuńdá* on the 9th, *Vyása* and the *Ŕishis* on the 10th, *Vishńu* on the 11th, *Brahmá* on the 12th, *Śiva* again on the 13th and 14th, and all the gods on the 15th. All this, however, looks very like *Śaiva* innovation, and probably the original festival, beginning with the *Holiká* on the full moon of *Phálguna*, was devoted to *Vasanta* alone, or conjointly with his friend *Káma-Deva*, the god of love, whose especial festival, on the 13th and 14th of *Chaitra*, terminated the whole. Nothing of the kind is now known, from the *Holiká*, which is now termed the *Dolá-Yátrá*, to the *Madanotsava* on the thirteenth of *Chaitra*, light half, which latter is rarely observed. The *Dolá-Yátrá* and *Ratha-Yátrá* have also been displaced, and in Bengal, at least, transferred to festivals appropriated to *Krishńa* alone, in the months of *Jyaishńha*, and *Áshádha*; June—July.

performance; and in compliance therefore with our wishes, and with deference to the king, who is the delight of all hearts, we request you to perform the piece as you best may." Very well: as soon as the decorations of the stage are ready I shall fulfil your desires.

That this whole assembly will be highly gratified, I make no doubt. *Śrí-Harsha* is an eminent poet; the audience are judges of merit; the story of *Vatsa* * is current in the world; and we, the actors, are experienced in the histrionic art; and I hope, therefore, that with so precious a poem, and such means of doing it justice, the opportunity afforded me of appearing before so distinguished an assembly will yield me the fruit of all my desires. Now then to my mansion, to call forth my dame. What, ho! mistress, come hither!

Enter ACTRESS.

Your commands, sir?

Mana. The drama of Ratnávalí is to be represented before this princely audience—go, dress for your character.

Actr. Ah, sir, you forget my only daughter has been betrothed by you to a husband who is abroad, and that the matrimonial rites cannot be performed in consequence of my son-in-law's absence in a foreign country: with so much anxiety on this account, how shall I be able to act?

Mana. Oh, never sorrow for the absent. Propitious fate restores them to us from distant isles, from ocean's central waves and earth's extremest bounds.

* *Lokachári cha Vatsa-Rája-charitam*, "The story of *Vatsa* current in the world." The *Vrihat-Kathá* describes *Vatsa* or *Udayana*, as the son of *Sahasránika*, the son of *Śatánika*, the son of *Janamejaya*, the son of *Parikshit*, the son of *Abhimanyu*, the son of *Arjuna*: but the *Puráńas* do not confirm this descent. We do not find the name at all in the *Bhágavata*-, but in the *Vishńu-Puráńa*, *Udayana* is the son of a second *Śatánika*, the nineteenth in succession from *Janamejaya*. How far he is the celebrated prince of this name is doubtful. In the *Mahábhárata*, we have a *Vatsa* named among the princes, but no specification of the individual.

Behind. Son of *Bharata*, most truly uttered.

Mana. (*Listening.*) Away, child, away, no longer hesitate: here comes my brother as the noble Yaugandharáyańa. Come, come, we have no time to lose. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE PRELUDE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—THE PALACE OF VATSA.

Enter YAUGANDHARÁYAŃA.*

'Tis true! fate, if propitious, soon restores the absent, and from remotest isles, the wastes of ocean, and the bounds of earth, safe gives them to us again—else how chanced it, that the fair daughter of the King of Lanká, whom as directed by the seer, we had sent to obtain, and who was by her father, with rich gifts, consigned a bride to our illustrious prince, escaped annihilation? Borne on a plank, the relique of her shattered bark, a merchant of Kausámbí found her floating in mid sea. Her costly necklace spoke her of no common rank, whence with all honour she was treated, and to our capital conveyed. Fate still smiled upon our sovereign. I have transferred the maiden to the honourable keeping of the queen; and now I hear our chamberlain, Bábhravya, and Vasubhúti, the minister of Siḿhalá, who had accompanied the princess, having by some means reached the shore, are on their way hither, having been encountered by Rumańwat on his march to chastise the king of Kośalá.† I have little need to fear the end of this; but faithful service ever has its cares. The eleva-

* Wherever Vatsa is introduced the same personages are assigned to him as associates, or Vásavadattá his wife, Yaugandharáyańa his minister, Vasantaka his companion and *buffo*, and Rumańwat his general.

† *Kośalá*, according to the *Rámáyańa*, is the country along the bank of the *Sarayú*, and consequently formed part, at least, of the modern province of Oude. At different periods, however, it was much more extensive. The *Vishńu-Puráńa* and *Bhágavata* apparently speak of it by the name of *Sapta Kośalá*, the seven *Kośalás;* and in the ninth century, the authority of the king of *Kośalá* extended into *Gondwana*, as appears from inscriptions.

tion of my master's power is my aim, and destiny co-operates with my design—neither can the seer prophetic err. The king himself alone I doubt, for still he loves to follow where his own inclinations lead. (*A noise behind.*) Hark! the mellow drum, accompanied with song and shouts, indicates the clamorous rejoicings of the multitude. I suspect the king has come forth to behold from his palace the frolic merriment with which his subjects celebrate the festival of *Kámadeva.** Ah, yes, I see him on the terrace: wearied of tales of war, and seeking most his reputation in his people's hearts, he issues forth attended by his companion Vasantaka, like the flower-armed deity himself, descended to take a part in the happiness of his worshippers. I will retire to my dwelling, and meditate in tranquillity the measures best adapted to ensure us a fortunate termination of the task we have begun. [*Exit.*

(VATSA-RÁJA *discovered seated, dressed as for the Spring festival, and attended by* VASANTAKA.)

Vatsa. My friend!

Vas. Your Majesty!

Vatsa. I scarcely can express the content I now enjoy. My kingdom is rid of every foe, the burthen of my government reposes on able shoulders, the seasons are favourable, and my

* This *Vasantotsava*, *Madhútsava*, or *Kámotsava*, is a festival held on the thirteenth and fourteenth of *Chaitra*, at which *Kámadeva*, the god of love, was formerly worshipped. The season was one of much merriment, and the genial influence of returning spring was hailed with music and jollity. Part of the amusement of the people consisted in throwing over each other, by means of syringes, water or fine powder, coloured with saffron or with other yellow or red pinguents, and scented with perfumes. A more elegant missile, commonly used in some places, is rose leaves, large baskets and trays of which are prepared for that purpose. The festival of *Kámadeva* holds its place in the kalendar, but its observance is restricted to a few places. In fact, it seems to have merged into the *Phálgunotsava* or *Holí*, celebrated a month before, when the like merriment and affusion of coloured powder or water takes place. In the south of India *Káma* is worshipped at this period also, which still further identifies the origin of the festival, although it has undergone some important modifications in date and purpose.

subjects prosperous and happy. In the daughter of Pradyota* I have a wife whom I adore, and in thee, Vasantaka, † a friend in whom I can confide. Attended by thee, thus, at such a season, and so disposed, I might fancy myself the deity of desire, and this vernal celebration held in honour of myself.

Vas. Excuse me. Since you admit me to be a part of it, I shall even claim the whole; and, so highly exalted by your regard, I shall maintain that the festival is mine. Observe the general joy. As if intoxicated with delight, the people dance along the streets, sporting merrily with each other's persons, and mutually scattering the yellow-tinted fluid. On every side, the music of the drum and the buzz of frolic crowds fill all the air. The very atmosphere is of a yellow hue, with clouds of flowery fragrance.

Vatsa. Yon lofty mansion opposite to us is occupied by a merry band. I knew not that Kauśámbí ‡ was so wealthy!— She outvies the residence of the God of wealth. Her numerous sons are clad in cloth of gold, sprinkled with the fragrant dust

* According to the *Vríhat-Kathá, Pradyota* is the King of *Magadha*, the father of *Padmávatí*, Vatsa's second wife, whose place is assumed by Ratnávalí in the drama: the father of Vásavadattá is named in the same work *Chańdasena.*

† Either the spring, or like the spring, the affix *ka* being pleonastic, or implying similitude.

‡ *Kauśámbí* always appears as the capital of Vatsa. According to the *Rámáyańa*, it was built by *Kuśámba*, the son of *Kuśa*, a descendant of *Brahmá*. Buchanan, upon the authority of the *Bhágavata*, ascribes its foundation to *Chakra*, a descendant of *Arjuna;* but neither the *Bhágavata*- nor *Vishńu-Puráńa* states that *Nimichakra* built *Kauśámbí*. They say, that when *Hástinapura* shall be washed away by the Ganges, *Nimichakra* will reside at *Kauśámbí*. From which it is to be inferred, that *Kauśámbí* existed at the time that *Hástinapura* was destroyed. The site of *Kauśámbí* Buchanan supposes to have been that of the ruins ascribed to *Hástinapur*, but it was more probably lower down in the *Doab*, bordering upon *Magadha* on one side, and *Kośalá* on the other. It is elsewhere (*Oriental Magazine*, Calcutta, No. I. p.67) intimated, that it was possibly about *Kurrah*, which, according to the inscription found there (*As. R.* ix. 433), was comprised within *Kauśámbí Mańdala*, or district of *Kauśámbí*. The city so termed was probably not far from Allahabad.

of the colour of dawn, or tinted with the saffron dye, decked with glittering ornaments, and tossing their heads proudly with splendid crests, fit for Káma himself. The soil, plashy with the frequent shower and tread of numerous feet, is converted into vermilion paste, as the artificial bloom is washed down from the cheeks of the maidens and mingled with the ground.

Vas. See where a coloured shower falls on a thick and struggling crowd, shrinking in vain from the mischievous pipes of those mirthful maids.

Vatsa. I should compare the city to the subterranean world, where the snake gods dwell.* The mischievous pipes are crested snakes—the scattering dust of yellow fragrance sheds unearthly dimness, and the gleaming tiaras dart through it such radiance as beams from the serpent jewels.

Vas. Look, sir, where Madaniká and Chútalatiká approach us: their gestures indicate the influence of the divinity of the season.

Enter MADANIKÁ *and* CHÚTALATIKÁ, *two of the Queen's Attendants, dancing and singing.*

Mad. Cool from southern mountains blowing,
Freshly swells the grateful breeze,
Round with lavish bounty throwing
Fragrance from the waving trees;
To men below, and gods above,
The friendly messenger of love.

Chút. Lightly from the green stem shaken,
Balmy flowrets scent the skies—
Warm from youthful bosoms waken
Infant passion's ardent sighs.
And many a maid around is roaming,
Anxious for her lover's coming.

Both. Nor alone the tender blossom

* *Pátála,* the region below the earth, inhabited by the *Nágas* or serpent demigods.

Opens to the smiling day,
Lordly man's expanding bosom
Buds beneath the genial ray,
Offering to the flowery dart
Of love, a soft and yielding heart.

Vatsa. I perceive, indeed, the influence of the season expressed in their appearance. The fillet of the one is loosened, and her long tresses float dishevelled to the air: the necklace of the other seems too weighty for her languid frame, though she plies her tinkling anklets with more than wonted activity.

Vas. I will gird up my garb and join them, shall I, in compliment to the festival?

Vatsa. If you please.

Vas. (*Descends.*) Come, Madaniká, teach me your poem.

Mad. A poem, you simpleton! it is no poem.

Vas. What is it, then?

Mad. A ballad.

Vas. Oh, a ballad! if that is the case, I wish you good by.*

Mad. You must not leave us.

Vas. Consider my character. (*They hold him and sprinkle him with yellow powder, till he breaks away.*) Here I am at last, my good friend: I have been in jeopardy.

Chút. Come, we have amused ourselves long enough, let us bear the queen's message to his Majesty.

Mad. Come on. (*Approaching Vatsa.*) Glory to your Majesty! So please you, the queen commands—I crave pardon, requests.

Vatsa. Nay, Madaniká, you are quite correct; the queen

* In the original Vasantaka says, "Teach me your *Charchari*;" to which the reply is, "It is not *Charchari* but *Dwipadikhanda*," a form of metre; but *khanda*, meaning granulated sugar, Vasantaka asks if it is the *khanda* of which sweatmeats are made? Madaniká replies, "It is not made but is recited (*pathiadi*):" to which Vasantaka, with surprise, rejoins, "Oh, if it is recited, I had better go back to my friend." It is not easy to discover the wit of this passage, although some puns are probably designed throughout.

commands, particularly at a season sacred to the god of love. What are her orders?

Mad. She is bound to-day to offer homage to the image of the flower-armed deity, which stands at the foot of the red *aśoka* tree in the garden of the palace, and requests your Majesty's presence at her devotions.

Vatsa. You see, my friend, how one festival begets another.

Vas. Let us go thither. I will officiate as your priest, and I hope my benediction will not be wholly unproductive.

Vatsa. Go, Madaniká, and let the queen know that we shall meet her in the garden.

Mad. As your Majesty commands. [*Exeunt.*

Vatsa. Come, my friend, lead the way to the garden. (*They descend and proceed.*)

Vas. This is the place, sir. Behold the rich canopy of the pollen of the mango blossoms, wafted above our heads by the southern breeze, and the chorus bursts from the *kóils* and the bees to hail your approach.

Vatsa. The garden is now most lovely. The trees partake of the rapturous season—their new leaves glow like coral, their branches wave with animation in the wind, and their foliage resounds with the blythe murmurs of the bee. The *bakula* blossoms lie around its root like ruby wine; the *champaka* flowers blush with the ruddiness of youthful beauty: the bees give back in harmony the music of the anklets, ringing melodiously as the delicate feet are raised against the stem of the *aśoka* tree.*

Vas. No, no; it is not the bees who mimic the ringing of the anklets; 'tis the queen with her train approaching.

Vatsa. You are right; they are at hand. [*They retire.*

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ *the queen*, KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ, SÁGARIKÁ, *and other damsels attending.*

Vásava. Now, Kánchanamálá, where is the garden?

Kánch. This is it, madam.

* The contact of the stem of the *aśoka* tree by the foot of a woman of superior beauty is supposed to make it blossom.

Vásava. And where the red *aśoka* tree, at the foot of which I am to pay my offerings to Madana?

Kánch. It is in sight. This is the *mádhaví* creeper, your Majesty's own plant; it is now rich with blossoms. This is the plant his Majesty takes such care of, the jasmine that he expects to blossom out of season:—now we pass it, and this is the tree.

Vásava. Very well; where are the offerings?

Ságar. Here, madam. (*Presenting them.*)

Vásava. (*Looking at her, then aside.*) What carelessness! an object I have hitherto so cautiously concealed, thus heedlessly exposed: it shall be so. (*Aloud.*) How now, Ságariká, what make you here? Where is my favourite starling, that I left to your charge, and whom it seems you have quitted for this ceremony? Away! deliver the oblations to Kánchanamálá, and return.

Ságar. As your Majesty pleases. (*Gives the offerings and withdraws to a short distance.*) The bird is safe with my friend Susamgatá. I should like to witness the ceremony. I wonder if *Ananga** is worshipped here as in my father's mansion! I will keep myself concealed amongst these shrubs and watch them, and for my own presentation to the deity I will go cull a few of these flowers. [*Retires.*

Vásava. Now, place the divine *Pradyumna* † at the foot of the tree.

Kánch. (*Arranges the offerings.*) It is done, madam.

Vatsa. Come, Vasantaka, they are ready, let us join them. The queen stands by the side of the god of the fish-emblazoned banner,‡ as slight and graceful as his own bow, and as delicate as the flowers that tip his shafts. My love, Vásavadattá!

* The bodiless deity, either metaphorically, as applied to his influence on the mind, or with reference to the legend of his being reduced to ashes by the angry look of *Śiva* when pierced by *Káma's* arrows, and thus inspired with love for *Párvatí*.

† *Pradyumna*, the son of *Kṛishṇa*, was an incarnation of *Kámadeva*.

‡ The banner of *Kámadeva* bears the *Makara*, or marine monster.

Vásava. My lord! Victory attend him: let him honour our rites by his presence!—That is his regal seat.

Kánch. Now, let her Majesty commence the ceremony, and to the god, whose station is the red *aśoka* tree, present the accustomed gifts of sandal, saffron, and flowers.

Vásava. Give them to me.

Kánch. (*Presents them severally to the queen, who offers them to the image.*)*

Vatsa. Whilst thus employed, my love, you resemble a graceful creeper twining round a coral tree; your robes of the orange dye, your person fresh from the bath. As rests your hand upon the stem of the *aśoka*, it seems to put forth a new and lovelier shoot. The unembodied god to-day will regret his disencumbered essence, and sigh to be material, that he might enjoy the touch of that soft hand.

Kánch. The worship of the divinity concluded, be pleased, madam, to pay adoration to your lord.

* According to the *Bhavishyottara-Puráńa*, the worship of *Kámadeva* was instituted by *Śiva*, in pity of the fate to which he had consigned him. On the thirteenth of *Chaitra*, the worshipper, having bathed, was to adore the portrait, or as it was practised apparently in most places, the image of *Kámadeva*, either in person, or, as in the present instance, in one of his manifestations, attended by his wives *Rati* and *Príti*, his friend *Vasanta*, and a train of nymphs and choristers, represented in a grove of *aśoka* trees, or placed in the shade of one of them with flowers, fruits, and perfumes. It was in a grove of *aśoka* trees that *Káma* incurred *Śiva's* wrath, whence the selection of that tree. The prayer addressed to the divinity, which the author does not give, perhaps either because it was well known, or because its repetition might be thought profane, is "Salutation to *Kámadeva* the destroyer, the god of gods, endowed with a form, to thee who disturbest the minds of *Brahmá*, *Vishńu*, *Śiva*, and *Indra*." A rather longer prayer is addressed to the same god in the *Tithi-Tattwa*, cited from the *Bhavishya-Puráńa*, where it is not found: "God, armed with a flowery bow, salutation be to thee! Salutation be to thee, who bearest a fish on thy banner! Salutation to thee, who shakest the firmness of divinities and saints! Son of *Mádhava*, *Kandarpa*, the foe of *Saḿvara*, the lord of *Rati*, glory to thee, the mind-engendered, the subduer of the whole universe! May all the infirmities and frailties of my birth perish, and may my fortunes ever enjoy desired prosperity! Glory to the destroyer, to *Káma*, the embodied form of the god of gods, the agitator of the hearts of *Brahmá*, *Vishńu*, *Śiva*, and *Indra*."

Vásava. Where are flowers and unguent?

Kánch. Here, madam.

(*Vásavadattá worships the king.**)

Ságar. (*Returns.*) I have idled my time whilst gathering these flowers, so that I fear the ceremony is over; behind this tree I can observe them undiscovered. What do I see? can this be true? Does then the deity, whose effigy only we adore in the dwelling of my father, here condescend to accept in person the homage of his votaries? I, too, though thus remote, present my humble offering. (*Throws down the flowers.*) Glory to the flower-armed God: may thy auspicious sight both now and hereafter prove not to have been vouchsafed to me in vain! (*Bows down, then rising looks again.*) The sight, though oft repeated, never wearies. I must tear myself from this, lest some one should discover me. (*Withdraws a little.*)

Kánch. Approach, Vasantaka, and receive your portion.

Vásava. Accept, most worthy sir, these propitiatory presents. (*Gives Vasantaka sandal, flowers, and jewels.*)

Vas. May prosperous fortune ever be your fate!

(*The Bard† behind.*)

The sun from his diurnal road declines,
And in the west with flaming radiance glows—
Like some illustrious prince, whose glory shines
Intensest, as his days approach their close.
The moon comes forth amidst the evening sky,
With aspect as our youthful monarch's bright,
To soothe the night flower's love-empassioned sigh,
And at thy feet to shed his sacred light.

Ságar. How! (*Returning.*) Is this Udayana, to whom my father destined me a bride? The sight of him has purified my person from the contaminating gaze of others.

* This is also conformable to the *Bhavishyottara-Puráńa,* which directs, "Having offered adoration to the mind-born divinity, let the wife worship her husband, with ornaments, flowers, and raiment. Thinking internally with entire complacency, 'this is the god of love.'"

† Hindu princes, as we have had previous occasion to notice, always retained a sort of poetic bellman to announce the time of day.

Vasta. The twilight has drawn in, and we have been insensible of the course of time, our minds engrossed by holy and delightful dutiès. Look, madam, where the pale eastern sky, like a love-lorn damsel, seems to sicken with impatience for the coming of her Lord. Let us rise, and return to the palace.

(*They rise.*)

Ságar. They come! I must fly hence. Ah me, unhappy! no longer to behold him, whom I could gaze upon for ever.

Vatsa. Come, love, thou puttest the night to shame. The beauty of the moon is eclipsed by the loveliness of thy countenance, and the lotus sinks humbled into shade; the sweet songs of thy attendant damsels discredit the murmur of the bees, and mortified, they hasten to hide their disgrace within the flowery blossom. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE.

Enter SUSAṂGATÁ *with a Sáriká, or talking bird, in a cage.**

What can have become of Ságariká? she left this bird in my charge, and went I know not whither. Here comes Nipuńiká!

Enter NIPUŃIKÁ.

These tidings his Majesty has charged me with, I must use despatch in conveying to the queen. (*Going.*)

Sus. How now, Nipuńiká? what engrosses your thoughts, that you pass as if you saw me not?—Whither, in such haste?

Nip. I will tell you. We have a great sage come to court, the venerable S'ríkhanda-Dása, from *Śrí-Parvata.*† He has taught the king the craft of making flowers blossom at any season, and his Majesty being about to exercise his new art upon his favourite jasmine, sends me to request the queen's presence. But where are you going?

* The *Sáriká* is the same as the *Maina*, the Indian Grakle, *Gracula religiosa*, about the size of a jackdaw, having violet black plumage, with a naked yellow occipital band. As Shaw observes, "These birds are of a lively docile disposition, and when kept in a state of a confinement, imitate with great facility the various sounds within hearing, and even learn to speak with greater distinctness than most of the parrot tribe." So also Bontius, speaking of this bird, which he calls the Indian starling, observes: "It imitates man's voice much more accurately than a parrot, so that oftentimes it is troublesome with its prattle."

† The temple of *Śiva* in the upper part of the peninsula, visited and described by Captain Mackenzie (*As. Res.* vol. v.). This was one of the twelve great Lingas, the worship of which seems to have flourished particularly about the period of the first Mohammedan invasion. Prior to the same date, also, it seems to have been a place of great resort for *Yogins* or *Śaiva* ascetics. Mention of *Śrí-Parvata* has been made before in *Málatí and Mádhava.*

Sus. To look for Ságariká.

Nip. I passed her just now; she had a brush and pallet as if about to paint a picture, and went into the plantain bower: you will find her there, I dare say. Adieu! I must to our mistress. [*Exeunt severally.*

A PLANTAIN BOWER OR HALL.*

Enter SÁGÁRIKÁ, *with a picture.*†

Be still, my foolish heart, nor idly throb for one so high above thy hopes. Why thus anxious again to behold that form, one only view of which has inspired such painful agitation? Ungrateful, too, as weak, to fly the breast that has been familiar to thee through life, and seek another, and as yet but once beheld, asylum. Alas! why do I blame thee? the terror of *Ananga's* shaft has rendered thee a fugitive;—let me implore his pity. Lord of the flowery bow, victor of demons and of gods! dost thou not blush to waste thy might upon a weak defenceless maiden, or art thou truly without form or sense? Ah me! I fear my death impends, and this the fatal cause. (*Looking at the picture.*) No one approaches; I will try and finish the likeness I am here attempting to pourtray. (*Looking at the picture.*) My heart beats high, my hand trembles, yet I must try, and, whilst occasion favours me, attempt to complete these lineaments, as the only means to retain them in my sight. (*Draws.*)

Enter SUSAMGATÁ.

This is the plantain bower. Ha! she is here, and apparently so intent upon some painting, that she does not notice my approach. I will keep out of her sight and look at what she is doing. (*Approaches gently and looks over Ságariká.*) How!

* The term on this and similar occasions is *Gríha* (*Hara*, *Ghara*) or *Sálá*, literally a house or hall. It is not improbable that green-houses or analogous buildings were known to the Hindus. In general, however, these places appear to have been pavilions, with particular plants and flowers planted both within and without.

† More correctly, a leaf or sheet for a picture—*Chitraphalaka*.

—the king's picture! well done, Ságariká! but so it is: the royal swan leaves not the lotus-crowded lake to sport elsewhere.

Ság. It is finished, but in vain, my tears veil the picture from my sight. (*Raises her head, and beholding Susaṁgatá hides the picture.*) How, Susaṁgatá! sit down.

Sus. (*Sits down and puts her hand upon the picture.*) Who is this you have delineated?

Ság. The deity of this festival, *Ananga.*

Sus. It is cleverly done, but there wants a figure to complete it. Let me have it, and I will give the god his bride. (*Takes the paper and draws.*)

Ság. (*Angrily.*) Hey, Susaṁgatá! what mean you? you have sketched my likeness.

Sus. Do not be offended without cause. I have given your *Kámadeva* my *Rati*, that is all. But come, away with disguise, and confess the truth.

Ság. (*Apart.*) My friend has discovered my secret. (*Aloud.*) My dear friend, I am overcome with shame—promise me that nobody else shall be made acquainted with my weakness.

Sus. Why should you be ashamed? Attachment to exalted worth becomes your native excellence. But be assured I will not betray you; it is more likely this prattling bird will repeat our conversation.

Ság. Alas! my friend, my agitation overpowers me.

Sus. (*Placing her hands on Ságariká's heart.*) Be composed, be composed! I will bring some leaves and fibres of the water-lily from this lake. (*Brings some leaves and fibres of the lotus, and binds the former with the latter upon Ságariká's bosom.*)*

Ság. Enough, enough, my friend, take away these leaves and fibres,—it is vain to offer me relief. I have fixed my heart where I dare not raise my hopes. I am overcome with shame—I am enslaved by passion—my love is without return—death my only refuge. (*Faints.*)

* The lotus leaves and fibres are supposed to be of great cooling efficacy in allaying the fever of passion.

(*A noise behind.*)

The monkey has escaped from the stable, and rattling the ends of his broken chain of gold, he clatters along as if a number of female feet, bound with tinkling anklets, were in sportive motion. Chased by the grooms and frightening the women, he has bounded through the inner gate. The unmanly eunuchs, lost to shame, fly from his path, and the dwarf takes shelter in the jacket of the chamberlain. The *Kirátas* who guard the surrounding walls are true to their designation,* and bowing themselves lowly through fear, are ashamed to look each other in the face.

Sus. Up, up, my dear friend! the wild brute is coming hither.

Ság. What shall we do?

Sus. Hide in the shade of this *tamála* grove: haste, he comes! [*Exeunt.*

ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

Enter SÁGARIKÁ *and* SUSAṀGATÁ.

Ság. What has become of the drawing? did you leave it behind? some one will discover it.

Sus. Never heed the picture now. The ape has broken the cage to get at the curds and rice, and let the *sáriká* fly: let us endeavour to recover her, or she will repeat what has passed between us.

(*Behind.*) Astonishing, astonishing!

Ság. Hey, Susaṁgatá, is that the ape coming?

Sus. No, coward; it is the worthy Vasantaka, our royal master's friend. Let us hence, the *sáriká* is far away.

Ság. I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

* Perhaps a pun is here intended, *kiráta* a mountaineer being derived from the roots, *kṛí* to scatter, and *at* to go, that is, they scattered or ran away: or the joke lies in their stooping low, they being of low caste. The monkey's escape from the stable is another instance of the practice alluded to in the Persian and Hindustani Proverb: "The misfortune of the stable be upon the monkey's head—*Bilai tahila ba ser i maimun.*"

Enter VASANTAKA.

Very strange, indeed! most marvellous! the power of S'rí-khanda-Dása is most surprising, by whose simple will the jasmine has been covered with countless buds, as if smiling disdainfully upon the queen's favourite *mádhaví.* I will go and tell my friend what has happened. Ah! yonder he comes, looking quite confident of his hopes, and as pleased as if he looked upon the jasmine blossoming in his presence. His eye sparkles with pleasure: I will join him. [*Exit.*

ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

Enter VATSA.

I shall make the queen turn pale with anger. She will look upon the creeper like a rival beauty, as the delicate shrub displays the brilliance of its nascent buds, and swells, as gently inflated with the zephyr's sighs.

Vas. (*Approaches.*) Victory to your Majesty!—fortune is propitious.

Vatsa. I doubt it not, my friend; for inconceivable is the virtue of drugs, and charms, and gems. Lead the way, and let these eyes this day obtain by the sight the fruit of their formation.

Vas. This way.

Vatsa. Precede.

Vas. (*Advances and stops to listen: he turns back in alarm.*) Fly, fly, sir!

Vatsa. Why?

Vas. There is a goblin in yonder *bakula* tree!

Vatsa. Away, simpleton, go on, and fear not! how should any such being have power at this season to harm?

Vas. He speaks quite distinctly—if you disbelieve me, advance and listen.

Vatsa. (*Advances.*) I hear a distinct voice, and a sweet one, too, like that of a woman: from its small and sharp tone it must be a starling. (*Looking up.*) Ah! there she sits.

Vas. A starling?

Vatsa. (*Laughing.*) A starling, look there!

Vas. And so, my good friend, your fears made you fancy a starling to be a goblin.

Vatsa. Out on you, blockhead! would you accuse me of what you have done yourself?

Vas. Well, now do not you interfere. (*Holds up his staff.*) You impertinent bird, have you no more respect for a Bráhman? Stop a moment, and with this crooked staff I will bring you down from the tree like a ripe wood apple.

Vatsa. Forbear, forbear! how prettily she talks!

Vas. Yes; now I listen again: she says, give this Bráhman something to eat.

Vatsa. Something to eat is ever the burthen of the glutton's song. Come, say truly, what does she utter?

Vas. (*Listening and repeating.*) "Who is this you have delineated? Do not be offended without cause; I have given your *Kámadeva* my *Rati.*" Hey, sir! what should this mean?

Vatsa. Oh, I suppose some female has been drawing her lover's portrait, and passing it off on her companion as the picture of the god of love: her friend has found her out, and ingeniously exposed her evasion, by delineating her in the character of *Káma's* bride.

Vas. Very likely.

Vatsa. Be still; she speaks again. (*They listen.*)

Vas. (*Repeating.*) "Why should you be ashamed? attachment to exalted worth becomes your native excellence."

Vatsa. Likely, likely!

Vas. Nay, do not you presume upon your scholarship; I will expound all she says, when she has finished. The lady that is pictured is very handsome.

Vatsa. We shall have leisure to satisfy our curiosity; let us now listen.

Vas. Very well; do you hear what she says? "Take away these lotus leaves and fibres—it is in vain you strive to offer me relief."

Vatsa. I hear and understand.

Vas. How the jade chatters to-day! but I will explain all I hear.

Vatsa. Very likely; but now listen.

Vas. Hey!—I declare she speaks in measure, like a Bráhman skilled in the four *Vedas.*

Vatsa. What said she? I did not hear.

Vas. "I have fixed my heart where I dare not raise my hopes;—I am overcome with shame and despair, and death is my only refuge."

Vatsa. With the exception of yourself, my worthy friend, what learned Bráhman would call this speaking in measure?

Vas. Why, what is it?

*Vatsa.** Prose.

Vas. Prose! Oh, very well! and what does it mean?

Vatsa. Some young female may be supposed to have spoken the sentence, indifferent to life, because uncertain of her affection being returned.

Vas. (*Laughing loudly.*) You may as well drop these evasive interpretations; why not say at once, "The damsel doubts my returning her passion?" Who but yourself could have been delineated as the god of the flowery bow? (*Claps his hands and laughs.*)

Vatsa. Peace, simpleton! your obstreperous mirth has frightened the bird away; see! there she flies.

Vas. She has perched on the plantain bower: let us follow her.

Vatsa. Oppressed by the shafts of *Káma,* the delicate maid entrusts her companions with the sorrows of her breast: the tattling parrot or imitative starling repeats her words, and they find an hospitable welcome in the ears of the fortunate.

[*Exeunt.*

* Vasantaka says, "It is a *rich* that the bird has repeated," or a verse peculiar to the *Vedas:* the *Rájá* says, "No, it is a *gáthá,*" which is correct, the verse consisting of four lines of 12—15—12—15 mátrás or short vowels.

The Plantain Bower.

Enter VATSA *and* VASANTAKA.

Vas. Here is the bower; let us enter: but what has become of the starling? No matter; let us rest on this bench, where the breeze breathes cool and soft amidst the waving leaves of these *bananas*.

Vatsa. As you please. (*They sit.*)

Vas. What is yonder? It looks like the cage of the starling—broken to pieces most probably by the monkey.

Vatsa. See what it is.

Vas. I will. (*Looking about.*) What's here?—a picture? (*Takes it up.*) Ha, ha! my friend, you are in luck.

Vatsa. What is that?

Vas. Just what I said: here is your likeness. Who but yourself could have been delineated as the god of the flowery bow?

Vatsa. Give it me.

Vas. Stop a little. What! is such a jewel of a girl as is here pictured to be seen for nothing?

Vatsa. Take this. (*Gives him a golden bracelet, and Vasantaka delivers the picture.*) Ha! behold, my friend; what lovely swan is this that wings her flight to *Mánasa*, in whose sports the lotus trembles, who declares such auspicious fortune shall befall us, and whose face might be taken for the full moon by *Brahmá*, when he first emerged from his lotus throne? (*Looking at the picture.*)

Enter SUSAṀGATÁ *and* SÁGARIKÁ.

Sus. It is hopeless to follow the bird; let us get the drawing again, therefore, and go in.

Ság. By all means.

Vas. (*To the king.*) Well, my friend, who is this damsel, think you, that seems to bend her head so humbly?

Sus. Hark! I hear Vasanta talking—I suspect to the king. Let us conceal ourselves amongst the plants and hear what they are talking of. (*They hide behind the plantain trees.*)

Vatsa. Brahmá, when he first emerged from his lotus throne, had taken such a face for the unrivalled orb of the moon.

Sus. (*To Ságariká.*) You are in luck, girl; your lover is dwelling upon your praises.

Ság. How can you make so light of me as to treat me as matter for your mirth?

Vas. Why should she hang down her head in this manner?

Vatsa. Has not the starling told us all?

Sus. There! I told you so; that bird has repeated our conversation.

Ság. (*To herself.*) What will he reply? I hang between life and death!

Vas. Well; and does she please your eyes?

Vatsa. Please my eyes, say you? My sight insatiate rests upon her graceful limbs and slender waist: reluctantly it rises to her budding bosom, and thence ascending, fixes on those soft expressive orbs, where tremulously hangs the crystal tear.

Sus. Did you hear?

Ság. Did you hear? he praises the artist's skill!

Vas. Well, sir, and what dulness must there be in you, not to perceive that in this, the object of the damsel's affection, your resemblance is exhibited?

Vatsa. I cannot deny that she has flatteringly delineated my likeness, nor doubt her sentiments,—for observe the traces of the tear that has fallen upon her work, like the moist dew that starts from every pore of my frame.

Ság. (*To herself.*) Heart, be of good cheer! your passion is directed to a corresponding object.

Sus. My friend, you are fortunate; we must treat you now with the deference due to her whom our master loves.

Vas. (*Looking round.*) Here are other traces of her passion: the lotus leaves she has applied to her heart whilst revealing her affection to her friend.

Vatsa. You have guessed well. Where it has been in contact with her form the leaf has faded, but is still green where

the contour of her well-proportioned shape has interposed an interval between the verdure and her person. The central freshness of the lotus leaf that has reposed upon her bosom reveals not the fervour of her love, but these two pallid circles on either side betray the violence of her affection.

Vas. (*Picking up the fibre.*) Here is another vestige—it has bound the lotus leaf upon her bosom.

Vatsa. (*Applying it to his heart.*) It still dispenses its cooling freshness. Say, fibre, art thou withered, because thou art no longer cherished between those palpitating orbs, whose friendly contiguity scarce leaves room for the lodgment of a silken thread, much less for thee.

Sus. (*Apart.*) His Grace must be violently affected to talk thus incoherently. It will not become me to leave him to these fancies. (*To Ságariká.*) Well, my friend, what you came for is before you.

Ság. Why, what did I come for, pray?

Sus. The picture, what else? there it is—take it.

Ság. (*Angrily.*) As I don't understand what you say, I shall leave you. (*Going.*)

Sus. How now, impatient! stop a moment, and I will recover the drawing before we leave this place.

Ság. Do so.

(*Susaṁgatá comes forward, so as to be seen by Vasantaka.*)

Vas. Hide the picture, here, in this plantain leaf—here comes one of the queen's damsels. (*Vatsa covers it with his mantle.*)

Sus. (*Advancing.*) Glory to the king!

Vatsa. Welcome, Susaṁgatá; sit down. How knew you that I was here?

Sus. That is not all my knowledge; I am acquainted with the secret of the picture, and some other matters, of which I shall apprise her Majesty. (*Going.*)

Vas. (*Apart to Vatsa.*) It is all blown—she is a great tattler—better bribe her to be silent.

Vatsa. Stay, Susaṁgatá; accept these ornaments. (*Takes*

off his bracelet, &c.) This is but a matter of sport, not to be mentioned to the queen.

Sus. Your Grace is bountiful; you need not fear me. I was but in jest, and do not want these jewels. The truth is, my dear friend, Ságariká, is very angry with me for drawing her picture, and I shall be much obliged to your Majesty to intercede for me and appease her resentment.

Vatsa. (*Springing up.*) Where is she? Lead me to her.

Vas. Give me the picture—I will take care of it; it may again be wanted.

Sus. This way. (*They advance.*)

Ság. He is here—I tremble at his sight. I can neither stand nor move—what shall I do?

Vas. (*Seeing her.*) A most surprising damsel, truly; such another is not to be found in this world. I am confident that when she was created, *Brahmá* was astonished at his own performance.

Vatsa. Such are my impressions. The four mouths of *Brahmá* must at once have exclaimed in concert, bravo, bravo! when the deity beheld these eyes more beauteous than the leaves of his own lotus; and his heads must have shaken with wonder, as he contemplated loveliness, the ornament of all the world.*

Ság. (*To Susaṁgatá.*) This is the picture you have brought. (*Going.*)

Vatsa. You turn your eyes upon your friend in anger, lovely maid; yet such is their native tenderness they cannot assume a harsh expression. Look thus, but do not leave us, for your departure hence will alone give me pain.

Sus. She is very angry, sir, I assure you; take her hand and pacify her.

* *Ventidius to Antony:*

"You———
Were sure the chief, and best of human race.
So perfect that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cried, a lucky hit
Has mended our design." —"ALL FOR LOVE."

Vatsa. You advise me well. (*Takes Ságariká by the hand.*)

Vas. I congratulate you, sir; you enjoy unprecedented fortune.

Vatsa. You say rightly—she is the very deity *Lakshmí* herself: her hand is the new shoot of the *párijáta* tree, else whence distil these dew drops of ambrosia?

Sus. It is not possible, my dear friend, you can remain inexorable whilst honoured thus with his Grace's hand.

Ság. (*Frowning.*) Will you not forbear, Susaṁgatá?

Vatsa. Nay, you must not be angry with your friend.

Vas. Why, like a hungry Bráhman, should you thus be out of humour, lady?

Sus. Very well, my friend, I will say no more.

Vatsa. This is not right, resentful girl, to be so unforgiving to your intimate companions.

Vas. Hey! here again is Madam Vásavadattá.

(*The Rájá lets go Ságariká's hand in alarm.*)

Ság. (*To Sus.*) What shall I do?

Sus. We can escape unperceived behind this *tamála* tree. (*They go off hastily.*)

Vatsa. (*Looking round.*) Why, my friend, where is the queen, where is Vásavadattá?

Vas. I do not know. I said, here again is Madam Vásavadattá; I meant in testiness of temper.

Vatsa. Out on thee! thou hast rudely snapped the string of splendid gems, that fate and acknowledged love had hung around my neck. [*They retire.*

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ, *the queen, and* KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ, *an attendant.*

Vásava. Well, girl, how far from hence is my lord's favourite jasmine tree?

Kánch. It is but a little way farther: we shall see it after passing this plantain bower.

Vásava. Let us hasten.

Kánch. I think I see his Majesty. Yes, there he is; will it please you join him?

Vásava. (*Approaching Vatsa.*) Glory to my lord!

Vatsa. (*To Vasantaka.*) Hide the picture—quick.

(*Vasantaka takes it and holds it under his arm.*)

Vásava. Has the jasmine budded yet, my lord?

Vatsa. I have been waiting your arrival, and have not yet seen it; we will now visit it together.

Vásava. Oh no—I see by your countenance that it has flowered; that is sufficient, I will go no further.

Vas. Then your Grace acknowledges we have conquered! Huzza! (*Waves his hand and dances; the picture falls; the Rájá observes it, looks at him angrily, and points to the picture.*)

Vas. (*Apart to Vatsa.*) Be calm; I will manage it.

Kánch. (*Picking up the picture and shewing it to the queen.*) See, madam, whose portrait is this?

Vásava. (*Looking at it and apart.*) This is my lord; and is not this Ságariká? (*Aloud to Vatsa.*) Pray what is this, my lord?

Vatsa. (*To Vasanta.*) What shall I say?

Vas. (*To Vatsa.*) Fear not, leave it to me. (*Aloud to Vásavadattá.*) I was observing, madam, that it would be very difficult to hit my friend's likeness, on which his Majesty was pleased to give me this specimen of his skill.

Vatsa. It is as Vasantaka tells you.

Vásava. And this female standing near you—I suppose this is a specimen of Vasantaka's skill?

Vatsa. What should you suspect? That is a mere fancy portrait, the original was never seen before.

Vas. I'll swear to this, by my Brahmánical cord, that the original was never before seen by either of us.

Kánch. (*To the queen, apart.*) Why should he speak evasively, madam? There is no need to be angry.

Vásava. (*To her.*) My honest girl, you do not understand his prevarications. I know Vasantaka. (*Aloud.*) My lord, excuse me. Looking at this picture has given me a slight headache. I leave you to your amusements. (*Going.*)

Vatsa. What can I say to you, dearest? I really am at a loss! If I ask you to forgive me, that is unnecessary, if you are not offended; and how can I promise to do so no more, when I have committed no fault—although you will not believe my assertions.

Vásava. (*Detaching herself gently and with politeness.*) You mistake, my lord; I assure you my head aches; on that account I take my leave.

[*Exit with Kánchanamálá.*

Vas. Your Majesty has had a lucky escape. The queen's anger has dispersed like summer clouds.

Vatsa. Away, blockhead, we have no occasion to rejoice: could you not discover the queen's anger through her unsuccessful attempts to disguise it? Her face was clouded with a passing frown. As she hung down her head, she looked on me with an affected smile. She gave utterance to no angry words, 'tis true, and the swelling eye glowed not with rage—but a starting tear was with difficulty repressed; and although she treated me with politeness, struggling indignation lurked in every gesture. We must follow, and endeavour to pacify her. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter MADANIKÁ, *one of the queen's Attendants.*

Ho! Kauśámbiká! tell me if Kánchanamálá is with the queen? (*Listening.*) What say you? she came in some time since and went out again! where can she be? Oh, she comes.

Enter KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Kánch. Bravo, Vasantaka, bravo! you are a deeper politician than the prime minister himself.

Mad. How now, fellow Kánchanamálá, what has Vasantaka done to merit your praises?

Kánch. What occasion is there for your asking? you are not able to keep the secret!

Mad. I swear by the feet of the queen, I will not mention it to anybody.

Kánch. On that condition you shall hear. As I was passing from the palace to-day, I overheard Vasantaka and Susaṁgatá in conversation behind the door of the picture gallery.*

Mad. What is the subject?

Kánch. Vasantaka said, Ságariká alone is the cause of my friend's indisposition; do you, Susaṁgatá, devise a remedy.

Mad. And what replied she?

Kánch. She said, the queen having discovered what was going forward by finding the picture, but not suspecting me, has placed Ságariká under my charge—giving me, to insure

* *Chittasáliá*, or *chitraśálá*. So in the *Viddhaśálabhanjiká*, a chamber of this kind occurs hung with portraits of the women of the interior of the palace.

my vigilance, some of her own clothes and ornaments. With these I will equip Ságariká as the queen, and myself as Kánchanamálá, and thus disguised will meet his Majesty at the *mádhava* bower about sunset: do you come to this place and conduct us thither.

Mad. Very well plotted, Susaṁgatá; but you are mistaken, if you think to deceive a mistress so kind to her attendants.

Kánch. And where are you going?

Mad. I was coming to look for you. You were so long in bringing us an answer about his Majesty's illness, that the queen was very anxious, and sent me to see what had become of you.

Kánch. Her Majesty is too simple, to be so easily deceived. But the king, whose only illness is love, is sitting in the pavilion over the ivory gate. Come along, let us carry this news to the queen. [*Exeunt.*

THE PAVILION.

VATSA *discovered.*

Vatsa. Endure, my heart, the fever love has kindled, and which the maid I sigh for can alone allay. Why reproach me with my folly for seeking to subdue thy fervours with the cooling sandal, instead of that lovely hand which was awhile in my grasp! The mind from its natural unsteadiness should be a difficult mark to hit; how happens it that the archer-god has lodged all his shafts in mine. Deity of the flowery bow, innumerable are those who may be struck with thy five arrows, and such as I am are notoriously thy aim. But in this is the usual state of things reversed, that I, singly, am pierced with thy countless darts, and am about to perish. Yet I suffer less on my own account than for poor Ságariká. She shrinks from every gaze, suspecting that her secret is discovered. If she observe two of her companions in conversation, she fancies herself the subject; and if they laugh, she thinks she is the object of their mirth. Alas, my love! thy uneasiness excites my compassion, and I share the dread thou sufferest from the

glances of the queen, as they bend on thee with ill dissembled indignation.—How long Vasantaka delays! I have sent him to obtain some tidings of the maiden.

Enter VASANTAKA.

Vas. (*To himself.*) Ha, ha! my friend, you will be better pleased to-day than when you ascended the throne of Kauśámbí, when you hear the agreeable news I bring you. Oh, there he is: he seems expecting me. Joy, joy, my friend; fortune is propitious, and promises to accomplish your desire.

Vatsa. How is Ságariká?

Vas. In a little time you may judge for yourself.

Vatsa. What, may I hope to see her soon?

Vas. Why not? Am not I your counsellor—I who laugh at the wisdom of *Vrihaspati?*

Vatsa. Admitted—there is nothing you cannot manage; but come, tell me, I long to hear the particulars.

Vas. (*Whispers in his ear.**) There, you have the whole.

Vatsa. This merits reward. (*Gives him a bracelet.*)

Vas. (*Takes it and puts it on.*) Very becoming; a golden bracelet suits my arm. I will go and shew it to my wife. (*Going.*)

Vatsa. Stop, my friend, stop, another time will serve your purpose. How much of the day remains?

Vas. (*Looking.*) See my friend, the lord of a thousand rays approaches the bowers of the western mountain.

Vatsa. True, the lord of the one-wheeled car having performed the circuit of the world, now purposes to suspend his labours till the morrow's dawn, and halting on the mountain's brow, he calls in his scattered rays, whose golden lines converging round his chariot, look like the radiant spokes that shoot to their centre from the wide circumference of the spheres. As with assembled beams he rests upon the summit of the

* A clumsy mode of avoiding the repetition of the plot. We have had it in other pieces, as the *Mrichchhakati* and *Mudrá-Rákshasa.*

western hill, the lord of day thus breathes his farewell to the lotus: "Adieu, my beloved, my hour is come and I must depart: sleep dwell upon thy lids, till I again disturb thy slumbers." Let us therefore away to the *mádhaví* bower, and be punctual to the time appointed by my fair.

Vas. I attend you. The interval that separates the trees of the grove is lost, and they seem to form one close compacted mass. A dusky hue, like that of the hide of the buffalo or wild boar besmeared with mire, extends over the garden, and thick glooms spreading above the east, obscure the horizon.

Vatsa. True: first gathering in the east, the deepening gloom successively obscures the other regions of the sky: becoming intenser as it proceeds, it steals the hue of *Śiva's* neck, and mountains, trees, and towns, the heavens and the earth, are hidden from our sight. Let us to the garden.

[*Exeunt.*

THE GARDEN.

Enter VATSA *and* VASANTAKA.

Vas. This clump of trees should be the *makaranda* grove, but I am not quite certain: how shall we find the way?

Vatsa. Go on, we are right, I know the path. The *champaka* trees are here, I smell their fragrance; and now the *sindhuváras*; we now pass the cluster of *bakulas*, and here are the *pátala* trees: their various odour indicates their situation, and would enable us to track the walk were they concealed by twice the present gloom.

Vas. Ha! here we are, this is the *mádhaví* bower. I know it by the perfume of the buds so tempting to the bees, and the smoothness of the emerald pavement. Do you remain here whilst I go for Ságariká; I shall soon be back.

Vatsa. Do not be long.

Vas. Do not be impatient, my friend. I am back already.*

[*Exit.*

* A form of speech still in use in reply to the commands of a superior: a servant, on being directed to do anything, commonly answering, "It is done."

Vatsa. I wait you on this emerald seat. Who will take part with the inconstant swain, that abandons his old love for a new? The timid damsel that comes to her first assignation, casts but a sidelong glance upon her beloved, and though she shrink not from his embrace, averts her countenance from his gaze. "Let me go," she murmurs repeatedly; "I will leave you!" but still submits to the gentle violence that prevents her departure. What heightened charms does a stolen interview bestow upon the amorous maid! How long Vasantaka delays! Surely Vásavadattá has not heard of our design. [*Retires.*

A CHAMBER.

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ *and* KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Vásava. Can it be possible, wench, that Ságariká has promised to meet my lord disguised in my attire?

Kánch. I have told your Majesty; but if we find Vasantaka at the door of the picture gallery, your doubts, I hope, will be removed.

Vásava. Let us thither. [*Exeunt.*

CHAMBER LEADING TO THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Enter VASANTAKA, *disguised.*

Vas. I thought I heard the tread of feet; Ságariká approaches. [*Retires.*

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ *and* KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Kánch. This the place, madam. Now to see if Vasantaka is here. (*Snaps her fingers.*)

Vas. (*Approaching.*) Ha, Susaṁgatá! well done: I declare I should have taken you for Kánchanamálá. Where is Ságariká?

Kánch. (*Pointing to Vásavadattá.*) There.

Vas. Why, this is the very queen herself.

Vásava. (*Alarmed and apart.*) How! am I recognised?

Vas. Come, Ságariká, this way.

Kánch. (*To the queen.*) All's safe, madam. (*Pointing to

Vasantaka.) Ah! rogue, you will have cause to remember your words.

Vas. Haste, haste, Ságariká! the deer-marked deity rises in the east. [*Exeunt.*

A GROVE.*—VATSA *discovered.*

Why is my heart so agitated when I expect an interview with my fair? or is it that the flame of love burns fiercest as it approaches its gratification, as the days are hottest when the rains are about to descend?

Enter VASANTAKA, VÁSAVADATTÁ, *and* KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Vas. (*To Vásava.*) Lady Ságariká, I hear my friend muttering to himself his anxiety for your appearance; I will announce your arrival. (*Vásavadattá nods assent.*) Fortune is propitious to your Majesty; Ságariká is here!

Vatsa. (*Approaching her.*) My beloved Ságariká, thy countenance is radiant as the moon, thy eyes are two lotus buds, thy hand is the full blown flower, and thy arms its graceful filaments. Come thou, whose whole form is the shrine of ecstasy, come to my arms, and allay the feverish pangs inflicted by the shapeless god.

Vásava. (*Weeping, apart to Kánch.*) Ah, girl! my lord now speaks his honest self—how soon will his tone be changed. Is not this incomprehensible?

Kánch. It is so, indeed, madam; there is nothing so bad, that it may not be expected from these abominable men.

Vas. Come, Ságariká, take courage; speak to his Majesty. We have had the harsh tones of the angry queen Vásavadattá grating in our ears to-day; let them be now regaled with the melody of your sweet voice.

Vásava. (*To Kánch. apart.*) Hey, girl! am I accustomed to speak harshly? The worthy Vasantaka is very complimentary.

Kánch. He will have cause to recollect this.

* As the parties in this scene are occasionally for short intervals invisible to each other, we must suppose the trees so arranged as to intercept the sight of them.

Vas. See, my friend, the moon is up, and casts on everything his rays as pallid as the maiden's cheek that whitens with resentment.

Vatsa. See, love, the lord of night now stands upon the mountain's crest, and throws his scattered rays around to emulate the radiance of thy cheek. But idle is his coming; does not thy countenance shame the beauty of the lotus? do not thine eyes diffuse dearer delight? What aid can he bring to the influence of the fish-bannered god, which is not wrought by a single glance of thine? Why should the moon show himself whilst thy resplendent charms are visible? And if he rises, proud of his store of nectar, does he not know thy lips may boast too of ambrosia?

Vásava. (*Throwing off her veil.*) Believe me still Ságariká, my good lord; your heart is so fascinated by her, you fancy you behold Ságariká in everything.

Vatsa. (*Apart.*) How! the queen Vásavadattá! What is this?

Vas. My life is in jeopardy—that is—what it is.

Vatsa. (*To the queen.*) Forgive me, dearest.

Vásava. Address not this to me, my lord—the epithet is another's property.

Vas. (*Apart.*) What is to be done? (*Aloud.*) Nay, madam! you are of too generous a spirit not to forgive this first offence of my dear friend.

Vásava. Worthy Vasantaka, the offence is mine, who have presumed to interrupt this intended interview.

Vatsa. It is of no use to deny it. But hear me: I bow me to thy feet, and mark my forehead with their vermil dye, in hope to transfer thither the hue with which anger discolours thy moon-like countenance. (*Falls at her feet.*)

Vásava. Rise, my lord, rise! that wife must be unreasonable indeed, who, with such evidence of her lord's affection, can presume to be offended. Be happy, I take my leave. (*Going.*)

Vas. Nay, madam, be merciful; I am sure, if you quit his Majesty in this posture, you will hereafter repent it.

Vásava. Away, fool! I know no reason for mercy nor repentance. [*Exit with Kánchanamálá.*

Vas. Your Majesty may get up, the queen is gone. What is the use of weeping in a wood?

Vatsa. What, gone, without relenting!

Vas. Not so either, for our limbs are whole.

Vatsa. Out, simpleton! do you make a jest of this? you, by whose blundering this untoward accident has happened! The genuine regard, our long and tender union has inspired, will now appear pretended, and the impression of my inconstancy may render her unable to endure existence. No pang is so intolerable as that of unrequited affection.

Vas. The queen is angry, that is a clear case; as to what she will do, that is by no means certain. In the meantime, is Ságariká alive or not?

Vatsa. I was thinking of her. [*They retire.*

Enter SÁGARIKÁ (*behind*), *dressed as the queen.*

Ság. I have luckily got clear of the music hall, and have come so far in this disguise without being observed. But, alas! what shall I do now?

Vas. Why thus lost in thought, something must be devised.

Vatsa. But what?

Ság. (*Behind.*) 'Twere better far, that I should put an end at once to my sufferings and my life: the queen will then know nothing of my purpose, and Susamgatá and I shall both escape disgrace. This tree will do.

Vatsa. I see nothing left for it but to appease the queen. Come, let us go in.

Vas. Stop, I heard steps! perhaps she has thought better, and returns.

Vatsa. She is a woman of a generous spirit—it may be so. Quick, ascertain!

Ság. With the fibres of the *mádhaví* I will suspend myself to this bough. Alas! my dear friends, far, far away, alone

and unfriended, I thus terminate my miserable existence. (*Fastening the noose around her neck.*)

Vas. Who is there?—Ha, the queen! Hey why, what! haste, haste, my friend, or Vásavadattá will destroy herself.

Vatsa. (*Advancing hastily.*) Where, where is she?

Vas. behold!

Vatsa. (*Rushing to her and tearing off the tendril.*) Intemperate woman! what horrid act is this? My own life trembles in my throat: existence is not yours to abandon! forego such desperate thought.

Ság. (*Apart.*) My lord! His presence inspires the love of life; at least my last wish is accomplished, and having seen him, I shall die content. (*Aloud.*) Let me go, sir, you forget my dependent station; I may not find again an opportunity to end this hated being. Beware how you displease the queen.

Vatsa. Can it be, my own Ságariká! No more of this despair; away with these fatal bands, and to arrest my fleeting life, twine round my neck the noose of these dear arms. (*Embraces her.*) My friend, it rains without a cloud.

Vas. Very true, if the queen does not return like a sudden squall, and spoil our fine weather.

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ *and* KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Vásava. I treated my lord too disrespectfully, girl, as he condescended to cast himself at my feet; I must therefore see him again, and behave to him with more temper.

Kánch. Who would think in this way but your Grace? However, better the king fail in decorum than your Majesty, so let us seek him.

Vatsa. Say, fair maid, may not our affection hope to be returned?

Kánch. I hear his Majesty's voice; he is probably seeking for you in hopes to pacify your anger.

Vásava. Let us approach gently from behind; I will cast my arms round his neck, and tell him I forgive him.

Vas. Take courage, Ságariká, make my friend a reply.

Vásava. (*Apart.*) Ságariká here! Keep back, let us listen; I will presently be of the party.

Ság. Why, sir, will you thus pretend regard you do not feel, and wantonly risk the displeasure of the queen, who, I know, is dearer to you than your life.

Vatsa. You utter what is not quite true, my love. When her bosom swells with sighs I express concern; when she is sullen I soothe her; when her brows are bent, and her face is distorted with anger, I fall prostrate at her feet. These marks of respect are due to the queen's exalted station; but the regard that springs from vehement affection, that is yours alone.

Vásava. (*Coming forward.*) I believe you, my lord, I believe you.

Vatsa. How now, madam, is it you? Why, then, you need not be offended. Cannot you perceive that I have been attracted hither, and misled by the resemblance of your dress and person? Be composed, I beg you. (*Falls at her feet.*)

Vásava. Rise, rise! let not my exalted station put you to such unnecessary inconvenience.

Vatsa. (*Aside.*) She has overheard me—there is no chance then of appeasing her.

Vas. It is very true, madam. I assure you, that deceived by the belief that you were attempting to destroy yourself, I brought my friend to this spot, to preserve, as I thought, your life. If you doubt me see this noose. (*Takes up the noose.*)

Vásava. Kánchanamálá, girl, take the twisted tendril and secure that Bráhman, and make this hussy go on before us.

Kánch. As you command. (*Puts the noose over Vasantaka's neck, and beats him with the other end of it.*) Now, sir, see what is the consequence of your ingenuity. You have had the queen's harsh voice grating in your ears, have you? do you recollect this? Come, Ságariká, do you go on before.

Ság. Why did I not perish when I sought to die!

Vas. Think of me, my dear friend, who am thus carried off an unfortunate captive by the queen.

[*Exeunt all but* VATSA.

What an unlucky business this is! What is to be done? How shall I dissipate the rage that clouds the smiling countenance of the queen! how rescue Ságariká from the dread of her resentment, or liberate my friend Vasantaka? I am quite bewildered with these events, and can no longer command my ideas.—At any rate, it is useless to stay here: I will in, and endeavour to pacify Vásavadattá. [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

A CHAMBER.

Enter SUSAṀGATÁ *with a diamond necklace in her hand.*

Alas, alas! my dear friend Ságariká, my timid, my tender, my generous friend! whither, lovely maiden, are you gone? Shall I not again behold you? Pitiless destiny, why shouldst thou have endowed her with such unrivalled charms, to consign her to so hapless a fate! Despairing of her life, she has begged me to give this necklace to some Bráhman. Whom shall I present it to? Eh, here comes Vasantaka, I will give it to him.

Enter VASANTAKA.

Vas. So, I am well out of that scrape. Appeased by my excellent friend's intercession, her Majesty has not only restored me to freedom, but has regaled me with cakes from her own fair hands, and presented me with a dress and these earrings. Now then to seek the king.

Sus. (*Advances.*) Worthy Vasantaka, one moment.

Vas. Hey, Susaṁgatá, what's the matter? why do you weep? no bad news, I hope, of Ságariká?

Sus. It is of her I wished to speak. It is said that the queen ordered her off to Ujjayin, and she was taken away at midnight; but whither she is gone I know not.

Vas. Alas, poor Ságariká, a damsel of such unequalled charms, and of such a gentle disposition! I much fear the violence of the queen.

Sus. She herself despaired of life, poor girl, and left with me this diamond necklace, to be presented to the worthy Vasantaka. Pray you, accept it.

Vas. (*Covering his ears.*) Excuse me, I could not stretch out my hand to take so sad a memorial. (*Weeps.*)

Sus. For her sake, let me entreat you.

Vas. I tell you what: I will take it to the king. It will relieve the sorrow into which the loss of Ságariká has plunged him. (*Susaṁgatá gives it to him; he looks at it attentively.*) Why, where could she have procured such a valuable necklace?

Sus. That excited my curiosity, and I asked her.

Vas. And what replied she?

Sus. She looked me in the face, and sighed, and said, Ah, Susaṁgatá, it is now of no avail to tell my sad story,—and then burst into tears.

Vas. Although she has not confessed it, yet such an ornament is a proof that she belongs to some distinguished family. —Where is the king?

Sus. He went from the queen's apartments to the crystal alcove. Do you go to him—I must to her Majesty.

[*Exeunt severally.*

THE CRYSTAL ALCOVE.

VATSA *discovered seated.*

Deceitful vows, tender speeches, plausible excuses, and prostrate supplications, had less effect upon the queen's anger than her own tears; like water upon fire, they quenched the blaze of her indignation. I am now only anxious for Ságariká. Her form, as delicate as the petal of the lotus, dissolving in the breath of inexperienced passion, has found a passage through the channels by which love penetrates, and is lodged deep in my heart. The friend to whom I could confide my secret sorrows is the prisoner of the queen; in whose presence can I now give vent to my tears?

Enter VASANTAKA.

Vas. Yonder is my friend, emaciate with care, but graceful still, radiant as the newly-risen moon. Health to your Grace!

fortune favours you. I have got out of her Majesty's clutches, and these eyes have again the pleasure of beholding you.

Vatsa. My friend Vasantaka, embrace me. (*Embraces him.*) Your dress declares you restored to the good graces of the queen. Tell me, what news of Ságariká? (*Vasantaka hangs down his head.*) I pray you speak.

Vas. I cannot utter such unpleasant tidings.

Vatsa. What tidings, speak? Alas, it is too plain, she is no more! Ságariká! (*Faints.*)

Vas. (*Alarmed.*) My friend, revive—revive!

Vatsa. (*Recovering.*) Leave me, existence—I willingly resign you—haste, or you will be forcibly expelled. Already is that graceful maid far off.

Vas. You are alarmed unnecessarily. I was about to tell you, the queen has sent her to Ougein:—this I called unpleasant tidings.

Vatsa. To Ougein! Ah, cruel Vásavadattá. Who told you this?

Vas. Susaṁgatá;—and more, she gave me this necklace to bring to your Majesty. She knows why.

Vatsa. To alleviate my despair; what else. Give it me. (*Vasantaka gives him the necklace which he applies to his heart.*) This has once hung upon her neck, and is now far removed from her: it is a friend that shares a similar fortune with myself, and will speak comfort to my sorrows: wear it, my friend, that as it meets my gaze I may acquire fortitude.

Vas. As you command. (*Ties the necklace round his neck.*)

Vatsa. Alas, I shall never again behold my love.

Vas. Speak not so loud—some one approaches.

Enter VASUNDHARÁ, *a Female Attendant, with a Sword.**

Vasun. Glory to your Majesty!—So please you, the nephew

* The accounts of the early travellers in India speak of the female guard of the *haram*. According to *Manouchi*, that of Shah Jehan consisted of a hundred Tartar women, armed with a bow, a poignard, and a scimitar. The practice has been noticed in former plays, and seems to have been originally Hindu, if it was not universally Asiatic.

of Rumańwat, Vijayavarman, desirous of communicating to you some acceptable tidings, is at the door.

Vatsa. Let him enter.

VASUNDHARÁ *goes out, and returns with* VIJAYAVARMAN.

Vij. Glory to your Majesty! Your Majesty's fortune is propitious in the triumphs of Rumańwat.

Vatsa. Are the *Kośalas* subdued?

Vij. By your Majesty's auspices.

Vatsa. Rumańwat has well performed his task, and speedily achieved an arduous labour. Let me hear the circumstances of our triumph.

Vij. On receiving your Majesty's commands, the general of the state, Rumańwat, soon collected a mighty army of foot, and horse, and elephants,* and marching against the king of *Kośala*, surrounded him in a strong position in the *Vindhya* mountains.†

Vatsa. Proceed.

Vij. Impatient of the blockade, the *Kośala* monarch prepared his troops for an engagement.

Vas. Your slowness sets my heart in a flutter.

Vij. Issuing from the heights, the enemy's forces came down upon us in great numbers, and the points of the horizon were crowded with the array of mighty elephants, like another chain of mountains: they bore down our infantry beneath their ponderous masses: those who escaped the shock were transpierced by innumerable arrows, and the enemy flattered himself he had for once disappointed our commander's hopes.

* It is not unworthy of remark, as illustrative of the progress of military science, and the date of the drama, that chariots are not mentioned here.

† This would be a strange position for a king of *Kośala*, if that were confined to the Oude provinces, the *Vindhya* mountains running across western and central Hindustan, and passing to the Peninsula. But some time previous to the date of the drama the king of *Kośala's* authority extended into South Behar. The greater part, if not the whole of Oude was, at this time, when the play was written, subjugated by the princes of *Kanouj.*

Fire flashed from the blows of contending heroes, helmets and heads were cloven in twain—the broken armour and scattered weapons were carried away in torrents of blood, and the defiance of the king of *Kośala*, in the van of his army, was heard by our warriors; when—

Vatsa. How! was our force discomfited?

Vij. Our chief alone confronted him, and slew the monarch on his furious elephant with countless shafts.

Vas. Victory! victory! we have triumphed!

Vatsa. And honour to our gallant foe, the king of *Kośala;* for glorious is the warrior's death when his enemies applaud his prowess. What next?

Vij. Rumaṅwat then appointed my elder brother, Sanjayavarman, to govern the country of *Kośala*, and making slow marches in consequence of the number of his wounded, returned to the capital. He is now arrived.

Vatsa. Vasundhará, go apprise Yaugandharáyaṅa to distribute the treasures of my favour.

Vasundh. You are obeyed. [*Exit with Vijayavarman.*

Enter KÁNCHANAMÁLÁ.

Kán. Glory to your Grace! The queen sends you word, that Saṁvara-Siddhi, the magician, is arrived from Ougein: will your Majesty be pleased to see him?

Vatsa. By all means; I take much pleasure in this cunning —bring him hither. (*Kánchanamálá goes, and returns with the magician, Saṁvara-Siddhi, carrying a bunch of peacock's feathers in his hands.*) *

Kan. Here is the king.

Saṁ. (*Waving the feathers and laughing.*) Reverence to Indra, who lends our art his name,† and on whom *Saṁvara* and

* A bunch of peacock's feathers is still the implement of conjuring, and is carried by mendicants in India who pretend to skill in magic: it is especially borne about by *Jaina* vagrants.

† Conjuring is called *Aindrajálika*, from *Indra*, "the deity;" and *jála*, "a net."

*Vivara** attend! What are your Majesty's commands? would you see the moon brought down upon earth, a mountain in mid air, a fire in the ocean, or night at noon? I will produce them—command.

Vas. My good friend, be careful,—take heed what sort of a person this conjuror may be.

Saṁ. What need of many words? By the force of my master's spells I will place before your eyes the person whom in your heart you are most anxious to behold.†

Vatsa. Go, girl, to the queen, and tell her that as the magician is her servant, I do not wish to witness his performances alone, but will see them in her company.

Kánch. She is here.

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ.

Vásava. (*Apart to Kánchanamálá.*) Girl, this man is from Ougein: think you he is a friend to me?

Kánch. Fear not, madam, he is well disposed to your Grace's family.

Vásava. (*Advances.*) Victory to my lord!

Vatsa. Come, madam, the sage promises much: let us behold his cunning. (*Leads her to a seat, and sits beside her.*) Now, sir, display your power.

Saṁ. You shall be obeyed. (*Waves his plume.*) *Hari, Hara, Brahmá*, chiefs of the gods, and thou their mighty monarch, *Indra*, with the host of heavenly spirits, *Siddhas* and *Vidyádharas*,‡ appear rejoicing and dancing in heavens. (*The king and queen look up and rise from their seats.*)

* Some technicalities of conjuring perhaps personified, the terms mean literally, comprehension and disunion. *Saṁvara* is also the name of a *Daitya*, who was also an enchanter.

† We see by this and other illusions to the art of magic, that the pretensions of the necromancers of India were not inferior to those of their brethren of the west, nor of dissimilar purport.

‡ The persons, character, and offices of the different inferior races of divinities are very ill defined in the heavenly polity of the Hindus. The

Vatsa. Most wonderful!

Vas. Extraordinary indeed!

Vásava. Most strange!

Vas. See, love: that is *Brahmá* throned upon the lotus.—That, *Śaṁkara* with the crescent moon, his glittering crest—that, *Hari* the destroyer of the demon race, in whose four hands the bow, the sword, the mace, and the shell are borne.—There, mounted on his stately elephant, appears the king of *Swarga*; around them countless spirits dance merrily in mid-air, sporting with the lovely nymphs of heaven, whose anklets ring responsive to the measure.*

Vásava. It is very marvellous.

Vas. (*Apart.*) The son of a slave—this conjuror!—what do we want with gods and nymphs—if he would treat us with a pleasant sight: let him show us Ságariká.

Enter VASUNDHARÁ.

Vasundh. So please your Majesty the minister Yaugandharáyańa begs to inform you, that the king Vikramabáhu has sent you, along with your messenger who returns, the councillor Vasubhúti: be pleased to receive him, as the season is auspicious. Yaugandharáyańa will also wait upon you as soon as he is at leisure.

Vásava. Suspend this spectacle, my lord. Vasubhúti is a man of elevated rank: he is also of the family of my maternal

Siddhas and *Vidyádharas* are beings of an intermediate order between men and gods, tenanting the middle regions above the earth, and are usually described as attending upon *Indra*, although they have chiefs and kings of their own. The *Vidyádharas* have much intercourse with men, intermarrying with mortals, and often having earthly princes and heroes for their kings. The *Siddhas* are of a more retired cast, and are rarely the subject of fabulous or mythological legend. The printed copy has *Cháraṅas*, and *Suras*, in place of *Vidyádharas*, implying inferior demigods.

* This is something like the Masque in "The Tempest."

uncle, and should not be suffered to wait; let us first see him.

Vatsa. Learned sir, be pleased to repose awhile.

Saṁ. (*Waves the brush.*) I obey. (*Going.*) But we have yet some sights for your Majesty to hold.

Vatsa. We will see them.

Vásava. Make him a present, Kánchanamálá.

Kánch. I shall, madam. [*Exit with the Magician.*

Vatsa. (*To Vasantaka.*) Go and conduct Vasubhúti hither.

(*Retires with the queen; Vasantaka goes out, and returns with* VASUBHÚTI *and* BÁBHRAVYA.)

Vas. This way.

Vasu. The avenues of this palace do in truth present a splendid scene. The eye is bewildered amongst the stately steeds and mighty elephants of war; the ear is regaled with harmonious sounds, and the heart is gratified by mixing with the throng of attending princes. The state of the king of *Siṁhalá* is here effaced, and the magnificence of the entrance into every court betrays me into rustic admiration.

Bábh. The idea of seeing my master again after so long an absence, diverts my thoughts from every other object. Age and agitation together make my limbs tremble, my eyes are dimmed with involuntary tears, and I stutter and stumble in my speech.

Vas. (*In advance of them.*) Come on, sirs.

Vasu. (*Observing the necklace.*) Bábhravya, we should know that necklace: it was presented by the king to his daughter on her departure.

Bábh. It is very like—shall I ask Vasantaka where he got it?

Vasu. No, no; it is not very surprising that princely families should possess jewels of a similar appearance.

Vas. The king,—advance.

Vasu. Victory to your Majesty!

Vatsa. I pay you reverence.

Vasu. Prosperity ever attend your Highness!

Vatsa. A seat for the minister.

Vas. This is a seat. (*Spreads his upper garment* on the floor.*)

Bábh. Bábhravya pays his respects to your Majesty.

Vatsa. (*Puts his hand on his shoulder.*) Bábhravya, sit here.

Vas. Minister, the queen Vásavadattá.

Vásava. I salute your Excellency.

Vasu. May your Highness have a son like his father!

Bábh. Madam, Bábhravya bows to you.

Vatsa. Now, Vasubhúti, how is it with the sovereign of Simhalá?

Vasu. (*Sighs.*) I know not what reply to offer.

Vásava. (*Apart.*) Alas! what can he have to communicate?

Vatsa. What is the meaning of this concern?

Bábhr. (*Apart to Vasubhúti.*) It is useless to hesitate—say at once what must be said.

Vasu. It is with difficulty, Sir, that I can relate what has chanced, but thus it is. In consequence of the prophecy of the seer, that whoever should wed Ratnávalí, my master's daughter, should become the emperor of the world, your Majesty's minister, as you are aware, solicited her for your bride: unwilling, however, to be instrumental to the uneasiness of Vásavadattá, the king of Simhalá declined compliance with his suit.

Vatsa. (*Apart to Vásavadattá.*) What strange untruths are these, my love, your uncle's envoy relates.

* This seems rather inconsistent with royal magnificence: but we are to recollect the only seats used by Asiatics of rank, even in the present day, are carpets, or cloths and pillows spread on the ground, which is elsewhere uncovered. The Mogul Emperors used a sort of throne, but their courtiers sat on the ground. The Hindu Rájas, the Peshwa, and others, sat upon a cloth supporting themselves by pillows.

Vásava. I cannot pretend to judge, my lord, who is to be believed here.

Vas. (*To Vasubhúti.*) Well, and where is the princess now?

Vasu. My master, understanding at last that the queen was deceased,* consented to give his daughter to Vatsa. We were deputed to conduct her hither, when alas, our vessel was wrecked, and——(*weeps*).

Vásava. Alas, unhappy that I am! Loved sister Ratnávalí, where art thou, hear me and reply.

Vatsa. Be composed: the fate that causes, may remove, our sorrows. Have not these escaped? (*Pointing to Vasubhúti and Bábhravya.*)

Vásava. Oh, that it may prove so, but fate is no friend to me.

(*Behind.*) The inner apartments are on fire. The flames spread over the palace top a roof of gold; they wind around with clouds of smoke; they shed intolerable heat, and fill the female train with affright. Alas! the former false report, that at Lávańaka † the queen was burnt, will now become a pitiable truth.

Vatsa. (*Starting up wildly.*) Vásavadattá burnt to death! my queen, my love!

* That she was burnt: so in the *Vríhat-Kathá*, in which a similar story is told, except that the person is made Padmávatí, princess of Magadha. The queen Vásavadattá is there a party to the project of which Vatsa is kept in ignorance, his love for Vásavadattá not permitting him to think of a second bride whilst she lives. With Vásavadattá's concurrence, his ministers persuaded him that she had perished in the conflagration of the palace, purposely set on fire, whilst he was out on a hunting excursion, by which the objections of Padmávatí's father to his daughter holding the inferior rank of a second wife were removed, and Vatsa was prevailed upon, as a duty he owed to his people and family, to marry again. The author of the drama also intimates, that Vatsa was ignorant of his minister's projects, and evidently follows the *Vríhat-Kathá*, or a common authority.

† The place where the former palace was burnt. It must have been somewhere on the south bank of the Jumna, near its confluence with the Ganges.

Vásava. What extravagance is this—behold me at your side. But ah! help, help, my lord.

Vatsa. (*Embracing her.*) Be calm, my love.

Vásava. I think not of myself, but poor Ságariká. She is in bonds: my cruelty has kept her captive, and she will be lost without some aid—haste, haste, and save her!

Vatsa. Ságariká in peril! I fly to her rescue!

Vasu. What desperate purpose is this, Sir? the fatal folly of the moth.

Bábhr. Hear Vasubhúti, Sir.

Vas. (*Catching hold of his robe.*) Forbear! this is madness.

Vatsa. Let me go, fool! Ságariká will perish—think you I shall survive her?

Bábhr. What! shall the race of Bharata be imperilled for such trifling cause? But be that as it may, I will do my duty.

Vatsa. Stop, thou devouring flame! withhold thy veiling smoke, as high in air thy circling brilliancy revolves—behold! I come to share the destiny of Ságariká. The fire nears the prison of the maid—I shall the more quickly discover her.

[*Rushes off.*

Vásava. My inconsiderate speech has inflicted this anguish on my lord. I cannot bear his loss, and will follow.

Vas. Wait, Madam, I will lead the way.

[*Exit with the queen.*

Vasu. Vatsa has precipitated himself into the flames. After having witnessed the fate of the princess, what remains but that I also offer up my life. [*Exit.*

Bábhr. And must the race of Bharata thus causelessly perish?—But why do I delay—I will at least give proof of my fidelity. [*Exit.*

THE PALACE ON FIRE.

SÁGARIKÁ, *in chains, discovered.*

The blaze encompasses me on every side: thanks, lord of flame, thou puttest a period to my sorrows.

Enter VATSA.

Vatsa. The light shows me Ságariká—'tis she, alone, without assistance.

Ság. The prince! The sight of him inspires me with the hope of life. (*Aloud.*) Preserve me, Sire!

Vatsa. Fear not: support one moment these investing vapours—ha! the scarf on your bosom is on fire. (*Snatches it off.*) Your fetters impede your path,—let me support you. Dearest, cling to me. (*Takes her in his arms.*) Already is the heat allayed,—be of good cheer: the fire cannot harm thee, love, whose very touch abates its intensity. (*Pauses—looks round—closes his eyes, and re-opens them.*) Why, what is this? where are the flames? they have disappeared, and there stands the palace unharmed! Ha! the daughter of Avanti's monarch!

Enter VÁSAVADATTÁ, *who runs into* VATSA'S *arms.*

Vásava. My dearest lord!

Enter VASUBHÚTI, VASANTAKA, *and* BÁBHRAVYA.

Vatsa. My friends!

Vasu. Fate is propitious to your Majesty.

Vatsa. This must have been a dream, or is it magic?

Vas. The latter, no doubt: did not that conjuring son of a slave say he had still something for your Majesty to see.

Vatsa. (*To the queen.*) Here, madam, is Ságariká, rescued in obedience to your commands.

Vásava. (*Smiling.*) I am sensible of your obedience, my lord.

Vasu. (*To Bábhravya.*) That damsel is wonderfully like the princess.

Bábhr. So it struck me.

Vasu. Excuse me, Sire, permit me, ask—whence is this maiden?

Vatsa. You must ask the queen.

Vasu. (*To Vásavadattá.*) Will your Grace inform me?

Vásava. Yaugandharáyaṅa presented her to me, and told me she had been rescued from the sea: 'twas hence we designated her, the Ocean Maid.*

Vatsa. (*Apart.*) Presented by Yaugandharáyaṅa, and without mentioning it to me—what could have been his motive?

Vasu. (*Apart to Bábhravya.*) The likeness—the necklace—the recovery of the damsel from the sea—leave no doubt that this is the daughter of the king of Siṁhalá, Ratnávalí. (*Advances to her.*) Lady Ratnávalí, do I find you in this condition?

Ság. (*Looking at him.*) Ha! the minister Vasubhúti!

Vasu. I die! (*Faints.*)

Ság. Unfortunate that I am, I perish: my beloved parents, hear me; reply to your child. (*Faints.*)

Vásava. What! Babhravya, is this my sister,† Ratnávalí?

Bábhr. It is.

Vásava. Revive, dear sister, revive.

Vatsa. Is this the daughter of Vikramabáhu of the house of Udátta, the sovereign of Siṁhalá.

Vas. (*Apart.*) I knew this necklace was the property of no ordinary person.

Vasu. (*Recovering.*) Revive, dear lady,—be composed; see your elder sister grieves! Console her sorrows with your embrace.

Ratná. (*Or Ságariká.*) I have offended the queen, how shall I look her in the face again!

Vásava. Come hither, unrelenting girl—behold in me a sister! come to my arms. (*As Ratnávalí goes to embrace the queen, she stumbles. Vásavadattá apart to Vatsa.*) My good

* The meaning of Ságariká is, "born of, or produced from, the *ságara*, or ocean."

† She calls her "sister," although such close affinity does not exist; they are cousins, the king of Ceylon being the maternal uncle of Vásavadattá.

lord, I blush for my cruelty. Quick! undo these horrible bonds.

Vatsa. Be composed, I will remove them. (*Takes the chains off Ratnávalí's feet.*)

Vas. Yaugandharáyańa is most to blame in this; he must have known the truth, and yet said not a syllable to any one.

Enter YAUGANDHARÁYAŃÁ.

The temporary absence of her husband, and the contraction of marriage bonds with another wife, cannot fail to be displeasing to the queen: she may thank me for these favours, and I am ashamed to face her. Yet I am confident she will forgive me, when she considers my motives, and will be well pleased that the king obtains by these means the sovereignty of the world. However, happen what may, duty to a master must be performed without regard to such considerations.—They are here: I will approach.—Glory to the king! Pardon me, Sire, if I have accomplished any object affecting your interest, without previously consulting you.

Vatsa. What have you done, inform us?

Yaugan. Please your Majesty to be seated, and I will tell you. It was formerly announced to us by a holy seer, that the husband of the princess of Siḿhalá should become the emperor of the world: we therefore earnestly applied to her father to give her hand to our sovereign; but unwilling to be the cause of uneasiness to the queen, the monarch of Siḿhalá declined compliance with our request: we therefore raised a report that Vásavadattá had perished by a fire at Lávańaka, and Bábhravya was despatched with the news to the court of Siḿhalá.

Vatsa. I have heard what ensued. But why place the princess with the queen in so unsuitable a station?

Vas. I can guess his object; he expected you would see her in the inner apartments, and take pleasure in her sight.

Vatsa. Has Vasantaka stated your purpose correctly?

Yaugan. Your Majesty has said.

Vatsa. I suppose, too, you had some concern in the appearance of the conjuror?

Yaugan. What other means remained of restoring the damsel to your presence, or how else was Vasubhúti to have seen and recognised the princess?

Vatsa. (*To Vásavadattá, laughing.*) Well, Madam, it remains with you to say how we shall dispose of the sister you have acknowledged.

Vásava. My lord, you might as well speak out, and say, make Ratnávalí over to me?

Vas. Your Majesty very accurately conceives the minister's design.

Vásava. Come, here, Ratnávalí, appear as becomes my sister. (*Puts on her her own jewels, then takes her by the hand and presents her to Vatsa.*) Accept Ratnávalí, my lord.

Vatsa. (*Taking her hand.*) Who would not prize the favours of the queen?

Vásava. And remember, my lord, she is far away from her natural relations; so treat her, therefore, that she may never have occasion to regret them.

Vatsa. I shall obey.

Vas. Victory to your Majesty! The world is now in the possession of my friend.

Vasu. Princess, pay respectful reverence to Vásavadattá. (*Ratnávalí bows.*) Madam, you justly possess the title of queen.*

Vásava. (*Embracing Ratnávalí.*) Glory to your Majesty.

Vatsa. My cares are all rewarded.

Yaugan. What else can we perform to gratify your Highness?

* *Deví*, literally "goddess," but applied to a queen, as the masculine form, *Deva*, is especially the title of a king. The speech of Vasubhúti conveys a hint, which the following one of Vásavadattá shews she understands.

Vatsa. What more is necessary? Vikramabáhu is my kinsman. Ságariká, the essence of the world, the source of universal victory, is mine, and Vásavadattá rejoices to obtain a sister. The *Kośalas* are subdued: what other object does the world present for which I could entertain a wish? This be alone my prayer: may Indra with seasonable showers render the earth bountiful of grain; may the presiding Bráhmans secure the favour of the gods by acceptable sacrifices; may the association of the pious confer delight until the end of time,* and may the appalling blasphemies of the profane be silenced for ever.

* Or of the *Kalpa*, the period of the world's duration.

REMARKS ON THE RATNÁVALÍ.

THERE is but little occasion to offer any additional remarks on the preceding drama. It is chiefly valuable as a picture of Hindu manners in a sphere of life secluded from common observation, and at a period of some antiquity. The manners depictured are not influenced by lofty principle or profound reflection, but they are mild, affectionate, and elegant. It may be doubted whether the harams of other eastern nations, either in ancient or modern times, would afford materials for so favourable a delineation.

The story is romantic, the incidents are well contrived, the situations are eminently dramatic, and although the spectator is let into the secret of the plot from the beginning, the interest is very successfully maintained. The intrigue corresponds perfectly with the definition given by Schlegel: it is the union of unexpected combinations, resulting from the contending operation of accidental occurrences and premeditated designs.

In the circumscribed limits of the action, we have no right to expect much contrast or development of character, and it is enough that all the individuals introduced preserve their identity. This is true even of the chambermaids; and the obliging confidante of the heroine is distinguishable from the termagant adviser of the queen.

The merits of the language have already been the subject of remark. Its poetry is merely mechanical: we have no fanciful illustration, nor novel and beautiful similitudes; neither do any sentiments worthy of notice occur, except the generous remark made by Vatsa on the death of the king of Kośala.

The belief in vulgar magic, or common conjuring, which is repeatedly expressed in the drama, is worthy of remark, as it is something new. The supernatural powers described in *Málatí and Mádhava* are of a very different description from the art that makes a flower blossom out of season, or covers a building with illusory flame.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

SHORT ACCOUNTS OF DIFFERENT DRAMAS.

The preceding dramas are the most celebrated specimens of the Hindu theatre, and deserve the distinction. They are the best. Of the number which remain, some have considerable merit, although inferior to those which have been translated: but a considerable portion would have ill repaid the labour of rendering them into the English language.

In order, however, to leave as little doubt as possible on this subject, as well as to furnish as extensive a view as practicable of the theatre of the Hindus, all the specimens procurable have been perused with greater or less care, and an outline, proportionably extended, given of their purport, with translations of a few occasional passages, and such verifications of their literary history as could be discovered. The real extent and value of the dramatic literature of the Hindus will now, it is hoped, be accurately appreciated.

MAHÁVÍRA-CHARITRA;

A Drama in Seven Acts.

CHARACTERS.

Daśaratha.—King of Ayodhyá, father of Ráma.

Janaka.—King of Mithilá, father of Sítá.

Kuśadhwaja.—King of Káśí, brother of Janaka.

Ráma.—Prince of Ayodhyá.

Lakshmańa., *Bharata.* } Other sons of Daśaratha.

Paraśuráma.—The demigod; son of Jamadagni.

Viśwámitra.—A holy sage.

Śatánanda.—The family priest of Janaka.

Vasishtha.—The family priest of Daśaratha.

Yuddhájit.—The charioteer of Daśaratha.

Rávańa.—The demon king of Lanká.

Mályavat.—His grandfather and chief minister.

Vibhíshańa.—The brother of Rávańa, and friend of Ráma.

Kumbhakarńa.—Another brother of Rávańa, faithful to his cause; slain by Ráma.

Meghanáda.—The son of Rávańa; slain by Lakshmańa.

Báli.—The king of the monkeys; slain by Ráma.

Sugríva.—His successor.

Angada.—The son of Báli.

Hanumat.—A monkey chief, and friend of Ráma.

Sampáti., *Jatáyu.* } The two vulture chiefs, descendants of Kaśyapa, and friendly to Ráma.

Indra.—King of the gods.

Chitraratha.—King of the Gandharbas.

Spirits, Demons, Attendants, &c.

Sítá.—Daughter of Janaka, married to Ráma.

Úrmilá.—Her sister, married to Lakshmańa.

Mandodarí.—The wife of Rávańa.

Śúrpańakhá.—The sister of Rávańa.

Táraká. }
Trijatá. } Female fiends.

The tutelary goddess of Alaká, the city of Kuvera.

The tutelary goddess of Lanká, the capital of Rávańa.

Kauśalyá. }
Kaikeyí. } Wives of Daśaratha.
Sumitrá. }

Mánďaví. }
Śrutakírtti. } Daughters of Kuśadhwaja.

Female Spirits, Fiends, Attendants, &c.

The preceding list of persons will sufficiently explain the general subject of this drama. It is the same with the *Rámáyańa*, or the adventures of Ráma, commencing in the play with his visit to Viśwámitra's hermitage, and ending in his return to Ayodhyá. The course of the story is much the same in the play as in the poem, although there are a few variations in some of the details, and the story is much more compressed.

That the *Mahávíra-Charitra* is the composition of Bhavabhúti, we have not only the usual assurance in the prelude, and the concurrence of general belief, but the evidence of internal structure. The same loftiness of sentiment, excellence of picturesque description, and power of language which mark the *Uttra-Ráma-Charitra*, and *Málatí and Mádhava*, are the characteristics of the *Víra-Charitra*. If the style is less harmonious, and the expression of tender feelings less frequent than in either of the other dramas, the difference in these respects is to be regarded as designed, for the three plays of our poet are written upon the principle adopted by the only

great dramatist of our own day, the authoress of "Basil and De Montfort," and may be considered as "Plays of the Passions," the characteristic sentiment of the *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra* being the *karuńá rasa*, or tenderness; that of the *Málatí and Mádhava*, the *śringára rasa*, or love; and that of the *Víra-Charitra*, the *víra rasa*, or heroism. Consistently with this latter purpose, the situations and sentiments of the drama are of a stirring and martial description, and the language is adapted with singular felicity to the subjects from which it springs. It is sonorous and masculine, more vigorous than musical, and although highly elaborate, and sometimes turgid, is in general chaste, and always classical and stately.

The drama opens with an address to the supreme light, the one and indivisible, pure, eternal, and invariable God. The occasion of the performance is then stated to be, as usual with this author's dramas, the festival of *Kálapriyanátha*, supposed to be the celebrated *Omkáreśwara* of Ujjayin: we have also the usual account of the family of Bhavabhúti.

The prologue contains this peculiarity, that the actor communicates to the audience the outline of the story introductory to the business of the drama, and announces the entrance of Kuśadhwaja with his two nieces, Sítá and Úrmilá. Kuśadhwaja,* the brother of Janaka, is called king of Sánkáśya, and with the two girls enters the hermitage of Viśwámitra on the borders of the Kauśikí (Cosi), having been invited by the Muni.† He is met by the sage with the two youths Ráma and Lakshmańa, and the young persons become mutually enamoured. Whilst engaged in conversation a messenger from Rávańa arrives, who has followed them from Mithilá, and comes to demand Sítá as a wife for his master. They are

* Buchanan makes him the son of Síradhwaja. The *Vishńu-Puráńa* however says, "brother," and calls him king of Káśí; the *Agni-Puráńa* says also, "younger brother of Janaka."

† The presence of the damsels is not a singularity: all the *Ŕishis* invited to the same, it is afterwards stated, are there with their wives and children.

further disturbed by Táraká, a female fiend, the daughter of Suketu, wife of Sunda and mother of Marícha. Ráma, by command of Viśwámitra, destroys her. Viśwámitra then invokes the heavenly weapons, who attend, and pledge their services to Ráma whenever called upon, and the sage recommends Kuśadhwaja to invite the bow of S'iva for Ráma's present trial, and consequent obtaining of Sítá. The bow arrives, self-conveyed, being, as the weapon of so great a deity, pregnant with intelligence. This faculty does not, however, preserve it entire, for Ráma snaps it asunder behind the scene, in consequence of which feat it is agreed that Sítá shall be wedded to him; Úrmilá, her sister, to Lakshmańa; and Mánd'aví, and S'rutakírti, the daughters of Kuśadhwaja, to Bharata and S'atrughna. The party is again disturbed by Subáhu and Marícha, two demons, who are slain by Lakshmańa and Ráma. The saint and his visitors then retire into the hermitage.

The second act opens with a dialogue between Mályavat, the minister and maternal grandfather of Rávańa, and the demon's sister, S'úrpańakhá, who have heard the news from Siddháśrama, and discuss the consequences with some apprehension. A letter arrives from Paraśuráma, partly requesting and partly commanding Rávańa to call off some of his imps, who are molesting the sages in Dańd'akárańya. He writes from Mahendra-Dwípa. Mályavat takes advantage of this to instigate a quarrel between the two Rámas, anticipating that Paraśuráma, who is the pupil of S'iva, will be highly incensed when he hears of Ráma's breaking the bow of that divinity. The scene then shifts rather abruptly to Videha, the palace of Janaka, to which Paraśuráma has come to defy the insulter of his god and preceptor. He enters the interior of the palace, the guards and attendants being afraid to stop him, and calls upon Ráma to show himself. The young hero is introduced, as proud of Paraśuráma's seeking him and anxious for the encounter, but detained awhile by Sítá's terrors: at last the chiefs meet. The dialogue contains some interesting and

curious mythological allusion to the history of Paraśuráma, who having overcome his fellow pupil, Kárttikeya, in a battle-axe fight, received his axe from his preceptor, S'iva, as the prize of his prowess. The combat between the two Rámas is suspended by the arrival of Janaka and S'atánanda, and Ráma's being summoned to attend the Kánchana-Mochana, the loosening of Sítá's golden bracelet.

As a specimen of the style of the sentiments we may select the following :—

Paraśuráma to Ráma. How now ! presumest thou to bend thy brow
In frowns on me? Audacious boy, a scion
Of the vile Kshattriya race, whose tender years,
And newly-wedded bride, teach me a weakness
I am not wont to feel. Throughout the world
The story runs, I, Ráma, and the son
Of Jamadagni, with remorseless arm
Struck off a mother's head. This vengeful axe
Has twenty times destroyed the Kshattriya race,
Not sparing in its wrath the unborn babe!
Hewn piecemeal in the parent womb. 'Twas thus
I slaked the fires of a wronged father's wrath
With blood, whose torrents, drawn unsparingly
From martial veins, fed the vast reservoir
In which I love to bathe. Enough ! to all,
That—that I am—is known.

Ráma. Give o'er thy vaunts—
I hold thy cruelty a crime, not virtue.

In the third act, Paraśuráma is represented as awaiting Rámachandra's return, and he is accosted in succession by Vasishtha, Viśwámitra, S'atánanda, Janaka, and Daśaratha, who first endeavour to sooth, and then to terrify him ; but he out-bullies them all : at last Rámachandra is heard calling on Paraśuráma, and the chief goes off to the combat.

The fourth act opens with the annunciation of Rámachandra's victory, and Mályavat and S'úrpańakhá enter, more

alarmed than ever. Málayavat now suggests the scheme of sowing dissension in Daśaratha's family, in order that Ráma may be driven forth alone, and be thus thrown into the power of the *Rákshasas*. He discusses various schemes of policy connected with this project, and with that of getting rid of Vibhíshańa, the brother of Rávańa, and his partisans. He withdraws to put his schemes in execution, and the two kings, Janaka and Daśaratha, and their holy councillors, succeed, congratulating each other on the victory of Rámachandra. The prince and his defeated foe then appear, and Paraśuráma is now as humble as he was before arrogant: he calls upon the earth to hide his shame.

Whilst Ráma regrets Bhárgava's departure, S'úrpańakhá, disguised as Manthará, the favourite of Kaikeyí, Daśaratha's second wife, arrives with a letter to Ráma, requesting him to use his influence with his father to secure Kaikeyí the two boons which Daśaratha was pledged to grant her; specifying one to be her son Bharata's inauguration, and the other, assent to Ráma's voluntary exile. In the meantime Daśaratha, who has determined to raise Rámachandra to the participation of regal dignity, communicates his intention to his son. Ráma replies by informing him of Kaikeyí's message, and is earnest with his father to accede to her request. Yuddhájit and Bharata arrive, and all are full of wonder and concern: however, as there is no help for it, Daśaratha consents. Lakshmańa and Sítá are alone to accompany Ráma, on which her father Janaka exclaims: "My child, what happiness it will be to wait upon thy husband in the hour of trouble, permitted to partake and cheer his wanderings!" Bharata requests permission to go with them, but Ráma refuses his assent; on which his brother, with notions very characteristically oriental, begs his shoes of him, promising to install them in the kingdom, and rule thereafter as their representative. The seniors are led out in deep despondence, and Ráma with his brother and wife set off to the woods.

The next or fifth act lies in the forests of Dańd'akárańya, and here Bhavabhúti is himself. There is some turgidity, but considerable magnificence, in the opening dialogue between the two birds, Jat'áyu and Sampáti, the vulture-descendants of Kaśyapa, who have seen successive creations. They relate Ráma's progress towards the south; and Sampáti, the elder, leaves his brother Jat'áyu, with strict injunctions to assist Ráma if needed: he then goes to the ocean, and Jat'áyu to Malaya. He there comes to

Where, amidst Janasthána's frowning woods,
The tall Prasravańa uprears his head,
Dark tinctured in the clouds, and bathes his brow
With thin descending dews; thence through his caves,
He culls the oozing moisture, and sends forth
The pure Godávarí to win her way,
Stately and clear, through ancient trees that shade,
Impervious tangling, her majestic course.

This descriptive style we find more frequently in the *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra;* and, as observed in the introduction to that drama, it is characteristic of our author.

Jat'áyu perches on the mountain, and very dramatically carries on the business of the piece—

Yonder I mark the hero in pursuit
Of the swift deer; and thither Lakshmańa
Directs his course remote. There to the bower,
A holy seer approaches, and the dame
Gives him meet welcome. Ha; his form expands,
'Tis he, the felon Rávańa—his train
Crowd from the groves; he seizes upon Sítá—
He mounts the car. Shame to thy birth,—forbear!
Await my coming, and the vulture's beak
Shall rend thy limbs and revel on thy gore. [*Exit.*

Jat'áyu is, however, killed in the conflict, which, with the usual regard to stage decorum, takes place behind the scenes. Lakshmańa informs us of his fate, and Ráma enters raving with

indignation. The brothers set off in pursuit of the ravisher, when S'ramańá, a female devotee sent by Vibhíshańa to Ráma, calls for succour, being seized by Kabandha, a headless fiend. Ráma sends Lakshmańa to her rescue: he goes off to kill the demon, and returns with the dame. She gives Ráma a note from Vibhíshańa merely complimentary; but Ráma, learning that he is with Sugríva, Hanumat, and other monkey chiefs at Ŕishyamúka, and that they have picked up some of Sítá's ornaments in the forest, determines to go to them. Kabandha then appears, to thank Ráma for killing him, being thereby liberated from a curse and restored to a divine condition.

They then proceed towards Ŕishyamúka, the residence of Báli, watered by the Pampá. Near it is the hermitage of Matanga, with the fire and all things just ready for oblation, although the saint has been long in heaven: he left them in that state, apparently, as we shall presently see, for the convenience of Ráma. When the brothers arrive at the mountain, Báli appears like a cloud upon its peak and descends to the encounter, regretting that he should be compelled by his friendship for Mályavat to destroy Ráma. The heroes meet and exchange civilities.

Báli. Ráma, with wonder and delight I view
Thy martial bearing,—yet with grief I meet thee
My eyes were never satiate of thy presence,
And yet, I mark thy coming with affliction.
Enough! what need of words. Now let the arm,
That humbled Jamadagni's haughty son,
Ply thy strong bow again.

Rama. Illustrious chief,
I thank the fates that grant me thy encounter;
Yet must I wave the fight. I cannot wield
My weapons against one, like thee, unarmed.

Báli. (*Smiles.*) In sooth, brave Kshattriya, I have ill deserved
Such generous forbearance, but the world
Knows our high deeds, I need not now proclaim them.

Address thee to the struggle. Thou art brave,
But still a mortal, and with mortal arms
Com'st to the field: not such the arms we wield.
Look round the forest, mark these circling hills –
These are the weapons of our monkey race,
And well these hands can whirl their ponderous fury.
Come to more level ground.

Ráma. Lead on, I follow thee.

Báli and Ráma. (*Looking at each other.*)
The earth will mourn a hero in thy fall. [*Exeunt.*

They go to the conflict; the noise brings Vibhíshańa, Sugríva, and all the monkey chiefs to the place. Báli is overthrown, and returns mortally wounded. He recommends the monkies to choose Sugríva, and his own son Angada, for their joint sovereigns, and mediates an alliance between Ráma and them, as well as with Vibhíshańa: the poet deviating in this, as in many other places, from the Rámáyańa, and exonerating Sugríva from any share in Báli's overthrow. Ráma and Sugríva pledge themselves to eternal friendship, over the sacrificial fire in Matanga's hermitage.

We call this holy fire the saint prepared
For sacrifice, to witness to our vows
Of friendship: ever may thy heart be mine,
As mine shall ever be devote to thee.

Báli then repeats his request to the monkey chiefs, as they were attached to him, to acknowledge Sugríva and Angada as their joint leaders, and to follow them in aid of Ráma against Rávańa in the ensuing contest: he is then led off to die, and the act closes.

Málvavat, lamenting over these miscarriages, opens the sixth act; and Trijaťá, a *Rákshasí*, adds to his despondence by news of the mischief inflicted by Hanumat: he goes off to set guards and gather news. We are then introduced to Rávańa himself, meditating on his love. His queen Mandodarí comes

to bring him tidings of Ráma's approach, but he only laughs at her. She tells him of the bridge made by Ráma: he replies, if all the mountains of the earth were cast into the ocean, they would not furnish footing to cross it. His incredulity is terminated by a general alarm, and the appearance of Prahasta, his general, to announce that Lanká is invested. Angada comes as envoy from Ráma, to command Rávańa to restore Sítá and prostrate himself and family at the feet of Lakshmańa. Rávańa, enraged, orders some contumely or punishment to be inflicted upon him, which we cannot venture to explain: the expression is *Mukha-saṁskára*, the cleaning of the face, as if he had ordered him to be shaved. Angada, according to the stage direction, puffs his hair out with rage. This part must be dressed in character, an absurdity not without a parallel in the classical drama, in the *Io* of Æschylus, and the *Birds and Wasps* of Aristophanes. The monkey tells Rávańa, if he were not an ambassador he would tear off his ten heads, and he then springs away; the tumult increases, and Rávańa goes forth to the combat. Indra and Chitraratha then come to see the battle and describe its progress. At first the Rákshasas have the worst: but Rávańa, with his brother Kumbhakarńa and his son Meghanáda, turn the tide: the monkeys fly, leaving Ráma almost unsupported. Lakshmaná attacks Meghanáda: Rávańa quits Ráma to assist his son. Ráma kills Kumbhakarńa, and then goes to the aid of Lakshmańa: the whole of Ráma's party are then overwhelmed with magic weapons, hurled invisibly by Rávańa upon them, and fall senseless. Whilst Rávańa seeks to restore Kumbhakarńa, Hanumat reviving, goes to fetch *amŕita*, and tearing up the mountain that contains it, returns to the field: his very approach restores Lakshmańa, who jumps up with increased animation.

As brighter glows the diamond from the lathe,
Or gleams the falchion flashing from its sheathe;
As starts the serpent from its shrivelled skin,
Or bursts from envious clouds the lord of day,

So Raghu's youngest hope, by heavenly herbs
Restored, with more than wonted ardour burns;
A moment wonders what has chanced, then all
On fire for glory, rushes to the fight.

Ráma also revives, and being instigated by the *Munis*, exerts his celestial energies, by which the *Daitya*, Rávańa, and his host speedily perish.

The seventh and last act begins with what the author calls the mixed Vishkambhaka. The latter means an actor or interpreter who carries on the story, which office is here performed by the tutelary deities of Alaká and Lanká, the latter of whom is consoled by the former, who has come to Vibhíshańa's coronation. We learn amongst other things from them, Sítá's passing the fiery ordeal in triumph, and Ráma's approach with the car of Kuvera: the goddesses therefore disappear. Ráma, accompanied by Sítá, Lakshmańa, Vibhíshańa, and Sugríva, then enter, and ascend the car which is to transport them to Ayodhyá, and the progress of which they represent: how, is rather doubtful. (*Sarve vimánagatim nirúpayanti.*) What ensues is more curious than dramatic or interesting, although interspersed with some fine passages of picturesque description, one or other of the party pointing out the places over which they are supposed to fly. These occur in the following succession: the Setu or bridge of Ráma, the Malaya mountain, the Káverí river, the hermitage of Agastya, the Pampá river, the residence of Báli and of Jaťáyu, the limits of the Dańďaka forest, the Sahya or S'ailádri mountains, the boundaries of Áryavarta. They then rise and travel through the upper air, approaching near the sun, and are met and eulogized by a *Kinnara* and his bride; they then come to the peaks of the Himálaya, and descend upon Tapovana, whence they go towards Ayodhyá, where Ráma is met by his brothers and their mothers, by Vasishťha and Viśwámitra, and is consecrated king, with which ceremony the drama terminates.

Upon the whole, as a play, the *Víra-Charitra* is inferior to Bhavabhúti's other productions. The choice of the story is no doubt the cause, as its embracing a period of time and a number of incidents, not compressible within the bounds of dramatic representation, has thrown an undue proportion of the drama into narrative and description, to the destruction of action and interest. As a poem, however, it ranks worthily with the other works of the same author, and as a play is infinitely superior to others in which the same subject is treated by less skilful hands, as we shall have several opportunities of observing.

VEŃÍ SAḾHÁRA;

A Drama in Six Acts.

CHARACTERS.

Yudhishṫhira.—The elder of the Páńd̤ava princes, and their king.
Bhíma.—The brother of Yudhishthira.
Arjuna.—The third Páńd̤ava prince.
Sahadeva.
Nakula. The two younger Páńd̤ava princes, twin brothers.
Kŕishńa.—The friend and ally of the Páńd̤avas.
Dhŕitaráshṫra.—The father of the Kaurava princes, and uncle of the preceding.
Duryodhana.—The elder of the Kaurava princes, the son of Dhŕitaráshṫra.
Karńa.—The friend and ally of Duryodhana.
Kŕipa.—An ally of Duryodhana.
Aśwatthámán.—A martial Bráhman and sage, the son of Dsońa and nephew of Kŕipa.
Saḿjaya.—The charioteer of Dhŕitaráshṫra.
Sundaraka.—An attendant on Karńa.
Chárváka.—A Rákshasa, in the disguise of a holy ascetic.
A Rákshasa, or male goblin.
The Charioteer of Duryodhana.

Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

Draupadí.—The wife of the Páńd̤avas.
Bhánumatí.—The wife of Duryodhana.
Gándhárí.—The mother of Dhŕitaráshṫra.
Attendant on Draupadí.
Attendant on Bhánumatí.
The mother of Jayadratha, king of Sindhu.
A Rákshasí, or female goblin.

Attendants.

The *Veńí-Saḿhára* is a drama founded on the *Mahábhárata.* The name alludes to an incident described in the latter part of the *Sabhá-Parvan* of that poem, Draupadí's being dragged

by the *veńí*, or braid of hair, into the public assembly by the hand of Duh́śásana, one of the Kaurava princes, a disgrace that weighed most heavily upon the Páńd́avas, and was most bitterly revenged.

The introduction of this play presents a *nándí* or preliminary benediction of six stanzas: an extravagance unwarranted by the practice of the best writers, and prohibited by positive rule. Two of these, indeed, are omitted by the commentator, and the last is censured by the author of the *Kávya-Prakáśa*, as inconsistent with the reverence due to Hari and Lakshmí, whose amorous sports it describes in a style suitable to mere mortals alone.

The manager then informs the audience that the play is a novelty, the composition of the poet "Bhaťťa Náráyańa;" also designated by the title *Mŕiga-Rája* or *Siḿha*, meaning the same thing, the lion. It is an odd grouping of names, however, and leaves the character and person of the bard rather doubtful, the termination *Siḿha* being most correctly applicable to a man of the regal or military caste, whilst *Bhaťťa* is an adjunct belonging to a Bráhman.

The occasion of the performance, which it is usual to mention, is not adverted to, and the manager and actor go off to prepare for an exhibition of song and dance in honour of Kŕishńa's return to the Páńd́ava camp from a visit to the Kaurava princes, as a mediator between the contending chiefs. The business of the play begins with a conversation between Bhíma and Sahadeva, in which the former expresses his refusal to have any share in the negotiations instituted by Kŕishńa, and his determination to make no peace with the enemy until the insult offered to Draupadí is avenged. He expresses his resolution, in case the dispute be amicably adjusted, to disclaim all connexion with his own brothers, and throw off obedience to Yudhishťhira.

Shall I not grind the Kauravas to dust,
Nor drink the blood of arrogant Duh́śásana:

Shall not my mace upon the breast descend
Of proud Suyodhana, and crush the wretch,
Because your monarch seeks the price of peace?

The price is the demand of five villages or towns, Indraprastha, Tilaprastha, Máḿsada, Váraṅávata, and another: the Mahábharáta gives different names, as Avisthala, Vŕikasthala, and Mákandí; the fourth is the same. Sahadeva attempts to calm the fury of Bhíma, but in vain; and Draupadí, with her hair still dishevelled, and pining over her ignominious treatment, comes to inflame his resentment. She complains also of a recent affront offered by the queen of Duryodhana, in an injurious comment upon her former exposure, which serves to widen the breach. A messenger now arrives to announce that Kŕishńa's embassy has been unsuccessful, and that he has effected his return only by employing his divine powers against the enemy. All the chiefs are summoned by the trumpet to prepare for battle.

Draup. Yet ere you go attend to my request;
Let not my shame so far inflame your wrath,
That heedless of your lives, you headlong plunge
Into the conflict: the chieftains of the enemy
Are neither rash nor timorous.
Bhíma. True, warrior dame.
The sons of *Páńdu* are well skilled to ford
The ocean of the fight, amidst whose waves
Floats many a headless corse; and howling monsters,
Gorged with the sanguine beverage, re-echo
The trumpet's sound. Foremost they lead the troops
O'er crashing cars and dying elephants,
The fierce encounter of whose ponderous brows
Has strewed the floating field with brains and gore.

The second act commences before day-break, and introduces Bhánumatí, the queen of Duryodhana, repeating to her friend and an attendant, a dream, in which she has beheld a *Nakula*

or *Mungoose* destroy a hundred snakes. This is very ominous, Nakula being one of the Páńd'avas, and the sons of Kuru amounting to a hundred. Duryodhana overhears part of her story, and at first imagines the hostile prince is the hero of the vision. He is about to burst upon her full of rage, and when he catches the true import of the tale, he is at first disposed to be alarmed by it, but at last wisely determines to disregard it. For,

> By Angiras 'tis sung:
> The aspect of the planets, dreams and signs,
> Meteors and portents, are the sports of accident,
> And do not move the wise.

Bhánumatí offers an *arghya* of sandal and flowers to the rising sun to avert the ill omen, and then the king appears and soothes her. Their dialogue is disturbed by a rising whirlwind, from which they take shelter in a neighbouring pavilion. The mother of Jayadratha, king of Sindhu, then appears, and apprises Duryodhana that Arjuna has vowed, if sunset finds Jayadratha alive, he will sacrifice himself in the flames. His wrath is especially excited by the death of his son Abhimanyu, in which that chieftain had borne a leading part. Duryodhana laughs at her fears and those of his wife, and despises the resentment of the Páńd'avas. He observes, that this was fully provoked by the treatment which Draupadí received by his command, when, in the presence of the court and of the Páńd'avas, she called out in vain for mercy. Duryodhana then orders his war-chariot and goes forth to the battle.

The third act opens with a scene of power, but of bad taste, being full of revolting images. A Rákshasí enters, and expatiates on the stores she has provided for her cannibalism, and that of her partner; and when he makes his appearance, hungry, thirsty, and wearied, she gives him on the stage a feast of flesh and brains, and a refreshing beverage of blood

in the skull of an elephant just slain. It appears from their dialogue, that up to the period of the contest, the following chiefs have fallen: Bhagadatta, Sindhurája, Angádhipa, Drupada, Bhúriśravas, Somadatta, and Báhlíka. Ghat́otkacha is also slain, and Bhíma is about to avenge his fall, on which account Hid́imbá, the queen of the Rákshasas and mother of Ghat́otkacha, has ordered these goblins to be ready to assist Bhímasena. Whilst engaged in conversation and feeding, this couple see Drońa seized by Dhrisht́adyumna and slain, and they finally retire before Aśwatthâman, the son of Drońa, who makes his appearance armed. He is overtaken by his father's charioteer, who tells him of the treachery by which Drońa was slain, having been induced to throw away his arms by a false report that his son Aśwatthâman had perished, and been then killed at a disadvantage. Aśwatthâman's distress is assuaged by his maternal uncle, Kŕipa, who recommends him to solicit the command of the host from Duryodhana. In the meantime, Karńa is represented as filling the mind of the Kuru chief with impressions hostile to Drońa and his son, persuading him that Drońa only fought to secure Aśwatthâman's elevation to imperial dignity, and that he threw away his life, not out of grief, but in despair at the disappointment of his ambitious schemes. Kŕipa and Aśwatthâman now arrive, and Duryodhana professes to condole with Aśwatthâman for his father's loss. Karńa sneeringly asks him what he purposes, to which he replies:

What is my purpose? Hear it, king of Anga:
Whoever confident in arms is ranked
Amongst the adverse host—whome'er the race
Of proud Pánchála numbers, active youth,
Weak age, or babes unborn, whoe'er beheld
My father's murder, or whoever dares
To cross my path, shall fall before my vengeance.
Dark is my sight with rage, and death himself,
The world's destroyer, should not 'scape my fury.
Pupil of Jámadagnya, Karńa, mark me:

> Amidst these very plains, the wrath of Ráma,
> Roused by a father's death, filled mighty lakes
> With Kshattriya blood. Such formidable arms,
> Burning for hostile life, I bear, and such
> My cause of rage, a father's fall; nor less
> Than Ráma's acts shall Droña's son achieve.

Kŕipa then requests Duryodhana to give the command of the army to Aśwatthâman. The king excuses himself on the plea of having promised it to Karńa, to whom he transfers his ring accordingly. A violent quarrel ensues between Karńa and Aśwatthâman, and Duryodhana and Kŕipa have some difficulty in preventing them from single combat. Aśwatthâman at last reproaches Duryodhana with partiality, and refuses to fight for him more. They are disturbed by Bhíma's proclaiming without, that he has at last encountered Duhśásana, the insulter of Draupadí, and is about to sacrifice him to his vengeance. Karńa, instigated by Aśwatthâman, foregoes his anger, and is about to resume his arms, when a voice from heaven prevents him. He is obliged, therefore, to remain an idle spectator of the fight, but desires Kŕipa to assist the king: they go off for that purpose.

The fourth act opens with Duryodhana's being brought in by his charioteer wounded. Duhśásana has been killed, and the army of the Kauravas put to the rout. On his recovery, the charioteer announces Duhśásana's death, and Duryodhana gives vent to his sorrows. He is joined by Sundaraka, a follower of Karńa, who gives in Prákŕit a long and tedious account of the conflict between Arjuna and Vŕishasena, the son of Karńa, the death of the young prince, and his father's distress; he also brings a leaf on which Karńa has written to Duryodhana, with an arrow dipped in his own blood, a message for aid. Duryodhana orders his chariot, and prepares to seek the fight again, when he is prevented by the arrival of his parents, Dhŕitaráshtŕa and Gándhárí, who with Samjaya commence the fifth act.

The old couple and Saḿjaya endeavour to prevail upon Duryodhana to sue for peace, but he refuses.

My fall has Pártha vowed, when he has left
Me brotherless; and all his brethren slain,
How shall Duryodhana endure to live?
Nor will I hear of peace until my mace
Shall crush and scatter to the winds that foe,
Remorseless Bhíma, whose ferocious wrath
Drank my young brother's, brave Duh́śásan's, blood.

A tumult behind, and the entrance of the king's charioteer, announce the death of Karńa. Duryodhana, after expressing his grief, determines to go and avenge him, and mounts the car of Saḿjaya for that purpose, when Arjuna and Bhíma arrive in search of him. On finding the seniors there, Arjuna purposes to withdraw; but Bhíma insists on first addressing them, which they do, but in insulting terms.

Arj. Parents, the middle Páńd́ava salutes you,
Who in the battle's front has, victor, slain
The son of Rádhá, he whose pride beheld
The world as grass, and by whose vaunted prowess
Your children hoped to triumph o'er their foes.
Bhíma. Bhíma in reverence bows his head to you:
He, who has overthrown the sons of Kuru,
He who inebriate, has like nectar quaffed
The blood of vile Duh́śásana, and soon
Shall lay the proud Duryodhana in dust.

Dhŕitaráshṫra reproaching them for this language, is told they use it not in pride, but in requital of his having witnessed, without interfering to prevent, the oppression and barbarous treatment the Páńd́avas experienced from his sons. Duryodhana interferes and defies Bhíma, who is equally anxious for the combat; but Arjuna prevents it, and the brothers are called off by a summons from Yudhishṫhira, who orders the battle to cease for the day and the dead bodies of

either party to be burnt. Aśwatthámán then enters, and is disposed to be reconciled to Duryodhana: but the prince receives his advances coldly, and he withdraws in disgust. Dhṙitaráshṫra sends Saṁjaya after him to persuade him to overlook Duryodhana's conduct. Duryodhana mounts his car, and the aged couple seek the tent of S'alya, king of Madra.

In the sixth act Pánchála brings to Yudhishṫhira and Draupadí an account of Duryodhana's having been discovered concealed in a swamp, and compelled to fight with Bhímasena, by whom he will be slain. Yudhishṫhira orders public rejoicings on the occasion. Chárváka, a Rákshasa disguised as a Muni, then enters, requiring rest and water. He tells them that he has seen Arjuna engaged with Duryodhana, Bhíma having been previously slain by the latter, and Kṙishńa forcibly taken away by Ráma, and gives them to understand that Arjuna also has fallen. Draupadí determines to mount the funeral pile, and Yudhishṫhira to put an end to himself, when the Rákshasa, satisfied with the success of his scheme, which was intended to prevail on this couple to perish, departs. The pile is prepared, and Yudhishṫhira and Draupadí are about to sacrifice themselves, when they are disturbed by a great clamour. Supposing it to precede the approach of Duryodhana, Yudhishṫhira calls for his arms, when Bhíma, his club smeared with blood, rushes in. Draupadí runs away; he catches her by the hair, and is seized by Yudhishṫhira—on which the mistake is discovered. The episode is very absurd and impertinent.

The braid of Draupadí's hair is now again bound up. Arjuna and Vásudeva arrive, and announce that they have heard of the fraud of the Chárváka, and Yudhishṫhira adds that the mendicant has been slain by Nakula, on which Kṙishńa expresses great satisfaction. The author has introduced the Chárváka, apparently, merely to have a hit at the atheistical sect, possibly intending the Bauddhas.

There is much good writing in this piece, although the style

is rather powerful than polished: there is also poetry in the thoughts, but it is the poetry rather of passion than fancy, and the pathos and horror in which it delights are relieved by no brilliancy of illustration: both too are overdone, and the pathos becomes tiresome and the horror disgusting. The chief merit of the drama is individuality of character; the ferocity of Bhíma, the pride of Karńa, the fiery but kindly temperament of Aśwatthámam, and the selfish arrogance of Duryodhana, are well delineated. The chief defect of the play is its undramatic construction. The business is clumsily contrived; the situations are ineffective or ludicrous; the scenes are awkwardly put together, and much too considerable a portion of the piece is thrown into narrative for the interest to be successfully supported. With exception of the last defect, the Veńí-Saṁhára is calculated to remind us very forcibly of the early attempts of the French and English dramatists.

There is nothing in the play to furnish a clue to its date. It is frequently cited in the Kávya-Prakáśa, the Daśa-Rúpaka, and Sáhitya-Darpańa, to which works it is consequently anterior. According to tradition, the author, Bhaťťa-Náráyańa, was one of the Kanouj Bráhmans invited into Bengal by Ádi-Sura, from whom the Bráhmans of that province are descended: he was of the S'áńd'ilya family. Ádi-Sura is supposed to have reigned three centuries before our era; but if we may place any dependence on Abulfazl's list of Bengal kings, he was the twenty-second prince in ascent from Belál Sen, who, it is well known, reigned in the thirteenth century. Assigning then the moderate duration of about three hundred years to these intermediate princes, and admitting the tradition with respect to Bhaťťa-Náráyańa, the Veńí-Saṁhára might have been written about the eighth or ninth century: a period not at all incompatible with the comparative harshness of its style and the rudeness of its execution, particularly if we conclude, agreeably to the tradition, that it was amongst the early results of the introduction of Bhraminical literature into Ben-

gal. There are considerable varieties in the manuscripts of this drama, and the name is also differently given as the *Veńí-Saṁvaraṅa* or *Veńí-Saṁhára:* the import is the same, "The Binding of the Braid." There is a commentary on the drama, by *Jagaddhara*, entitled *Mahopádhyáya*, implying a teacher,—and *Dharmádhikárika*, which may be merely an honorific epithet, although it should signify a judge or administrator of the law.

MÁLAVIKÁGNIMITRA; OR, AGNIMITRA AND MÁLAVIKÁ.

A Comedy in Five Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agnimitra.—King of Vidiśá.
Gautama.—His confidant, the Vidúshaka or Buffo.
Haradatta. } Professors of music and dancing.
Gańadása. }
Sárasa.—The queen's dwarf.
Dhárińí.—The principal queen.
Irávatí.—The second queen.
Málaviká.—The heroine.
Kauśikí.—A female ascetic.
Vakulávalí.—One of the queen's attendants, and the friend of Málaviká.
Jayasená.—Female chamberlain.
Kaumudí.—Attendant on the queen.
Madhukáriká.—Female gardener.
Nipuńiká. } Attendants on Irávatí.
Chandriká. }
Samáhitiká.—Pupil of Kauśikí.
Jyotsná. } Female singers presented to Agnimitra.
Ramańíyá. }

The scene is at Vidiśá, in the garden and inner apartments of Agnimitra's palace. Time about twelve hours.

The play is usually considered as one of the three composed by Kálidása, who is thus said in the prelude to be the author:

Manager. I have been desired by the assembly to represent the Málavikágnimitra of Kálidása at this vernal festival:

Actor. Why make such an election? Why should we neglect the works of celebrated writers, such as Bhásaka and Saumilla, to perform the play of a cotemporary.

Manager. Why not? all that is old is not therefore necessarily excellent; all that is new is not despicable on that account alone. Let what is really meritorious, be pronounced so by the candid judge after due investigation; blockheads only are influenced by the opinions of others.

There is no reason to question the nomenclature of the author here, and the play is probably the work of a Kálidása. Tradition alone identifies him with the poet of Vikramáditya's reign, who preceded the Christian era, and the internal evidence is adverse to the dramas being the work of the author of *Śakuntalá* and *Vikrama and Urvaśí.* There is neither the same melody in the verse nor fancy in the thoughts. The mention of poets earlier than Kálidása is of no help, as nothing is known of them: their names do not appear in the *Bhoja-Prabandha* nor *Śárngdhara-Paddhati*, two works that enumerate some hundreds of eminent authors. The latter has a Bhása, which may be the same as Bhásaka; and the former notices a Bháskara, which might be thought to bear some relation to the same. One manuscript of the play reads in place of Bhásaka, Dhávaka, who we know was contemporary with Raja-Harsha-Deva, king of Kashmir, the Kávya-Prakáśa declaring him to be the real author of the works bearing the name of that prince. It is not unlikely, indeed, to have been the work of the time of S'rí-Harsha, but can scarcely have been the production of a later date, in which Dhávaka had become an ancient writer. The dramas written in more recent periods are invariably, as far as is yet known, mythological, and have some one of the forms or family of Vishńu for the hero. There is no such thing as a decidedly modern drama the business of which is domestic intrigue: such a subject, indeed, was wholly incompatible with Hindu feelings, as affected by intercourse with their Mohammedan masters, whether the effect of that intercourse was terror or imitation. In addition to these con-

siderations, the style of the play is very unlike that most common amongst modern writers, and most highly esteemed, being free from all jingle of sounds and from metaphorical commonplace: it does not even affect anything like the uniform smoothness, which seems to have preceded and ushered in the extravagancies of modern composition. The piece of sound criticism urged by the manager is also the sentiment of a day long gone by.

There are other considerations corroborative of the conclusion, that this drama is of no recent date, derived from the history of its hero. Agnimitra, the king of Vidiśá, is the son of Pushpamitra, whose father is still alive, and who is rather unaccountably termed the Senání or general. The personages are little known to the Páńd'its of the present day. It appears from the Vishnu-Puráńa, however, that Pushpamitra was the founder of the Sunga dynasty of Magadha kings, having been the general of Vŕihadratha, the last of the Maurya race, whom he deposed and put to death: he was succeeded by his son Agnimitra, and no doubt remains therefore of the identity of the personages. The first of the Maurya race was Chandragupta, whom all research continues to recognise in Sandracottus. The princes of this family were ten in number, to whose reigns the reasonable term of one hundred and thirty-seven years is assigned in the Vishńu-Puráńa, which places Agnimitra and his father about one hundred and sixty years before our era, above a century before the Kálidása of Vikramáditya's court, and such a period was quite sufficient to qualify Agnimitra to become the hero of a domestic drama. The events of his reign, which are familiarly alluded to, were not of a character to have survived any very protracted interval in popular recollection; and it may be observed also, that his capital, Vidiśá, has been long obliterated from the literary records of the Hindus, and that its precise situation is utterly unknown: its flourishing condition in the days of one Kálidása is also adverted to in his *Megha-Dúta*. The term of general,

applied in the play to Pushpamitra, may perhaps correct the history as given in the *Puráńa;* and although he dispossessed his first master of the crown, it seems likely that he refrained from appropriating it to himself, being contented to retain the military power, whilst he invested his son with the title and name of king. There might seem reason therefore to infer, that the play was the work of the Kálidása of antiquity; but the manners described appear to be those of a degenerate state of Hindu society, and it can scarcely be thought earlier than the tenth or eleventh century. It may possibly have been the production of a somewhat later day, in some part of India which continued to preserve its political independence and Hindu character. We shall now proceed to an analysis of the drama itself.

The play opens with the entrance of Vakulávalí, a female attendant upon Dhárińí, the principal queen, who has been sent by her mistress to the *sańgíta-śálá*, a theatre or music saloon, to inquire of Gańadása the progress made by his pupil, Málaviká, in dancing and singing. Another female servant, Kaumudí, joins her, and from their conversation we learn that the Rájá has seen the picture of Málaviká, painted by order of the queen for her *chitra-śálá*, or picture gallery, notwithstanding her anxiety to keep the original from Agnimitra's knowledge. The sight of the picture has, of course, inspired the prince with an ardent desire to view the original, whom he has never yet beheld. In the next scene Vakulávalí tells Gańadása, the preceptor, that Málaviká was sent as a present to the queen by her brother, Vírasena, governor of the Antapála, or barrier fortress on the Narmadá.

In the scene that follows, we find hostilities are about to break out between Agnimitra and Yajnasena, king of Vidarbha (Berar). The first, on some occasion, had detained captive the brother-in-law of the latter, and Yajnasena had retaliated by throwing into captivity Mádhavasena, the personal friend of Agnimitra, when about to repair to Vidiśá to visit that

monarch. Yajnasena sends to propose an exchange of prisoners, but Agnimitra haughtily rejects the stipulation, and sends orders to his brother-in-law, Vírasena, to lead an army immediately against the Rájá of Vidarbha. This affair being disposed of, he directs his attention to domestic interests, and employs his Vidúshaka or confident, Gautama, to procure him the sight of Málaviká.

To effect this, Gautama instigates a quarrel between the professors, Gańadása and Haradatta, regarding their respective pre-eminence. They appeal to the Rájá, who, in consideration of Gańadása's being patronised by the queen, refers the dispute to her. She is induced to consent reluctantly to preside at a trial of skill between the parties, as shown in the respective proficiency of their select scholars. The queen is assisted by a protégée, a *Parivrájiká*, or female ascetic and woman of superior learning. In general, a *Parivrájiká* denotes an ascetic female of the Bauddha faith, but there is nothing in the piece to assign the character to any particular sect.

The second act opens with the assemblage of the party in the chamber where the performance is to take place, fitted up with the *saṁgíta-rachaná*, or orchestral decorations. The king's object is attained, for Gańadása brings forward Málaviká as the pupil on whom he stakes his credit. Málaviká sings an *upagána* or prelude, and then executes what is represented as something of extraordinary difficulty, the *chatushpada-vastu*, in the *madhya-laya*, or andante time, which was composed by S'armishthá. Some air is most probably implied, adapted to a stanza of four *pádas* or lines. S'armishthá is known as the queen of Yayáti, but whether she be the same with the composer of the air is more than uncertain. Málaviká's performance is highly applauded, and the Vidúshaka detains her until the queen, who has all along suspected the plot, commands her to retire. The exhibition of Haradatta's pupil not being essential to the intrigue, is evaded dramatically enough, by the warder's crying the hour of noon, on which the party

breaks up, and the queen, with more housewifery than majesty, hastens away to expedite her royal husband's dinner.

The scene of the third act is laid in the garden, where stands an *aśoka* tree (*Jonesia aśoka*). A curious superstition prevailed amongst the Hindus formerly, which is the frequent theme of poetical allusion: they believed that this tree, when barren, might be induced to put forth flowers by the contact of the foot of a handsome woman. The tree in question does not blossom, and being the favourite of Dháriṅí, she has proposed to try the effect of her own foot. Unluckily, however, the Vidúshaka, whilst setting her swing in motion, has tumbled her out of it and sprained her ankle, so that she cannot perform the ceremony herself: she therefore deputes Málaviká to do it for her, who accordingly comes to the spot attired in royal habiliments, and accompanied by her friend Vakulávalí. In the conversation that ensues she acknowledges her passion for the king, who with his friend Gautama has been watching behind the tree, and overhears the declaration; he therefore makes his appearance and addresses a civil speech to Málaviká, when he is interrupted by another pair of listeners, Irávatí, the second queen, and her attendant. She commands Málaviká's retreat, and leaves the king, in a violent rage, to inform Dháriṅí of what is going forward.

In the beginning of the fourth act the Vidúshaka informs the Rájá, that Málaviká has been locked up in the *sárabháṅḋagriha* by the queen. What that chamber is we do not exactly know; it must be a store or treasure room, and no very enviable place, as the Vidúshaka compares it to *Pátála*, the infernal regions. He undertakes, however, to effect her liberation; and whilst he prepares for his scheme the Rájá pays a visit to the queen.

In the next scene, whilst the Rájá is engaged in tranquil conversation with Dháriṅí and the Parivrájiká, the Vidúshaka rushes in, exclaiming he has been bitten by a venomous snake, whilst gathering flowers to bring with him as a present on his

visit to the queen, and he exhibits his thumb bound with his cord, and marked with the impressions made by the teeth of the reptile. The Parivrájiká, with some humour as well as good surgery, recommends the actual cautery, or the amputation of the thumb; but the Vidúshaka pretending to be in convulsions and dying, the snake-doctor is sent for, who having had his cue, refuses to come, and desires the patient may be sent to him: the Vidúshaka is accordingly sent. The queen is in great alarm, as being, however innocently, the cause of a Bráhman's death. Presently the messenger returns, stating the only hope is the application of the snake-stone to the bite, and requesting the Rájá to order one to be procured: the queen has one in her finger ring, which she instantly takes off and sends to the Vidúshaka. This is his object; for the female jailor of Málaviká has, as he has ascertained, been instructed to liberate her prisoner only on being shown the seal ring or signet of the queen; and having got this in his possession, he immediately effects the damsel's release, after which the ring is returned to the queen, and the Vidúshaka is perfectly recovered. The king then being summoned away by a concerted pretext, hastens to the Samudra pavilion, where Málaviká has been conveyed with her friend and companion, Vakulávalí. This pavilion is decorated with portraits of the king and his queens, and Málaviká is found by her lover engrossed with their contemplation. Vakulávalí retires. The Vidúshaka takes charge of the door, but no sooner sits down on the threshold than he falls asleep: the Rájá and Málaviká, consequently, have scarcely time to exchange professions of regard, when they are again disturbed by the vigilant and jealous Irávatí, who sends information of her discoveries to Dháriṅí, and in the meantime remains sentinel over the culprits. The party, however, is disturbed by news, that Agnimitra's daughter has been almost frightened to death by a monkey, and Irávatí and the Rájá hasten to her assistance, leaving Málaviká to the consolation derived from hearing the

aśoka tree is in blossom, an omen of the final success of her own desires.

The fifth act collects the Rájá, Dhárińí, the Parivrájiká, with Málaviká and other attendants about the *aśoka* tree, when some presents arrive from the now submissive monarch of Vidarbha, against whom the troops of Vírasena have been successful. Amongst the gifts are two female slaves, who immediately recognize in Málaviká the sister of Mádhavasena, the friend of Agnimitra, whom the armies of the latter have just extricated from the captivity to which the Vidarbha sovereign had consigned him. It appears that when he was formerly seized by his kinsman, his minister, Sumati, contrived to effect his own escape, along with his sister and the young princess. That sister, Kauśikí, now reveals herself in the person of the Parivrájiká, and continues the story of their flight. Sumati joined a caravan bound to Vidiśá. On their way through the Vindhya mountains they were attacked by the foresters, who were armed with bows and arrows, and decorated with peacock's plumes: in the affray Sumati was slain and Málaviká was lost. Kauśikí, left alone, committed her brother's body to the flames, and then resumed her route to Vidiśá, where she assumed the character of a female ascetic. The Rájá observes she did wisely, which if a Bauddha ascetic be here, as is usual, intended, is a tolerant expression of some weight with regard to the antiquity of the drama. Kauśikí soon found out Málaviká, but forebore to discover herself, confiding in the prophecy of a sage, who had foretold that the princess, after passing through a period of servitude, would meet with a suitable match.

The story now pauses, whilst Agnimitra issues his orders respecting the terms to be granted to Yajnasena, the king of Vidarbha, the half of whose territory he assigns to Mádhavasena, the brother of Málaviká, their dominions to lie respectively north and south of the Varadá river, the Wurda of modern times, and retaining till very lately its character of

a boundary, separating the states of the Nizam from those of the Nagpore, the Vidarbha or Berar Rája. In this part of the play, also, is the allusion to the general, Pushpamitra. A letter arrives from him, giving an account of some transactions that have occurred upon the southern bank of the Indus. On his own behalf, or that of his son, he had undertaken to celebrate an *aświamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse, for which it was essential that the steed should have a free range for twelve months, being attended only by a guard to secure him. This guard had been placed by Pushpamitra under the command of Agnimitra's son, Vasumitra. Whilst following the victim along the Indus, a party of Yavana horse attempted to carry off the courser, but they were encountered by the young prince, and after a sharp conflict, defeated. Pushpamitra concludes with inviting his son to come with his family to complete the sacrifice. The queen, Dháriní, overjoyed by the news of her son's success and safety, distributes rich presents to all her train and the females of Agnimitra's establishment, whilst to him she presents Málaviká. Irávatí communicates her concurrence in this arrangement, and the Rájá obtains another bride. The piece closes with his expressing his hope, that he may ever retain the regard of his first queen, Dháriní, and that his subjects may never suffer any calamity whilst he reigns over them.

VIDDHA-ŚÁLABHANJIKÁ; OR, THE STATUE.

A Comedy in Four Acts.

CHARACTERS.

Vidyádhara-Malla.—King of Trilinga and Kalinga.

Cháráyańa.—His confidential attendant.

Bhágaráyańa.—The minister.

Kálidása.—A servant of the minister.

An Ambassador from the king of Láta.

Kurangaka.—An officer of Vidyádhara-Malla.

The queen of Vidyádhara-Malla.

Mrigánkávalí.—The daughter of Chandravarman, king of Láta, passing for some time as his son, under the charge of the queen.

Kuvalayamálá.—Princess of Kuntala, the intended bride of the supposed son of Chandravarman, also under charge of the queen.

Pingaliká.—The wife of Cháráyańa.

Mekhalá.—The foster sister and chief attendant on the queen.

Sulakshańá.
Vilakshańá.
Kurangiká.
Tarangiká.
} Female attendants.

Attendants.

The *Viddha-Śálabhanjiká* is a comedy of domestic intrigue, like the *Ratnávalí and Málavikágnimitra:* it has not, however, the elegance of the former nor the spirit of the latter, and although not devoid of imagination, is much less classical than either. It has more bustle, and a more complicated plot, and gives a not unentertaining picture of the interests and amusements of Hindu princes in the retirement of their harams.

The benedictory stanzas at the commencement are addressed to Kámadeva and Párvatí, indicating adherence to S'aiva tenets. The manager then states that the play is the work of Rája-S'ekhara; and the occasion of the performance, the pleasure of the Yuvarája, probably the installation of the heir in the joint administration of the government.

A short introduction by Haridása tells the audience that the minister of Vidyádhara-Malla, the hero of the play, has discovered that the king of Láťa having no son, has endeavoured to pass off his only daughter as a boy, and has sent her in that capacity to be taken care of by Vidyádhara-Malla's queen. The scene then discovers the Rájá and the Vidúshaka just risen from repose. The prince has seen a fancied vision, which he relates to his confidant, "for the burthen of the heart is lightened by sharing it with a faithful friend." He proceeds:

"A glorious halo appeared before me in my dream, bright as the moon's resplendent disc; within the orb a beauteous maiden moved as gently radiant as the lunar rays in autumn skies. Advancing near me, she inclined her head in reverence, and as if pouring ambrosia into my ears, pronounced in softest tones, 'Glory to the deity of love!' then sighing, she took up this string of costly pearls and placed it on my neck. The act awoke me. I started up and saw my vision realised. I caught the nymph by her scarf; but she hastily extricated herself from my hands and fled, leaving me this necklace alone the evidence of her presence."

The Vidúshaka, however, treats the whole as a dream, and reproaches the prince with his fickleness, as he had just before fallen in love with Kuvalayamálá, the princess of Kuntala, and recommends him to be content with the queen, as "a partridge in the hand is better than a peahen in the forest."

The king and the Vidúshaka then go into the garden, where, over the edge of a terrace, they see some of the fair tenants of the inner apartments amusing themselves with swinging, a favourite pastime with the natives of India. Amongst them the king recognises the countenance he has seen in his dream,

but the party disappear on the advance of the Rájá and his friend.

The Rájá then enters a pleasure-house or pavilion called the *Keli-kailása*—the *Kailása* (or mountain so called) of sport. It is an apartment described as built of crystal, and decorated with statues and paintings. Amongst the latter is one which, by an artist familiar with Indian antiquities and costumes, might be wrought into an instructive and interesting composition; it is thus described:

"There is your Majesty at *páśa* (dice) with the queen: behind you stands one damsel with the betel box, whilst another is waving the *chounri* over your head: the dwarf is playing with the monkey, and the parrot abusing the Vidúshaka."

The chamber also contains the portrait of Mŕigánkávalí, the damsel whom the Rájá has really seen in his supposed dream, and who is in the haram in the character of a youth, though wearing female attire; there is also a statue of her, whence the piece is named *Viddha-Śálabhanjiká*, meaning a carved effigy. Finally the lady is herself beheld through the transparent wall of the pavilion, but runs away on being observed; the Rájá and his friend follow her in vain; the bards proclaim it noon, and the two friends repair to the queen's apartments to perform the mid-day ceremonies.

A conversation between two of the female attendants opens the second act, and gives us the history of Kuvalyamálá, the object of the Rájá's passion before encountering his new flame. She is the daughter of Chandramahásena, king of Kuntala, and has been sent to Vidyádhara-Malla's queen, as the betrothed bride of the supposed son of Chandravarman, who is the queen's maternal uncle. Then follows a frolic practised by Mekhala, the queen's foster-sister, on the king's confidant, Cháráyańa. He is promised a new bride by the queen, and the ceremony is about to take place when the spouse proves to be a "lubberly boy;" he is highly indignant at the trick, and goes off threatening vengeance.

The Rájá having followed and pacified his companion, they go into the garden, where they see the damsel Mŕigánkávalí playing with ball: she still, however, flies their advance. Presently they overhear a conversation between her and one of her companions, from which it appears that, notwithstanding her shyness, she is equally enamoured of the Rájá. Evening is now proclaimed, and the parties retire.

A similiar dialogue with that which commenced the second, begins the third act, the parties only being different. We now learn that the dream was the contrivance of the minister, Mŕigánkávalí having been persuaded by the speaker Ṣulakshańá, at his instigation, to believe that she was to behold the present deity of love, and having been introduced by a sliding door into the king's chamber. The minister's object in effecting a marriage between the Rájá and the nymph, is to secure to his master the station of universal monarch, which a seer has prophesied shall accompany the hand of Mŕigánkávalí. The author here, therefore, is indebted, either to the *Ratnávalí*, or perhaps in common with that, to the popular story of *Vatsa*, for his notions. The consequence of the interview has been to render Mŕigánkávalí passionately enamoured of the king.

From this we proceed to Cháráyańa's retaliation. He has induced one of the women to hide in a bush, and when Mekhalá passed, to announce to her she would die on the next full moon, unless she prostrated herself at the feet of some Bráhman and crawled between his legs. The plot has so far succeeded that Mekhalá and the queen, both overcome with concern, have entreated Cháráyańa to be the Bráhman that shall preserve the life of the former. The transaction takes place, and when Mekhalá crawls between his legs Cháráyańa proclaims the device, and triumphs in the humiliation he has inflicted on her—the queen is in her turn incensed, and goes off in a pet. The Rájá and the Vidúshaka seek the garden, where it is now moonlight. Mŕigánkávalí and her friend Vilakshańá also come thither, and the lovers meet: this inter-

view is broken off by a cry that the queen is coming, and they all separate abruptly.

The fourth and last act begins again with the dawn, when we have Cháráyańa and his wife introduced, the latter asleep. In her sleep, however, she is very communicative, and repeats a supposed dialogue between the queen and the Rájá, in which the former urges the latter to marry Mŕigánkávalí, the sister of the supposed Mŕigánkavarman, come on a visit, it is pretended, to her brother—this being a plot of the queen's to cheat the king into a sham marriage, by espousing him to one she believes to be a boy. On her own part she, it is pretended by the dreamer, professes no difficulty, referring to her conduct on similar occasions, from which it appears that the Rájá already possesses a goodly assortment of wives, the princesses of Magadha, Málava, Pánchála, Avanti, Jalandhara, and Kerala. The Vidúshaka suspects the trick, however, and wakes his wife, who rises and goes to the queen. Sleeping on the stage is contrary to the canons of the Hindu drama, but the natives of India sleep with so little of the "pomp and circumstance" of the bed-chamber, that there is no violation of decorum in such a representation.

The Vidúshaka having joined the Rájá, a rather tedious conversation ensues, in which the amatory emotions of the Rájá and his new mistress are described. This is interrupted by the preparations for the marriage, and they are followed by the ceremony, Vidyádhara-Malla being wedded on the stage to Mŕigánkávalí, another violation of dramatic rule, which prohibits the exhibition of sacred rites. In this case the holy fire is introduced and circumambulated. As soon as this is done, a messenger arrives from Chandravarman, to announce that his master has a son, that consequently no further necessity exists for his daughter's assuming a character not belonging to her, and Mŕigánkávalí accordingly is to be recognised as his daughter. The queen now finds that she has taken herself in, and given herself another rival bride: as the matter is past remedy,

however, she assents with a good grace, and allows Vidyádhara-Malla to marry Kuvalayamálá into the bargain. To crown the king's happiness, a messenger arrives from the camp with the news that the allied army of Karńáťa, Siṁhalá, Páńďya, Murala, Andhra, and Konkana has been defeated, and Vírapála, king of Kuntala, the ally of Vidyádhara-Malla, reseated on a throne, from which his kinsman, supported by those troops, had formerly expelled him. The authority of Vidyádhara-Malla is now declared to extend from the mouths of the Ganges to the sea, and from the Narmadá to the Támraparńí in the Dekhin, he being the chief of the Karachuli race, a Rájput tribe.

Many circumstances prove this drama to be comparatively modern: the language is more ornate than classical, the ideas are more affected than poetical; allusions to current practices and modes of dress are frequent and conversational, and proverbial forms of speech are not rare. The state of manners, particularly as affects the multitude of wives, is not of ancient character, for although there was no restriction in this respect, it does not appear that any very great latitude was usually exercised. Daśaratha had three wives, but his son Ráma had but one, Páńďu had two, Dhŕitaráshťra but one, and many of the traditionary kings of the Hindus, in like manner, contented themselves with the same number. According to the law, indeed, the first wife was considered to fulfil the moral end of the association, except in the case of sterility, and the marriage of other wives, unless for the sake of progeny, a culpable sacrifice to sensual passions. This law, indeed, became obsolete; but to judge from the dramas, there ever remained a peculiarity in the practice of the Hindus which distinguishes them from the Mohammedans, and in no case do we find any allusion to a system of concubinage established in their harams.

Besides internal evidence, however, the author is not regarded as a writer of any great antiquity, although of consider-

able merit: his precise date is not known, but as he is mentioned in the *Śárngdhara-Paddhati*, a work of the fourteenth century, he is prior to that period. He was probably not later than the reign of Bhoja, for the *Vásavadattá* of Subandhu contains an evident allusion to the play, as it is there said that every house in Kusumapur possesses a *Śálabhanjiká* and *Vríhat-Kathá*; and he is also named in the *Saraswatí-Kańthábharańa*, a work on rhetoric, attributed to Bhoja himself. It is said in the prelude that he is the tutor of the king, Mahendrapála, but we have not yet met with any prince of that name. We shall presently have occasion to revert to this subject, and it is here sufficient to observe, that from the author's familiarity with the political distinctions and the domestic usages of the people of southern and western India, he was probably a native of some of the provinces bordering upon the Nerbudda.

PRACHAŃḊA-PÁŃḊAVA.

The *Prachańḋa-Páńḋava*, or "Offended Sons of Páńḋu," is a *náṫaka* in two acts, entitled also the *Bála-Bhárata*. The subject is taken from the *Mahábhárata*. The first act describes the marriage of Draupadí; the second, the loss of everything at play by Yudhishṫhira, the injurious treatment of Draupadí, and the departure of the Páńḋava princes to the forest. The author has not hesitated to represent in action the circumstances of Draupadí's being dragged by the hair, almost naked, into the public assembly, an insult in revenge for which Bhíma vowed to slay Duhśásana and drink his blood, and ultimately fulfilled his vow.

The introduction of this little drama, which is written in a simple but powerful style, is valuable for the account it gives of the author, Rája-S'ekhara, and his patron or patrons, of whom some notice has been taken in the preceding analysis of the *Viddha-Śálabhanjiká*. He is here described as a poet, who occupies that rank in the literature of the day which Válmíki, Vyása, Bhartŕihari, and Bhavabhúti, have severally filled: he is also designated as the son of the *mahámantrin* or prime minister; and Mahendrapála, the king, of the family of Raghu, is called his *śishya* or disciple. The assembly, however, before which the representation takes place, is collected by Mahípála-Deva, who may be the same with Mahendrapála, or is possibly his father or paramount lord. Of Mahípála it is said that he is the sovereign of Áryavarta or Central India, and the subjugator of the Kuntalas, Kulutthas, Kerala (Malabar), Kalingas, Muralas, and Mekalas (tribes along the Narmadá). He is also said to be of the race of Raghu, meaning no doubt a Raghuvaḿśi Rájput, and he is said to be the son of the king

Nirbhaya, or Nirbhaya-Narendra. The Sútradhára observes of the assembly, that it is formed of the learned men of the great city of Mahodaya, or the great Udaya, possibly Udayapur, the princes of which city affect to trace their descent from Ráma. The modern city of Udayapur, however, was not founded before the sixteenth century, and the name must be applied to some other place, unless it be no more than a title meaning the very splendid or fortunate. We cannot doubt the long prior existence of the drama, from the mention made of it, or of its author, in the works to which reference is made in the preceding article, and to which we may add the Kávya-Prakáśa, a work probably anterior to the foundation of the modern Udayapur. Mahodaya may be the origin of the name of Mahoba, a city of which extensive ruins remain, and of which the history is little known. In a verse cited from another work by the writer, the Karpúra-Manjarí, his wife, is styled "the chaplet of the crest of the Chouhan race," from which it follows that he belonged to that tribe. We can only conclude, therefore, that Rájá-S'ekhara was the minister of some Rájput prince, who flourished in Central India, at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelve century.

Besides the *Viddha-Śálabhanjiká*, Rája-S'ekhara is the author of the *Karpúra-Manjarí*, a dramatic composition of the class called *Sat'taka*, entirely in Prákrit. It is named as a specimen of the class in the *Sáhitya-Darpańa*. The *Bála-Rámáyańa* is another dramatic performance attributed to this author, and is named in the same work.

HANÚMAN-NAŤAKA; OR, MAHÁNÁŤAKA.

A Drama in Fourteen Acts.



THE *Hanúman-Náťaka*, or, as it is emphatically termed, the *Mahá* or great-*Náťaka*, is evidently an imperfect performance, and the work of various hands. The legendary tale, which obscurely accounts for this, will be hereafter noticed: it is only necessary to advert to it here, in order to understand the progress of the drama. As might be implied from the title, the story is connected with that of Ráma, the monkey-chief Hanúmat being a very important character in the adventures of the prince. The subject of the play is, in fact, the story of the *Rámáyańa*, and it follows the order of the poem from the birth of Ráma till his return to Ayodhyá, after the conquest of Lanká. It agrees, therefore, in its *dramatis personæ*, also with the *Víra-Charitra*, and it is unnecessary to repeat the list.

Two or more benedictory stanzas, invoking the favour of Hari as Ráma, open the piece, but there is no mention of the *Sútradhára*, nor is there any prelude. We have, indeed, both here and throughout, no notice of entrances nor exits, nor in general any indication of the speaker, being left to infer the appropriate persons from the business of the scene, or being directed to their specification by the conjectures of the commentator. It is very evident that the person who speaks is very frequently unconnected with the story, and is the poet himself. This is the case at starting, as it begins:

"There was an illustrious and powerful monarch, the subduer of foes and the renowned ornament of the exalted house of the sun, named Daśaratha, in whose family, for the purpose of relieving the earth of her burthen, Bhúriśravas (Vishńu) deigned to incorporate

his divine substance as four blooming youths. The eldest, endowed with the qualities of imperial worth, was Ráma, the descendant of

The poet then cursorily notices the early exploits of the hero, and states his going with Lakshmańa to the court of Mithilá, to try his strength in the bending of the bow of S'iva, and thereby winning Sítá for his bride: we have this represented dramatically; and Sítá, Janaka, the messenger or Purohita of Rávańa, Lakshmańa, and Ráma, maintain a dialogue easily followed, which ends in Ráma's triumph—the bow is broken, and he wins his bride.

The consequences of breaking the bow are then narrated by an indifferent person or the poet, and Paraśuráma's appearance on hearing the sound is also in description. We have here, in the passages describing him, one stanza which belongs to the *Víra-Charitra*, and another said to occur in the *Prabodha-Chandrodaya*. The dialogue that ensues is something like that in the *Víra-Charitra*, but it terminates in Ráma's trying the bow of Paraśuráma, and shooting an arrow from it which flies to Swarga. Paraśuráma acknowledges him to be his superior, and the poet then proceeds to state, that Ráma and his brother, with Janaka and different sages, went to the capital of that prince, and Ráma was married to Sítá. This ends the first act, called the *Sítá-Swayamvara*.

The second act has no pretension to a dramatic character, being a description by the writer of the loves of Sítá and Ráma, in a strain which is prohibited by a positive rule, and is an offence against decency as well as the drama. It is evidently the addition of a comparatively modern and corrupt period, prior indeed to the vitiation of style, but marked by the debasement of moral feeling amongst the Hindus, which led to the degeneracy of poetical taste and subversion of political existence.

The third act is less dramatic than the first, and is wholly descriptive; such speeches as do occur being conformable to

the usual style of oriental composition, which assigns speeches to the speaker in the first, and not in the third person, rather than to their being actually part of a dramatic dialogue. The subjects are the exile of Ráma, his fixing his residence at Panchávatí, the appearance of Márícha as a deer, and the chase of the supposed animal by Ráma and Lakshmańa at Sítá's request.

The act opens with a description of the portents that indicated Rama's impending separation from his father, the cause of which is the curse denounced upon the latter by the father of the ascetic, whom whilst formerly hunting he had accidentally slain; but the passage, though a striking one, is an imitation of several similar descriptions in the *Mahábhárata.*

Whilst thus their hours the youthful pair devoted
To love, that with enjoyment grew, the term
When the stern curse the Muni's sire denounced
Upon the erring king should shed its influence,
Approached. The sun with radiance dimmed looked forth,
Whilst fiery torches waved along the sky,
And meteors darted headlong through mid-heaven :
Earth shook ; the firmament rained showers of blood :
Around, the horizon thickened. In the day,
The pale stars gleamed ; eclipse unseasonable
Darkened the noon : day echoed with the howls
Of dogs and jackalls, whilst the air replied
With horrid sounds and strange, such as shall peal,
When the destroying deity, in thunder,
Proclaims the dissolution of the world.

The fourth act opens with a description of the chase, in which we have the gestures of the deer delineated in a stanza from *Śakuntalá*—the speech of Dushyanta to his charioteer, "There he runs with his neck bent gracefully," &c.

Rávańa then comes disguised to see Sítá.

"Oh, give me food," he muttered, "pious dame!"
Heedless she overstepped the magic ring

That Lakshmańa had traced, when by the hand
She stretched in charity the Rákshas seized her,
Calling in vain upon the sons of Raghu.

Jaťáyu, the vulture, is represented as endeavouring to rescue Sítá, but he is slain by Rávańa. Sítá encounters Hanúmat, and begs him to carry her ornaments, which she casts to him, to Ráma. Ráma returns from the chase to his cottage and finds it deserted:

Now having slain the fraudful deer, the prince,
With his brave brother, to their bower returned.
Sítá he sought, but sought in vain. His steps
Three several quarters trod, the fourth he left,
O'ercome with grief and terror, unexplored.

The fifth act contains the prosecution of Ráma's search after Sítá, his encounter with Báli, his triumph, and the despatch of Hanúmat to Lanká; and the sixth describes Hanúmat's visit to Sítá, the feats he performs at Lanká, and his return to Ráma.

The seventh act describes the advance of Ráma's host, the fruitless expostulation of Vibhíshańa with his brother, and his consequent desertion to Ráma; the further advance of the monkeys, the construction of the bridge over the sea, and the crossing over it of the troops.

When first the monkey bands advanced, they viewed
A watery belt smooth circling round the shore:
The following troops with labour ploughed their way
Through the thick mire; the chiefs who led the rear
Exclaimed, with wonder filled, "Here ocean was."

Ráma, in the beginning of the eighth act, sends Angada, the son of Báli, to persuade Rávańa to relinquish Sítá peaceably. Angada has some feeling of aversion to Ráma, who killed his father, but thinks he shall best fulfil his father's wishes by promoting the war between Rávańa and Ráma; he therefore goes to the former and defies him in very haughty terms.

The dialogue is more steadily maintained in this part of the work than any other. In one passage we have a curious description of the menial offices which Rávańa had compelled the gods to perform in his household, and of the notions entertained by the Hindus of the *mythological*, as distinct from the *apparent*, character of various objects of their worship.

Ráv. Indra weaves garlands for me, at my gate
The thousand-rayed* keeps watch, above my head
Chandra† uprears the umbrella of dominion,
The wind and ocean's monarch are my slaves,
And for my board the fiery godhead toils.
Know'st thou not this, and can'st thou stoop to praise
The son of Raghu, whose frail mortal body
Were but a meal to any of my household?
Ang. (*Laughs.*) Is this thy wisdom, Rávańa? Infirm
Of judgment, dost thou deem of Ráma thus—
A mortal man? Then Gangá merely flows
A watery stream; the elephants that bear
The skies, and Indra's steed, are brutal forms;
The charms of Rambhá are the fleeting beauties
Of earth's weak daughters, and the golden age
A term of years. Love is a pretty archer;
And he whose fame gilds with celestial glory
The triform world, the mighty Hanúmat,
In thy profound discernment is an ape.

The dialogue continues very regularly dramatic to the end of the act, when Angada having in vain endeavoured to persuade Rávańa to restore Sítá, leaves him to expect the immediate advance of the monkey host.

The ninth act begins with narrative, but soon breaks into a string of moral and political sentences, supposed to be uttered by Virúpáksha and Mahodara, two of Rávańa's ministers. Several of these sentences occur in the Hitopadeśa. Rávańa is not to be persuaded, but goes to Sítá to try

* The Sun. † The Moon.

the effect of his personal solicitations—first endeavouring to deceive her by two fictitious heads, made to assume the likenesses of Ráma and his brother. Sítá's lamentations are stopped by a heavenly monitor, who tells her the heads are the work of magic, and they instantly disappear. Rávańa then vaunts his prowess in war and love, and approaches Sítá to embrace her. She exclaims,

> Forbear, forbear! proud fiend, the jetty arms
> Of my lovėd lord, or thy relentless sword,
> Alone shall touch my neck.

Thus repulsed, Rávańa withdraws, and presently reappears as Ráma, with his own ten heads in his hands. Sítá thinking him what he appears is about to embrace him, when the secret virtue of her character as a faithful wife detects the imposition, and reveals the truth to her. Rávańa, baffled and mortified, is compelled to relinquish his design. Sítá's apprehensions, lest she should be again beguiled, are allayed by a voice from heaven, which announces that she will not see the real Ráma until she has beheld Mandodarí kiss the dead body of her husband Rávańa. The act ends with a verse of familiar application and double import, being a series of quibbles; but it does not belong to this place, for it alludes to Kuśa and Lava, who were not born for many years.

The eleventh act proceeds with the preparation for the combat, going from one party to the other very abruptly and unmethodically. A female Rákshasí attempts to assassinate Ráma, but is stopped and slain by Angada. The army then advances to Lanká, and Rávańa comes forth to meet it. Kumbhakarńa, his gigantic and sleepy brother, is disturbed from his repose to combat. He is rather out of humour at first, and recommends Rávańa to give up the lady, observing:

> Though the commands of royalty pervade
> The world, yet sovereigns ever should remember,
> The light of justice must direct their path:

Rávańa bids him go to sleep again:

They who assist us with a holy text
Are but indifferent friends. These arms have dashed
Their golden bracelets on the polished peaks
Of the eternal adamantine rock,
Uprooted from its base, and wrested victory
From the opposing grasp of gods and demons.
Confiding in thy prowess, sure in thee
To triumph o'er my foes, I have relaxed
Their fibre, but again their nerves are braced.
I need thee not; hence to thy cell and sleep.

Kum. King, do not grieve, but like a valiant chief,
Pluck from thy heart all terror of thine enemies,
And only deem of thy propitious fortune,
Or who shall foremost plunge into the fight—
I will not quit thee.

Kumbhakarńa's advance appears to terrify Ráma's troops, as he thinks it necessary to address them:

Ho! chiefs and heroes, why this groundless panic,
The prowess of our enemy untried
In closer conflict? Ocean's myriad fry
Would drain the fountain, and before the swarm
Of hostile gnats the mighty lion falls.

Kumbhakarńa is killed by Ráma; on which Indrajit, the son of Rávańa, proceeds against the brethren. By the arrow called *Nágapáśa*, presented him by Brahmá, he casts Ráma and Lakshmańa senseless on the ground, and then goes to Nikumbhila mountain to obtain a magic car by means of sacrifice. Hanúmat disturbs his rites. Ráma and Lakshmańa revive, and on being sprinkled with drops of amrita brought by Garuďa, the latter with a shaft decapitates Meghanáda, and tosses the head into the hands of his father Rávańa, which ends the twelfth act.

In the opening of the thirteenth act, Rávańa levels a shaft at Lakshmańa, given him by Brahmá, and charged with the

certain fate of one hero. It should seem to be something of the nature of fire-arms, a shell or a rocket, as Hanúmat snatches it away, after it has struck Lakshmańa, before it does mischief. Rávańa reproaches Brahmá, and he sends Nárada to procure the dart again and keep Hanúmat out of the way. With the fatal weapon Lakshmańa is left for dead. Ráma despairs:

> My soldiers in their caves shall find protection;
> With Sítá I can die, but thou, Vibhíshańa,
> What shall become of thee?

Hanúmat reappears and encourages him. Rávańa has a celebrated physician, Sushena, who is brought away from Lanká in his sleep, and directs that a drug (*viśalyá*) from the Druhińa mountain must be procured before morning, or Lakshmańa will perish. This mountain is six millions of *yojanas* remote, but Hanúmat undertakes to bring it bodily to Lanká, and call at Ayodhyá on his way. He accordingly roots up the mountain, and is returning with it to Ráma, viâ Ayodhyá, when Bharata, who is employed in guarding a sacrifice made by Vasisht́ha, not knowing what to make of him, shoots Hanúmat as he approaches. He falls exclaiming on Ráma and Lakshmańa, which leads Bharata to discover his mistake. Vasisht́ha restores the monkey, and he sets off for Lanká again. It may be observed, that the nocturnal performance of *homa*, or sacrifice with fire, as here described, is contrary to the ritual. On Hanúmat's return the medicament is administered, and Lakshmańa revives. There is more description than dialogue in these passages; and the utter want of connection which characterises the latter, would render the speeches quite unintelligible, if the chasms were not filled up very liberally by the commentator.

The fourteenth and last act opens with an embassy from Rávańa, offering to give up Sítá for the battle-axe of Paraśuráma; but this, Ráma replies, must be reserved for Indra.

In all which, however, the author blunders sadly, for Paraśu-ráma retained his axe (see *Víra-Charitra*). On this refusal, Rávańa goes forth after a brief dialogue with his queen Mandodarí, who animates his drooping courage with the true spirit of the tribe to which she belongs.

Banish your sorrow, Lord of Lanká, take
One long and last embrace ; we meet no more.
Or give command, and by your side I march
Fearless to fight, for I too am a Kshattriya.

The progress of Rávańa through the air appals all nature.

In timid murmurs through the rustling woods
Low breathed the winds; the sun with slackened fires
Gleamed pale abroad, and from their rapid course
The streams relaxing, slowly crept along.

He defies Ráma with great disdain, and in derision of his modest demeanour, asks him whether he is not overcome with shame by the recollection of his ancestor, Anarańya, killed formerly by Rávańa. Ráma replies:

I do not shame, my noble ancestor
Fell in the combat. Victory or death
The warrior seeks, and death is not disgrace.
It ill befits thee to revile his fame,
When vanquished, thou couldst drag an abject life
In great Haihaya's dungeons, till thy sire
Begged thee to freedom, as the scanty dole
The vagrant gleans from charity. For thee
Alone I blush, unworthy of my triumph.

Rávańa falls under the arrows of Ráma, and Mandodarí, his bride, bewails his death. The poet moralises on his end.

The heads that once on Śiva's breast sustained
With heavenly splendour shone, now lie beneath
The vulture's talons. Such, alas! the doom
That waits on mortal creatures; thus the fruit
Of crimes committed in a former life,
Evolves to ripeness in our after being.

Sítá is recovered, but Ráma is rather shy of his bride, until her purity is established by her passing through the fiery ordeal: a test she successfully undergoes, in description, not in action. Indeed, after the dialogue between Ráma and Rávańa, the style is scarcely ever colloquial. Ráma returns with Sítá and his friends to Ayodhyá, when Angada challenges them all to fight him, as it is now time to revenge his father's death. A voice from heaven, however, tells him to be pacified, as Báli will be born as a hunter in a future age, and kill Ráma, who will be then Kŕishńa: he is accordingly appeased. Allusion to these incidents is peculiar to this drama, not occurring in the *Rámáyańa*, *Víra-Charitra*, or *Murári-Náťaka*. Ráma is then described as seated on the throne of Ayodhyá, and a brief reference is made to his ultimate exile of Sítá, after which the piece concludes with a string of stanzas of obscure and difficult construction in general, in praise of Rámachandra. The last verse contains a brief statement of the history of the poem.

The *Mahánáťaka* is said to be originally the work of Hanúmat, who engraved or wrote it on the rocks. Válmíki saw it, and anticipated the greater sweetness of its style would throw his *Rámáyańa* into the shade. When he complained to the monkey, the latter had so little of the author about him, that he told the bard to cast the verses into the sea. Válmíki obeyed the injunction, and the *Mahánáťaka* remained concealed for ages under the waves. At last portions were discovered and brought to Bhoja, by whose command Dámodara-Miśra arranged the fragments, filled up the chasms, and formed the whole into an entire work. There is no reason to doubt as much of this story as is credible, or that the fragments of an ancient drama were connected in the manner described. Some of the ideas are poetical, and the sentiments just and forcible: the language is in general very harmonious, but the work itself is after all a most disjointed and nondescript composition, and the patch-work is very glaringly and clumsily put together.

The date of the play is established, by the mention of Bhoja, to be a work of the tenth or eleventh century; and it is in part corroborative of the correctness of the assertion, that the drama was the work of Dámodara-Miśra, that the poet Dámodara is named in the *Bhoja-Prabandha* as one of the many writers patronised by that monarch. That work also records the anecdote of some verses attributed to Hanúmat being discovered by a merchant in Bhoja's reign, engraved upon some rocks on the sea-shore; the merchant brings a copy of the two first stanzas of one verse, and Bhoja travels to the spot to obtain the other two. The verse when complete is one that occurs in the play, and is that last translated: "*The heads that once*," &c.

One comment of this drama is the work of Mohanadása, a *Rámabhakta*, and possibly by his name as well as that attribute, a *Vaishńava-Vairágin*.

DHANANJAYA-VIJAYA.



THIS is a drama in one act, the subject of which is taken from the *Viráťa-Parvan* of the *Mahábhárata*, and describes the recovery of the cattle of the Rájá Viráťa by Arjuna, after they had been carried off by Karńa and the Kuru princes. The different chiefs appear, and threaten each other and praise themselves, very much in the strain of Homer's heroes. The battle is thrown into narrative, being described in a conversation between Indra and some of his attendants as they contemplate it from the clouds. The drama belongs to the class termed *Vyáyoga*. It is the composition of Ķánchana-Áchárya, the son of Náráyańa, a celebrated teacher of the *yoga*, of the race of *Kapimuni*, or *Kápyáyana* Bráhmans. The drama is performed in the autumnal season at the close of the rains, upon Vishńu's waking from his slumbers, by the written order of Jagaddeva, or in one copy, Jayadeva, which is delivered to the manager on the stage, for the entertainment of Gadádhara-Miśra and others. We have a Jayadeva, king of Kanouj, in the end of the twelfth century, and Gadádhara-Miśra is said to be a writer of repute, but of what works has not been ascertained. He is not the same as the celebrated logician Gadhádhara-Bhaťťácharya, who was a native of Bengal, as the affix *miśra* indicates a native of Gangetic Hindustan.

ANARGHA-RÁGHAVA; OR, MURARI-NÁṬAKA.

A Drama in Seven Acts.

THIS play is most usually known by the latter appellation, which it derives from the author; the former is its most legitimate title, implying the sacred descendant of Raghu, Ráma being the hero of the piece. The story is consequently the same with that of the *Víra-Charitra* and *Hanúman-Náṭaka*, and the characters therefore need no particular specification.

The subject of the prelude is of an unusual description. The *Sútradhára* states that the assembly is collected on occasion of the *Purushottamayátrá;* that all the world is well acquainted with the talents of Kalaha-Kandala, an actor from another island (one comment says, Siṁhalá or Ceylon), and that he himself is the scholar of the Professor Bahurúpa, and a native of the middle country (explained by another comment, Ayodhyá or Oude.) The first-named actor then sends the *Sútradhára*, whilst on the stage, a challenge to try their skill, and the manager determines that it shall be put to the test in the *Anargha-Rághava*, a new composition by Murári, the son of Tantumatí, and S'rí-Vardhamána-Bhaṭṭa, of the Maudgalya family.

The first act opens with a conversation between Daśaratha and Vámadeva, which serves to introduce Viśwámitra, who comes to request the aid of Ráma. The dialogue between him and the king is an effort to outdo each other in complimentary speeches, most of which are in the very worst taste. As, for example, Viśwámitra says to the king:

> Confiding in your surety, that earth
> No longer has occasion of alarm,

Indra but rarely waving in the clouds
His bow, forgoes its practice, and forgets
His skill. Nay, further; from the copious draughts
Of ghee your ceaseless sacrifices offer,
His every limb is grown of size unwieldy,
And scarcely can he see out of his eyes.

However, the whole composition is not of this description, and it does contain a few redeeming passages. When Viśwámitra urges Daśaratha to aid him by the intermediate agency of Ráma, he observes:

The monarch of the day invests the dawn
With delegated rays to scatter night,
And ocean sends his ministers the clouds,
To shed his waters o'er the wide-spread earth.

The king also considering, and being reminded by Vámadeva, that the race of Raghu never sent away a petitioner ungratified, sends for Ráma and Lakshmańa, and allows Viśwámitra to take them with him.

The second act opens at dawn with a dialogue between S'unaḿśepha and Paśumedhra, two of the disciples of Viśwámitra, in which the former gives the latter several legendary tàles, relating to Báli and Rávańa and the Rákshasas, and the interruption occasioned by Táraká to their rites, on which account Ráma and Lakshmańa have been brought to the hermitage to protect them. S'unaḿśepha goes to collect wood, and Paśumedhra to see the princes. Ráma and Lakshmańa now describe the situation of the hermitage, its tenants and their duties. The former is on the banks of the Kauśikí or Coosy river: they then describe the noon, and are supposed to rest in the shade till towards evening, although they do not leave the stage, nor is the dialogue interrupted: they are then joined by Viśwámitra, who gives a long description of sunset, until he is stopped by the cry that Táraká is abroad. Ráma, after some hesitation about killing a female, goes to destroy her: on

his return he expatiates at great length on the rising of the moon :—

The sovereign moon not yet o'ertops the hills
But his precursor rays, that waken all
The beauty of the lotus, spread through heaven,
And as they bright advance, they chase the vapours
Far to the bounds of earth, or banish them
Deep in the rocky caves, or else prepare
To seize them living captives, as they seek
A refuge in the shadows of the mountain.

This is well enough, but then comes ridiculous conceit.

The watery darkness by the lunar beams
Is cleansed, as by the purifying nut:
Clear gleams the air, and in the shadowy hollows
The cloudy mire precipitated falls.
Or by the glittering shears, the brilliant heaven
Is shorn, and piecemeal into fragments clipped;
The shadows like the dusky rind are peeled,
And here and there are scattered o'er the vale.

Upon his rejoining the sage, Viśwámitra proposes that they shall visit Mithilá.

The third act opens with a dialogue between the chamberlain and one of Sítá's attendants, from which it appears that Sítá begins to be conscious of her youth, and that Rávańa has sent to demand her in marriage. A conversation next ensues between Viśwámitra, Janaka, and S'atánanda, in which the two princes are introduced to the king, and Viśwámitra urges Janaka to let Ráma try to bend the bow of S'iva. S'aushkala, the messenger of Rávańa, now arrives, to demand Sítá in marriage for his master, refusing at the same time, on his part, to submit to the test of bending S'iva's bow. S'atánanda replies for Janaka, and desires Ráma to go and try his fortune. The princes obey, and Ráma is described by those on the stage as breaking the bow: he has therefore won the lady. The family connection is extended by the promise of Úrmilá, Máńd'aví,

and S'rutakírtti, to Ráma's brothers. S'aushkala is highly indignant, and departs to carry the information to his master's minister.

Act fourth: Mályavat describes the rising of the sun, and his disappointment on Rávańa's account. S'úrpańakhá arrives from Videha, and announces that Ráma and Sítá are married. Mályavat anticipates that Rávańa will carry her off; and to render the attempt less perilous, projects inveigling Ráma into the forest alone, for which he sends S'úrpańakhá in the disguise of Manthará, the attendant of Kaikeyí. She tells him that she had heard of Paraśuráma's approach to Mithilá, and Mályavat conjectures the possibility of some good being effected by the result. The next scene introduces Paraśuráma, in the same strain as the Mahávíra-Charitra, but more extravagantly. Ráma's humility is more excessive, and the other characters carry on a vituperative dialogue with Paraśuráma without appearing, speaking successively from behind the scenes. We shall not cite any of the dialogue beyond Ráma's reply to Paraśuráma's boasts of his destruction of the Kshattriya race: "This flag of your fame is now worn to tatters, let us see if you can mount a new one." Ráma then calls for his bow, and Paraśuráma presents him with his axe. They go forth to fight: a voice behind proclaims that Sítá is apprehensive that Ráma again draws the bow for a maiden prize, and that he cannot draw it in vain. This is all the reference we have to the combat, as the two Rámas return immediately, very excellent friends. Paraśuráma takes leave of the Ŕishis, who are behind the curtain, and departs. Janaka and Daśaratha now enter, and the latter declares his purpose of relinquishing the kingdom entirely to his son. Lakshmańa announces the arrival of Manthará, and presents a letter from Kaikeyí, the purpose of which is to urge Daśaratha's fulfilment of his promise, and grant her, as the two boons, the coronation of Bharata, and banishment of Ráma. The old gentlemen faint: Ráma sends Lakshmańa to prepare Sítá, and recommending his father to

Janaka, departs. The author makes very short work with this part of his story.

In the fifth act, a conversation between S'ramańá, a female ascetic, and Jámbavat, the bear, briefly describes the progress of Ráma with his wife and brother till their arrival in the forests. S'ramańá goes to prepare Sugríva for the friendly reception of the travellers, and Jámbavat hears a dialogue carried on between Lakshmańa and Rávańa, disguised as a juggler. Jat'áyu then appears, and tells the bear he has seen Rávańa Márícha in the forest, and anticipates mischief to Ráma. Jámbavat goes to find the chief and put him on his guard, and Jat'áyu beholds Sítá carried off; he follows the ravisher. The language here is generally plain and intelligible, but there is no poetry. Some of the attempts at description make but a poor figure by the side of Bhavabhúti's delineations of the same scenery, and the dialogue between Jat'áyu and Jámbavat is a sorry substitute for the scene between Jat'áyu and Sampáti in the *Víra-Charitra.* Lakshmańa now appears, and is soon after joined by Ráma, and both express their grief, but with more philosophy than pathos. Lakshmańa observes:

> The worse the ill that fate on noble souls
> Inflicts, the more their firmness; and they arm
> Their spirits with adamant to meet the blow.

Ráma replies:

> The firmness I was born with or was reared to,
> And rage, that fills my heart, restrains my sorrows;
> But harder is the task to fit my soul
> To bear unmurmuring a husband's shame.

Whilst engaged in conversation a cry of distress is heard, and on looking out, the youths observe Guha, the friendly forest monarch, assailed by the demon Kabandha, or a fiend without a head. Lakshmańa goes to his aid, and returns with his friend Guha. In the act of delivering him, Lakshmańa

has tossed away the skeleton of Dundubhi, a giant, suspended by Báli, and Báli deeming this an insult, presently appears. After a prolix interchange of civility and defiance, Ráma and Báli go off the stage to determine their respective supremacy by single combat; the result is described by Lakshmańa and Guha; Báli is slain. Voices without announce the inauguration of Sugríva, and his determination to assist Ráma to recover Sítá, and Lakshmańa and his friend leave the stage to join the party. The whole of this act is very flat and undramatic, and the same character may be given of the rest of the drama; we have nothing but sounding words and obscure mythology, with very few poetical ideas or rational reflections.

The sixth act contains the business of description, and Sárańa and S'uka, two of Rávańa's emissaries, describe to his minister Mályavat, the formation of the bridge over the sea, and the advance of Ráma's army; they foretell, also, an unfortunate result from Ráma's celerity, as Mályavat observes: "The activity of an assailant is ever the best assurance of success." Voices behind announce that Kumbhakarńa and Meghanáda have gone forth to battle. Mályavat wishes them prosperity, in a phrase perfectly oracular: Utinam Rámum et Lakshmańum, Kumbhakarńum et Meghanádum vincere possem. The clumsy contrivance of voices behind the scene proclaims the deaths of Kumbhakarńa and Meghanáda, and announces the departure of Rávańa to the field. Mályavat determines to follow him:

Haste we to Rávańa, 'tis all I can
In battle pilgrimage to expiate
The sin of feeble age, and on the sword
Resign a life, now useless to my sovereign.

The remainder of the act is a very prolix and nerveless description of the final contest and overthrow of Rávańa, in an extravagantly laboured dialogue between two Vidyádharas. Several pages here are so insufferably tedious, and at the same time so difficult of construction, that they are quite

unreadable, there being nothing to repay the pains of making out the meaning.

The seventh and last act resembles the concluding act of the *Víra-Charitra*, and describes the return of Ráma with his wife and brother, and accompanied by Vibhíshańa and Sugríva, in the celestial car of Kuvera, to his capital Ayodhyá. It is, of course, an act of pure description, and as little dramatic as the similar act of the *Víra-Charitra*, but unenlivened by the picturesque beauties which relieve the want of action in that drama. It is also infinitely more prolix, and in the same proportion more tedious. The route is also very preposterously diversified. In the *Víra-Charitra*, the travellers proceed over the Dekhin, through Áryavarta, or India proper, to the Snowy Mountains, and then turn back at once to Ayodhyá. Murári takes them from Ráma's bridge into the upper regions, whence they descry the different holy portions of the mythological mountain Sumeru, and visit Chandraloka, or the region of the moon; the sole object of which absurd deviation is a laboured and obscure display of legendary lore, the mythological details relating to Sumeru, Kailása, and the Chandraloka, occupying several hundred verses. The author then descends within ken of the earth, and commences his terrestrial description with an account of Siṁhalá, or Ceylon, distinguishing that island, like all modern Hindu writers, from Lanká. The reason is obvious enough, particularly in a writer of the south of India, Siṁhalá, or Ceylon, being too well known to be made the seat of legendary personages, supposed, as is the case with Vibhíshańa and his Rákshasas, to be still existing. From Siṁhalá we then pursue a tolerably rational route, described more in detail than in the *Víra-Charitra*. The places named are the Malaya mountains, the forest, the mountain Prasravańa, the Godávarí, mount Mályavat, Kuńd́inípura in the Máhárásht́ra country, the shrine of Bhímeśwara, the city of Kánchí, Ujjayiní, and the temple of Mahákála, Mahishmatí, the capital of Chedi, the Jumna and Gangá rivers,

and Váráńasí, Mithilá or Tirhut, and Champá, near Bhagelpur. The travellers then proceed westward to Prayága, and the Antarvedi or Doab, when they again follow an easterly course and arrive at Ayodhyá. Vasisht́ha, the priest, and the brothers of Ráma, await his arrival, on which he is crowned, and the piece concludes.

Enough has been said to convey a correct notion of the character of the Anargha-Rághava. It has no dramatic merit, being deficient in character, action, situation, and interest. As a poem, it presents occasionally poetic thoughts, but they are very few, and are lost amidst pages of flat commonplace, quaint conceit, hyperbolical extravagance, and obscure mythology. Yet this drama bears in general a much higher character with the pańd́its of the present day, than the truly poetical compositions of Bhavabhúti and Kálidása. The vitiation of taste and abjectness of sentiment prevalent amongst them, sufficiently explain this unjust preference. The Hindus of these days are little able to estimate purity of conception, delicacy of feeling, or brilliancy of fancy: they trouble themselves, indeed, very little with the thoughts, and bound their criticism to an author's style. The language of Murári is, of course, as far from good taste as his ideas, but it has merit. As a specimen of elaborate composition, it is unsurpassed, and the intricate and not unmusical combination of the words evinces prodigious labour, and a wonderful command of the Sanskŕit language. One consequence of this is a total want of perspicuity, and without being intently studied and learnt by rote, there is little chance that the Anargha-Rághava will be understood throughout.

Besides the celebrity Murári-Miśra derives from his elaborate style, he is indebted to the author of the *Siddhánta-Kaumudí* for no slender reputation. As he deals largely in unusual grammatical forms and combinations, Bhat́t́oji-Díkshita has not unfrequently recourse to the *Anargha-Rághava* for the illustration of his grammatical rules.

The style of the drama is sufficient evidence that the *Anargha-Rághava* is of modern date. It is not possible, however, to fix the period of its composition with any precision. It of course preceded the *Siddhánta-Kaumudí*, a work about two centuries old. It is subsequent to the time at which public festivals were instituted at Cuttack in honour of Jagannáth, as it was represented at the *Purushottama-Yátrá*. As, however, the choice of the hero was Ráma, and no allusion is made to Kŕishńa or Rádhá, there can be little doubt that it preceded the enthusiasm excited in favour of those latter divinities, by the Bengali visionary Chaitanya, in the end of the fifteenth century, and which still influences the prevailing worship of Cuttack. The bad taste displayed in the work will not allow us to carry it much farther back, and it is possibly, therefore, a production of the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

In the present instance two commentaries have been consulted: one is short and without any name; the other is full to tediousness. It is the composition of Śrí-Ruchi-Mahopádhyáya, by command of the king Bhairava-Deva, son of Narasiḿha-Deva. The country governed by the prince is not named. If Orissa be intended, as is probable, this comment may be the work of the latter part of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century, Narasiḿha-Deva, king of Orissa, ascending the throne in 1236.

ŚÁRADÁ-TILAKA.

THIS is a piece of the class called *Bháńa*, or a monologue in one act, although of considerable length.

Rasikaśekhara, a man of licentious habits, gives an account of the different individuals he encounters in the streets of Koláhalapur, at the time of the vernal festival. By far the greatest portion of the piece is in description, but part is in a supposititious dialogue, in which Rasikaśekhara having addressed some individual whom he names, adds *kiṁ bravíshi?* "what do you say?" and then repeats himself the reply. The persons thus interrogated are chiefly females and courtesans, and the dialogue very generally will not admit of translation; occasionally it should appear, also, that the male characters show themselves for a short interval, and speak for themselves, but there is no stage direction for entrance or exit. It is possible, therefore, that the whole is the exhibition of a single performer, who varying his voice and appearance, adapts himself to the different personations: a feat not uncommonly nor badly accomplished by some of the Indian *Bháńds*, or professional jesters and mimics of the present day, although they may fall short of the more cultivated talent of this class in Europe.

Of the individuals described, the majority are women; and the following are some of the most characteristic notices given by Rasikaśekhara, who here is supposed to address a companion:—

"Look where the lotus-eyed damsels of Kankana approach; their slender waists decorated with tinkling bells, and their charms guiding the shafts of Káma into every bosom.

There goes the maid of Gurjara, blooming as with perpetual youth, having eyes like the *chakora*, of the complexion of the yellow *rochaná*, and a voice musical as that of the parrot. She wears anklets of silver, large ear-rings set with pearls, and her boddice is buttoned below the hips with gems.

The matron of Mahárásht́rá proceeds yonder, her forehead stained with saffron, and with silver chains upon her feet. She wears a coloured veil, and a girdle round her loins.

Here comes the damsel of Nepal, whose locks are blacker than the bee, whose bosom is fragrant with musk, and whose forehead bears a mark brighter than the new moon.

Behold that lotus-faced maiden of Páńd́ya bearing offerings in her hand; her person is decorated with pearls, and her bosom perfumed with sandal.

A Chola female approaches, whose cheeks are tinted with saffron, and whose dress is embroidered with the buds of the lotus.

The bosoms of those Dravida women are as moonlight in the courts of the young, whilst those of others are like lamps in water-jars.

Observe the lovely form of the damsels of Karnáta, whose forehead is stamped with a mole of musk and tinted with safflower; whose ears are ornamented with rings of gold, and whose bosom attracts the hearts of men.

Look at that Andhra female, whose graceful ear is decorated by the scroll of gold, whose nose-ring set with pearls trembles to her breath, and over whose bosom spreads the saffron-dyed vest.

The female worshipper of Śiva advances, her forehead streaked with the double line of ashy whiteness, and from whose neck the string of cowries depends; her soft lips are ruddy with betel, and her curls are of darkest jet.

And mark where the damsel devoted to Vishńu proceeds, her forehead marked with the saffron crescent, her tresses playing upon her long neck, and her eyes beautiful as the lotus."

The personages next in frequency of description are religious characters, to whom the author shews no great favour, not only in his portraits, but in one or two piquant anecdotes related in the course of the piece, of which some pious vagrant is the hero.

"Eh! who are these I see? The Jangama covered with ashes, wearing his hair in a braid, carrying the type of Śiva round his neck, and having shoes on his feet; he bears in his hand the segment of a skull: and the Vaishńava, his forehead marked with an upright streak, carrying a bow decorated with bells and peacock's feathers, and a wallet at his side.

There go the readers of the Puráńas, carrying under their arms the sacred volumes wrapped up in the cloth on which they take their seat. They have rosaries in their hands, and their foreheads are stained with sandal.

Here, the haughty Yatis approach, clad in vestments dyed with ochre, bearing bambu staves, round which their nether vesture is wrapped, and arrogantly promulgating false doctrines.

And there go the personifications of hypocrisy, the Yogins, who to impose upon the people are counting their rosaries, and have smeared their bodies with the ashes of burnt cowdung. They suffer their beards to grow, their garments are dyed with ochre, and they carry their wallets under their arms, covered with the skin of the black deer."

One of the most laboured descriptions is the following:—

"Here comes a Snake-catcher, with his serpent and monkey. Upon his head he wears a scanty plume of peacock's feathers, round one of his arms winds the tendril of a vine, and a bracelet of shells decorates the other. His braided locks project from above his forehead, whilst beneath them from ear to ear, extends across his brow the single streak of ashes. Repeating the incantation of Garuda, and meditating upon his spiritual teacher, he cautiously opens his basket, and draws forth the slowly-excited reptile. Whilst the exhibitor is shaking his knee with one hand, and with the other playing upon his pipe, the snake slowly raises his head and expands his hood. The monkey then darts upon the snake and gripes him with his teeth, and then recedes from the fury with which he darts forth his venom. Wonderful are the works of Brahmá! and yet what marvel is there that men can tame venomous animals, when women can tame men!"

In the original, the quibble is upon the word *bhujanga*, which means a gallant or a snake.

Except a few such insignificant attempts, there is little wit or satire in the composition, and still less poetry, beyond that which is merely mechanical. The style is highly laboured and involved, abounds with verbal jingle, and is not unfrequently encumbered with rhyme. This is a sufficient proof of its comparatively recent date, and the same inference is authorized by the allusions to the Jangamas and Vaishńavas, who, as here described, are modern sectaries. The composition cannot there-

fore be earlier than the twelfth century, and it is probably later. The author is named S'ankara, who could not have been the religious reformer so denominated, although he may possibly be the S'ankara Kavi mentioned in the *Śárngdhara-Paddhati.* According to the original he was a native of Benares, but the performance is said to have been held at Koláhalapur. *Koláhala*, properly speaking, means an uproar, and the city had most probably only an allegorical existence, being also the fancied scene of the events described in the piece.

YAYÁTI-CHARITRA.

THIS is a drama in seven acts, by Rudra-Deva. It was first performed at the Spring-Festival, but it does not appear at what place, nor does any mention of the author elsewhere occur. He is not likely to be the same as Rudra-Bhat́t́a, the author of the *Śŕingára-Tilaka*, who is amongst the writers named in the *Śárngdhara-Paddhati*.

A prince, named Rudra-Deva, is praised highly for his liberality in some of the examples quoted by Apyáya Díkshita, in his *Kuvalayánanda*. Apyáya flourished in the reign of Krishńa-Deva of Vijayanagara, about A.D. 1526, and the prince alluded to may possibly be Pratápa-Rudra-Deva, sovereign of Telingana in the beginning of the fourteenth century: We have also a Rudra, the author, real or supposed, of a vocabulary, whose date appears to be about the same, the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The *Yayáti-Charitra* is not quoted by the writers of systems, and only one copy has been met with, which is so exceedingly inaccurate that it is nearly unintelligible. As far as the business of the piece can be decyphered, it relates to the intrigue of Yayáti with S'armisht́há, terminating in his union with her, and reconciliation with his queen Devayání. The story is told as follows, in the first section of the *Mahábhárata* and several of the *Puráńas*.

S'armisht́há was the daughter of Vŕishaparvan, king of the Daityas, and Devayání the daughter of S'ukra, regent of the planet Venus and the spiritual preceptor of the Daitya race. Devayání having incurred the displeasure of S'armisht́há, the latter threw the former into a well, where she was found by Yayáti, the son of Nahusha. Devayání, on returning to her father, excited his anger against Vŕishaparvan, who to appease S'ukra, consented to give his daughter to Devayání as her servant, with a thousand other female attendants. Devayání mar-

ried the king Yayáti. At the time of her marriage S'ukra obtained the king's promise that he would never take S'armishṫhá to his bed; but after some interval the king meeting her, fell in love with, and espoused her privately. The intrigue continued secret, until Yayáti had two sons by Devayání and three by S'armishṫhá, when it was discovered by the former, and excited her resentment as well as that of her father. The violation of the king's promise was punished by premature decay, as denounced upon him by S'ukra, with permission, however, to transfer his infirmities to any one who would accept them. Yayáti appealed to his sons; of whom the youngest alone, Puru, consented to assume the burthen. After a sufficient period Yayáti took his decrepitude back again, and left the sovereignty of the world to Puru in reward of his filial piety. All the sons of Yayáti were the founders of distinguished races. Yadu gave birth to the Yádavas, Turvasu to the Yavanas, Druhya was the ancestor of the Bhojas, and Ańu of the Mlechchhas. The Pauravas were the descendants of Puru, in whose line the Kaurava and Páńd'ava families were comprised.

DUTÁNGADA; OR, THE MISSION OF ANGADA.



This piece is styled a *Chháyá-Náťaka*, the shade or outline of a drama, the subject of which is taken from the *Rámáyańa*. It consists of but four scenes. In the first, Angada, the son of Báli, is sent to demand Sítá; in the second, he executes his mission, and on his departure Rávańa goes forth to battle. Two Gandharvas then enter, and in a short speech each announce that Rávańa is slain, on which Ráma enters in triumph. The composition was perhaps intended to introduce a spectacle of the battle and procession, as it is otherwise difficult to conceive what object its extreme conciseness could have effected. It is said to have been written for the *yátrá* of Kumára-Pála-Deva, by order of Tribhuvana-Pála-Deva, by the poet Subhaťa.

MṘIGÁNKALEKHÁ.

THIS is a piece of the class termed *Nátiká*, in four acts, by Viśwanátha, the son of Trimala-Deva, originally from the banks of the Godávarí, but residing at Benares, where the piece was represented at the *yátrá*, or festival, of Viśweśwara, the form under which S'iva is particularly worshipped at that city.

Mṙigánkalekhá is the daughter of the king of Kámarúpa, or Asam: she has been beheld by Karpúratilaka, king of Kalinga, whilst hunting, and the parties are mutually enamoured. The obstacle to their union is the love of S'ankhapála, a demon, to oppose whose supernatural agency the minister of the king of Kalinga, who alone is aware of the circumstance, invites to the palace a benevolent magician, Siddhayoginí, and Mṙigánkalekhá is also lodged in the palace as the friend of the queen Vilásavatí. Notwithstanding these precautions, she is carried off by S'ankhapála to the temple of Kálí, when the Rájá wandering disconsolate beyond his garden-bounds, comes to the spot, rescues her, and kills S'ankhapála. He is then united to Mṙigánkalekhá in the presence of her father and brother, and with the consent of his queen, killing also, before the conclusion of the rite, the brother of S'ankhapála, who comes to revenge him in the form of a wild elephant, but is encountered and slain by the king.

The author of this play is largely indebted to his predecessors for the story, incidents, and the thoughts of his play. The union of the king and Mṙigánkalekhá is effected through the secret contrivance of the minister Ratnachúd'a, because the lady's husband is to become the master of the world. This is taken from the *Ratnávalí*. The conveyance of the princess to the temple of Kálí, and her rescue by the king, are borrowed

from the *Málatí and Mádhava;* and the site of the temple, and the appearance of the goblins, are described to precisely the same purpose, but with inferior power. During the Rájá's peregrinations in his love-frenzy, he passes through a wood, in which he inquires of different animals if they have seen his mistress, in a strain evidently copied from the fourth act of the *Vikrama and Urvaśí.* We must give the writer, therefore, little credit for originality; nor has he made good use of his materials, but has diluted the incidents he has borrowed with much prolix and tedious description of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and the genial influence of the seasons. The language is polished, but in the modern style, and is rather elaborate than elegant. The play is clearly a comparatively recent composition, but no clue is afforded for the precise determination of its date.

VIDAGDHA-MADHAVA.

THIS is a play in seven acts, the subject of which is taken from the *Bhágavata*, and relates to the loves of Kŕishńa and Rádhá. It is, in fact, the "Songs of Jayadeva" dramatised.

It may easily be supposed, that the jealous squabbles of two lovers furnish insufficient materials for a play of such length, and accordingly the *Vidagdha-Mádhava* has little action, and is made up of dialogue that leads to nothing, and of uninteresting description. An attempt has been made to give some variety to it by the introduction of Chandrávalí, a nymph of Vŕindávańa, enamoured of Kŕishńa, and by representing the Paurnamásí, the personified day of full moon, as interesting herself in the union of Kŕishńa and Rádhá. The piece is also in its different portions supposed to be applicable to the different seasons of the year at which the chief festivals in honour of Kŕishńa are held, or the festival of spring in *Chaitra or Vaiśákha*, that of the birth of Kŕishńa in *Śrávańa* or the rains, and the *Rásayátrá*, or dance of Kŕishńa with the Gopís, in the season of autumn.

The want of dramatic incident is not relieved by the literary merits of the composition, as there is little poetry in the thoughts. The style, though not devoid of melody, is not remarkably musical, and as the greater part of the characters are females, much the most considerable portion of the language is Prákŕit. The work does not rank very high in the estimation of the Hindus, except those of a particular sect, the *Vaishńavas*, who have followed the doctrines of Chaitanya. The play is recommended to them, not only by the subject, but by its being the work of Rúpa, one of their founder's first disciples, and one of the early teachers of the

sect. His name does not appear in the manuscript, and the prelude presents one singularity in the *Sútradhára's* personating the author himself. The commentary, however, and the concurrent tradition of the *Vaishńavas*, leave no doubt as to Rúpa's being the writer of the drama; and it is further established by the date of it, which is specified in the manuscript S. 1589 (A.D. 1533), at which period there is no doubt he flourished.

ABHIRAMÀMAŃI.



THIS is a drama in seven acts, the subject of which is the history of Ráma. The business is related in much the same order as in the *Víra-Charitra* and *Murári-Náťaka*. The piece was performed also like the latter of these two works at Jagannáth, at the festival of Purushottoma or Vishnu. The author is named Sandara-Miśra, but we have no further knowledge of him. Of two copies consulted, one bears what appears to be the date of the composition, S'áka 1521, or A.D. 1599. The composition possesses little dramatic, although it has some literary, merit.

MADHURÁNIRUDDHA.

This is a drama in eight acts, the subject of which is the secret loves of Ushá, the daughter of the Asura Báńa, and Aniruddha, the grandson of Kŕishńa, and the defeat and death of the former by that divinity.

In the first act Nárada apprises Kŕishńa and Balaráma, that Indra is again in dread of the power of the demons, and especially of Báńa, who has acquired the particular favour of S'iva, and who is therefore not to be easily subdued. The conference ends by Nárada's going to S'ońapur, the capital of the demon, to endeavour to impair the friendship between Báńa and S'iva, whilst Kŕishńa and his brother await the result.

In the second act we learn from a conversation between Jayá and Vírabhadra, attendants on Párvatí and S'iva, that the excessive arrogance of Báńa, in his anxiety to match himself with Vishńu, has offended the latter, who has accordingly departed for Kailása, after announcing that Báńa's anxiety shall be alleviated whenever his banner falls. Párvatí also has gone to Kailása, after announcing to Ushá that she will shortly behold her husband. Ushá and Chitrángadá are presently afterwards introduced, and in the conversation that ensues, the former expresses her impatience for the boon conferred by the goddess.

In the third act Aniruddha and his friend Vakulánka inform the audience, that the former is violently enamoured of a damsel he has seen in his sleep, and despairs of discovering who she is, when Nárada comes opportunely to his aid, and informs him that she is the daughter of Báńa; on which Anniruddha determines to go to his capital, first propitiating

Jwálámukhí by penance, in order to obtain the means of entering a city surrounded by a wall of perpetual flame.

The fourth act is one of mere conversation again, between Báńa, his minister, and his wife. The banner has fallen, and they endeavour to prevail on him to propitiate S'iva, in order to avert the evil omen, but he refuses.

In the fifth act Aniruddha repairs to the shrine of Jwálámukhí, and upon the point of offering himself as a sacrifice, is prevented by the goddess, and receives from her the power of travelling through the air. Jwálámukhí is the form of Durgá, worshipped wherever a subterraneous flame breaks forth, or wherever jets of carburetted hydrogen gas are emitted from the soil. A celebrated place of this description exists in India near Nadoun, and that this is the shrine intended by the author is apparent, from the direction taken by Bhŕingin, a servant of Durgá who precedes Aniruddha, to prepare the goddess to grant his request. As he proceeds in his aerial car, he notices the countries of Orissa, Bengal, Behar, Oude or Ayodhyá, Prayága, Hástinapur or Delhi, and Kurujangala or Tahneser, whence he comes to Jwálámukhí. Aniruddha's visit to the goddess is something unusual in dramatic composition, and characteristic of a prevailing form of the Hindu religion some few centuries ago, that of the ritual prescribed by the *Tantras*. In his description of the shrine, and the sports of the goblins who surround it, the author has imitated the *Málatí and Mádhava*.

In the next act Ushá and Chitralekhá receive a visit from Nárada, in whose presence the latter unfolds a picture containing portraits of all the chief characters in Swarga, Pátála, and on earth, or Indra, and other gods; S'esha, Takshaka and the Nágas, and different princes, as the kings of Magadha, Mathurá, Avanti, Madra, Mahishmatí, and Vidarbha, Yudhishťhira, Kŕishńa, Baladeva, Pradyumna, and finally Aniruddha, whom Ushá recognizes as the individual seen in her dream, and of whom she is enamoured. Nárada recommends

Chítralekhá being sent to Dwárávatí to invite Aniruddha, whom he enables to fly thither, whilst he remains in charge of Ushá, whom he sends to the garden to await her lover's arrival.

The seventh act brings Aniruddha and Chitralekhá to S'ońapur, and the former is united to his mistress.

The eighth describes the detection of Aniruddha by Báńa, and the engagement that ensues, in a dialogue between Nárada and Párvata. Kŕishńa, Baladeva, and Pradyumna coming to the aid of the prince, the day is going ill with Báńa, when Kárttikeya, Gańeśa, and S'iva and Chańd'í come to his succour. The author, who is a *Śaiva*, gives the advantage to the sons of S'iva, but the *Vishńu-* and *Bhágavata-Puráńas* tell the story very differently; and subject the *Śaivas* to rather severe treatment; the legend being apparently founded on some hostile conflict between the followers of S'iva and Kŕishńa. The dramatist is obliged to admit, that, notwithstanding the presence of his allies, Báńa has all his thousand arms cut off by Kŕishńa except four. S'iva advances to the aid of his votary, when a combat ensues between the gods, which Brahmá descends to arrest. They embrace, whilst Párvatí and Brahmá support Báńa to make his submission. The parties enter, when Vishńu declares he is less sensible of the wounds inflicted by Báńa, than of the regret he feels at his presumption in contending with S'iva. The latter consoles him by telling him he only did a warrior's duty, and that military prowess is independent of all motives of love or hatred. Párvatí then brings Ushá to the spot, and by her desire, and that of S'iva, Báńa gives his daughter to Aniruddha. S'iva then elevates him to the rank of one of his attendants, under the name of Mahákála, and the piece concludes with the wish of Aniruddha, that the fame of the verses of the bard may endure as long as the universe.

The *Madhurániruddha* is the work of Chandra-S'ekhara, the son of Gopínátha, the religious preceptor of a prince who is

celebrated for his encouragement of literature and his victories over the Mlechchhas. His name is said to be Víra, with the epithet Keśarin, which being synonymous with Siṁha, the prince intended is probably Víra-Simha, the Rájá of Bundlecund, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The piece was represented at a festival in honour of S'iva, and the author is a decided *Śaiva*, although he has chosen a *Vaishńava* hero. We have no further information respecting the writer. The piece abounds too much with description to be a good play; the style has considerable merit.

KAḾSA-BADHA.

A DRAMA, in seven acts, the subject of which is the destruction of Kaḿsa by Kŕishńa.

In the first act, Kaḿsa, king of Mathurá, alarmed by a voice from heaven, that the son of his sister, predestined to destroy him, has escaped the precautions taken against his birth, consults with his minister what he shall do, and upon his advice orders all Bráhmans and holy and religious characters to be seized or slain, and all sacred and pious observance to cease. In the second act, Garga the Muni relates to Tálajangha, an emissary of the minister, the different exploits of the juvenile Kŕishńa, and the latter also witnesses the destruction of the demon Keśin, one of those infernal beings who in vain attempted to kill the divine child, instigated by their prescience of their fate when he should reach maturity. The third act is occupied with a dialogue between Akrúra and his Charioteer, the former being on his way to Gokula, to invite Kŕishńa to Mathurá. The fourth act opens with what the author terms a *Prastávaná*, an introductory dialogue between a staff-bearer and an astrologer, respecting the object of Akrúra's journey. Balaráma and Kŕishńa then make their appearance, attended by Sudáman and Akrúra, and accompanied by their foster parents, Nanda and Yaśodá, who take leave of the children. The latter play the part of mutes, and, after bowing to the elders and receiving their benediction, depart. The seniors then express their grief for their loss, and quit the stage; after which we have the boys again, as proceeding on their journey, till they are overtaken by a messenger from Rádhá, in consequence of which Kŕishńa determines to spend some time at Vŕindávana. The fifth act conveys them to Kaḿsa's palace at Mathurá, describing the different occurrences on the

road as related in the *Bhágavata*, and similar works. The first part of the sixth act consists of a dialogue between a *Vetra-dhara* and the *Koshthapála*, a staff-bearer and the chief of the police, describing the combat of the youths with the royal elephant of *Kaḿsa*, after the death of which they retire to make way for Balaráma and Kŕishńa, with Kaḿsa's two wrestlers, Cháńúra and Mushťika. After some conversation between them and a few specimens of their skill, the former speakers resume the dialogue, and describe the defeat and death of the *athletæ*, which they go off to report to Kaḿsa. We have then partly in action, and partly in narrative, the death of that prince, which ends the sixth act. The seventh act re-unites the boys with their mortal parents, Vasudeva and Devakí; and to console the latter for her brother's death, Kŕishńa installs her father Ugrasena in the sovereignty of Mathurá.

This drama is consequently nothing more than a re-set of the tenth section of the *Bhágavata-Puráńa*, which gives an account of the early life of the last incarnation of Vishńu as Kŕishńa. It is, in fact, little else than the same work thrown into dialogue, and the character of it is chiefly narrative and descriptive. There is little action, and what there is, is inartificially and disjointedly put together. The language is in general good, although highly elaborate. The compounds are interminable and of constant recurrence, which is sufficient to establish the comparatively modern date of the play. The same may be inferred from the conjectural identification of the persons connected with the composition of the drama.

The author is called Kŕishńa-Kavi, the son of Nŕisiḿha; he is also termed S'esha-Kŕishńa-Pańd'ita, the first of which appellations indicates a Mahratta original. With respect to the latter, there is a Kŕishńa-Pańd'ita, of the Benares school of grammar, author of a commentary on the *Prakriyá-Kaumudí*, an abridgement of which, the *Tattwa-Chandra*, was completed by one of his pupils, Jayanta, in the year 1687 (A.D. 1631). The patron of the author and person who presides in the

assembly is styled, "the sovereign upholding Govardhana, the son of Todar, the ornament of the race of Tandana, and whose Guru was Girdhári-Náth." Girdhári-Náth was the grandson of Vallabha, the founder of the Gokulastha Gosains, who flourished early in the sixteenth century; and Todar may have been Akber's financial minister, Todar Mal. The drama was performed at a festival held at Benares in honour of Viśweśwara; and it seems not improbable, therefore, that it was written about two centuries ago, or in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Kṙishṅa-Paṅd'ita, the preceptor of Jayanta, might easily be cotemporary with the son of Todar Mal, and a grandson of Vallabha-Áchárya.

PRADYUMNA VIJAYA.

This is a drama in seven acts, the subject of which is the victory of Pradyumna, the son of Kṙishṅa, over Vajranábha, the sovereign of the Daityas. The story is, in fact, taken with servile fidelity from the *Harivaṁśa*, the last section of the *Mahábhárata*, and the incidents, as there narrated, are dramatised without addition or omission.

The chief personages of the play, as of the poem, are demigods and demons, and the Yádavas, or kinsmen of Kṙishṅa and his son. We have also in the former, as in the latter, the pair of geese, the *Haṁsa* and *Haṁsí*, who inspire Prabhávatí, the daughter of Vajranábha, and Pradyumna, with a mutual passion before they have beheld each other, and who contrive their secret nuptials. The introduction of such performers on the stage must have had rather an extraordinary effect, although not more so than the *Birds* and *Wasps* of Aristophanes, or the *Io* of Æschylus, who, as the dialogue sufficiently proves, were dressed in character.

The stolen interviews of the lovers being communicated by Nárada to the father, Pradyumna is about to fall a victim to his vengeance, when Kŕishńa and Baladeva with their followers come to his rescue, and a combat ensues, in which Vajranábha is defeated and slain. The whole of this engagement, occupying the entire last act, is described by two Gandharbas, as supposed to be seen by them from their chariots in the air. Other portions of the piece are in narrative to a very considerable extent, the subject of which is foreign to the business; as the wars of the gods and demons, the rape of Rambhá by Rávańa, and the destruction of Káma by S'iva. The action is also frequently interrupted by laboured and tedious descriptions of the hours of the day and seasons of the year, in the usual hackneyed strain. The style, although elaborate, is not remarkably beautiful, and there is no imagination in the thoughts. The play is the work of a Pańd'it, not of a poet.

The author of the *Pradyumna-Vijaya* is named S'ankara-Díkshita, the son of Bála-Kŕishńa Díkshita, the son of Ďhuńd'hi-Rája. The date of the composition is fixed at about the middle of the last century, having been written for performance at the coronation of Sabha-Siḿha, the Rájá of Pannah, who was the son of Hŕidaya-Siḿha, and grandson of the celebrated Chatra-S'ál, Rájá of Bundelcund.

ŚRÍ-DÁMA-CHARITRA.

THIS is a play in five acts, the subject of which is taken from the tenth section of the *Bhágavata*, and is the elevation of S'rídáman (or, as written more frequently, Sudáman), the early companion and fellow-student of Kŕishńa, to sudden and unexpected affluence, by the regard of that deity, and in requital of S'rídáman's attachment. The story, which is not uninteresting in its original form, attracted the taste of Sir William Jones, and forms part of his Hymn to Lakshmí, the goddess of wealth and fortune.

The opening of the piece is in the style of our ancient moralities; and in the first act, Poverty and Folly are sent to assail S'rídáman, who is obnoxious to Lakshmí for his attachment to Saraswatí, or, in other words, who prefers learning to house and lands; for Fortune, it is said, will not even glance upon the pious and wise, but flies them in proportion as they are devoted to philosophy and virtue. On the other hand, Kŕishńa or Vishńu employs the same agents to recover those whom Fortune has corrupted. Folly, entering into their hearts, prepares the way for Poverty, and when reduced to distress, their minds are weaned from worldly affections, and they are fitted for heaven. These allegorical personages effect their purpose with S'rídáman, by demanding the rites of hospitality, and being accordingly admitted into his dwelling.

In the second act S'rídáman is persuaded by his wife, Vasumatí, who has seen a propitious dream, to repair to Kŕishńa, to see if his opulent friend will restore his broken fortunes. He takes with him a handful of rice, dried and cleaned after boiling, as a present.

The third act conducts S'rídáman to the palace of Kŕishńa,

where he is received with great respect by that divinity and his two principal wives, Rukmińí and Satyabhámá; the former washes his feet, the latter wipes them, and Kŕishńa sprinkles the remaining water upon his own head. After recalling some of the occurrences of their juvenile days, when they were fellow-students, Kŕishńa leads his friend into the garden, where they remain till towards sun-set; Kŕishńa, S'rídáman, the Vidúshaka, Gálava, and the gardener, striving who shall utter the most tedious descriptions of the beauties of the place and the decline of the sun, when they are summoned to join the queens and their attendants.

The greater portion of the next act is occupied with the representation of Kŕishńa's frolics amongst his women, and the buffoonery of the Vidúshaka, partly in action, partly in description, S'rídáman and Gálava his disciple being spectators, and occasionally taking a part in the dialogue. After some time spent in this manner, S'rídáman takes his leave, and, although dismissed with great reverence, departs as poor as he came. He recollects this on his way back, and consoles himself with observing, that wealth intoxicates as well as wine, and that the affection of Kŕishńa is a thing which no one can steal from him. His disciple is not so submissive, and reminds him that it was not to get mere civility that he was sent on this errand by his wife. When they approach their residence, they find instead of the miserable hovel of S'rídáman, a splendid and extensive town, and S'rídáman is in great affliction at the disappearance of his wife, when he is seen and solicited by a *Kanchukin*, or chamberlain, who calls himself his servant, to enter a stately palace. S'rídáman thinking this is a jest upon his poverty, threatens to beat him if he does not depart, but the chamberlain perseveres, and tells him that whilst he was absent Kŕishńa has converted his cottage into a town, named after him S'rídámapura, and supplied it with every article of use or luxury. With much reluctance and unyielding incredulity S'rídáman is prevailed upon to enter the palace.

The last act brings Kŕishńa to pay a visit to his friend. He arrives in his aerial chariot accompanied by Satyabhámá and the Vidúshaka, and his bounties are duly acknowledged by the object on whom they have been bestowed.

There is too much description and too little action in this piece to constitute a good play, but there is some vivacity in the thoughts, and much melody in the style. It is a modern work, the composition of Sáma-Rája-Díkshita, the son of Narahari-Díkshita, and was written for the amusement of Ánanda-Ráya, a petty Rájá in Bundelcund. This family of the Díkshitas, a race of Mahratta Bráhmans, has continued its dramatic studies to the present day; and to a descendant of the author of this drama, Lalla-Díkshita, I am indebted for the manuscript of the *Mŕichchhakaťí*, and for very valuable assistance in the translation of that and several other pieces in this collection. Lalla-Díkshita is the only Bráhman I ever met with who might be considered conversant with the dramatic literature of the Hindus.

DHÚRTA-NARTAKA.



A FARCE in one act, or two *Sandhis* or portions, by Sámarája-Díkshita, the author of the preceding play, written for performance at a festival in honour of Vishńu. The chief object of this piece is the ridicule of the S'aiva ascetics, one of whom, Mureśwara, is represented in love with a dancing-girl. His two pupils, to whom he communicates his passion after swearing them to secrecy by making them swallow some sea-water, endeavour to anticipate him, and being prevented by his vigilance, seek to expose him, by bringing him before Pápáchára, a king. The king, however, makes light of his offence, and at the intercession of others of the fraternity, who are of great credit in his kingdom, allows him to retain possession of the damsel. The satire is levelled at the assumption of the ascetic character by improper persons, and the king's confidant proclaims Mureśwara a *Yavana*, or Mohammedan. In a dialogue also with a brother saint the same idea is conveyed.

"*Mureśwara.* (*Pointing to Púpá.*) Who is that?

Kríshńánanda. My well-beloved disciple.

Mur. His caste?

Krísh. A weaver.

Mur. What other followers have you?

Krísh. Many; but what need you inquire? Behold, Yavanas, Śúdras, potters, weavers, plowmen, cowherds, vendors of liquors, and harlots out of number, are accomplished in their course of pupillage by simply whispering into their ears."

The piece is, of course, of the same date as the preceding. The language is highly laboured, but there is little fancy or humour in the composition. It has, however, the recommendation of being exempt from gross indecency, the prevailing blemish of the class to which it belongs.

DHÚRTA-SAMÁGAMA.

THE only manuscript of this met with is incomplete at the beginning and end, and consequently the name of the author does not appear. It is somewhat indelicate, but not devoid of humour. Viśwanagara, a Jangama or mendicant of a particular class, quarrels with his disciples for the possession of Anangasená, a courtezan. They refer the case to Asajjáti-Miśra, a Bráhman, who lives by solving knotty points of law, and who decrees that until it can be decided to which the damsel belongs, she shall remain under the protection of himself as umpire.

HÁSYÁRŃAVA.

A COMIC piece in two acts. It is a severe, but grossly indelicate satire upon the licentiousness of Bráhmans assuming the character of religious mendicants. It satirises also the encouragement given to vice by princes, the inefficiency of ministers, and the ignorance of physicians and astrologers. The king, Anayasindhu, in his progress through his city, regrets to find everything subverted; that Cháńd'álas, not Bráhmans, make shoes; that wives are chaste and husbands constant; and that respect is paid to the respectable, not to the vile. He stops at the house of a courtezan, where the rest of the characters assemble; Viśwábháńd'a, in the garb of a S'aiva mendicant: Kalahánkura, his disciple, and who fights for the possession of a courtezan: Vyádhisindhu, the doctor, who cures the cholic by applying a heated needle to the palate, and perforates the

pupil of the eye in order to restore vision. Sádhuhiṁsaka, the chief of police, who reports with great satisfaction that the city is completely in the hands of thieves: the commander-in-chief, Rańajambúka, who after putting on his armour has valiantly cut a leech in two: and Maháyátrika, the astrologer, who, in answer to a question of the time to take a journey, indicates hours and positions which, according to Hindu belief, proclaim approaching death. The king leaves the party at the end of the first act: the second is occupied with the dispute between the ascetic and his pupil, which they refer to the decision of Mahánindaka, another Bráhman, who asserts that he composed the *Vedas* and visited *Swarga*, where he treated Vŕihaspati and Brahmá with contempt, and gave S'iva a drubbing. These notices will convey some idea of the composition. It is the work of a Pańd'it named Jagadíśa, and was represented at the vernal festival; but where, or when, it is not known. The physician, amongst his authorities, names Vágbhat't'a, a medical writer, subsequent to those who may be considered the fathers of the science, and who is therefore perhaps comparatively modern. The class of Bráhmans aimed at also is that of the Kaula, Kulína, or Vámáchárin, or left-handed sect, the practices of which, as reduced to a system, are not likely to be of any antiquity.

KAUTUKA-SARVASWA.



THIS is also a *Prahasana*, or Farce in two acts, and is especially a satire upon princes who addict themselves to idleness and sensuality, and fail to patronise the Bráhmans. The hero is Kalivatsala, or the darling of the age of iniquity: he is sovereign of Dharmanáśa, or the destruction of virtue, and he takes as his spiritual guide, Kukarmapanchánana, the S'iva of iniquity. Satyácharya, a pious Bráhman returned from Vṛindávana, who is treated by the king and his courtiers with great indignity, holds the following conversation with his brethren in jail:—

Satyá. How now, holy sirs, how fares it with ye?

Bráhmans. We once had lands in free gift.

Satyá. What then?

Bráhmans. Why, know you not the customs of this country? If the god of wealth owned lands here that yielded but a grain of corn, the king would send him in three days to beg alms, clad in tatters and with a platter in his hand. The characteristics of our sovereign are love of untruth, passion for other men's wives, fondness for the intoxicating juice of *bhang*, esteem for the wicked, addiction to vice, and detestation of virtue.

Satyá. You say right. What chance is there for the good? The king is unwise, his associates are wicked, his chief councillor is a knave, and his minister a scoundrel. Yet the people are many; why is not such misconduct resented?

Bráhmans. The manners of the people are equally depraved: they are valiant in oppression, skilful in falsehood, and persevering only in contempt for the pious.

Satyá. How are the scribes?

Bráhmans. They collect the revenues by any expedient, and vigilantly inflict penalties on the wise. The Bráhmans are not allowed to keep even the dust upon their bodies; the dust accumulated on their feet is claimed by the Káyaths. What can we say of this reign? The dumb alone can speak truth, the deaf hear the law,

the sons of the barren are well behaved, the blind behold the observance of the Scriptures.

Satyá. Why do not men of merit quit the country?

Bráhmańs. Our dwellings have been given to courtezans, our lands to drunkards, and we are detained in prison for what our ancestors expended.

Satyá. I have heard enough. It is sinful to hold any communication with the profane. Better fortune attend you.

There is some bitterness in this, and there is also some humour in the piece, especially at the expense of the General, Samara-Jambúka, the jackall of war, who boasts that he can cleave a roll of butter with his falchion, and is said to tremble from top to toe at the approach of a mosquito. There is also some rather bold censure of the immoralities of the *Puráńas.*

Dharmánala. What says the law? 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

Kukarma. The language of fools. So much of the law as the sages and gods themselves observed, be our guide, not such commands as they contemned, like this. Indra deceived the wife of Gautama; Chandra carried off the bride of his Guru; Yama enjoyed the spouse of Páńḍu in her husband's shape; and Mádhava debauched the wives of all the cowherds of Vŕindávana. Those conceited fools, the Páńḍits, imagining themselves sages, alone have made this a sin.

Dharmánala. But this is the precept of the Ŕishis. How answer you to that?

Kukarma. They were impostors. Becoming too old to relish pleasure, they condemned it, and out of envy forbade to others what they could no longer enjoy themselves.

All. Very true, very true! We never heard such orthodox doctrine before.

In consequence of this and similar decisions, the king orders vice to be proclaimed virtue by beat of drum, and the piece concludes with the perpetual banishment of all the Bráhmans.

There is more humour in this than any of the other Farces, and less indecency, although it is not wholly free from the ordinary fault of these attempts at wit. Hindu Comedy, however, is not worse than the old Comedy of the Greeks in this

respect; and the indelicacy is attributable, in some degree, to the constitution of society in both instances, and the exclusion of women from public entertainments.

The *Kautuka-Sarvaswa* is the composition of a Pańd'it named Gopínátha. The date is not known, but it is not likely to be ancient, as it was written for representation at the autumnal festival of the *Durgá-Pujá*, a ceremony peculiar to the province of Bengal, and no doubt, as there practised, of comparatively modern institution.

CHITRA-YAJNA.

A DRAMA in five acts, the subject of which is the celebrated legend of Daksha. The first act describes the assemblage of the gods and sages on the occasion of the sacrifice, and their reception by Daksha. The dialogue is curiously imperfect, being left to be supplied by the performer, partly after the fashion of the *Comedia a Soggetto* of the Italian Theatre before Goldoni. Thus, at the end of the first act, the stage direction is: "Daksha bows down to the feet of the gods, and puts the dust from under them upon his head, after which he propitiates them fully in the spoken dialect, and then proceeds to the place of sacrifice, reading or reciting the usual *formulæ*, and followed by the Ŕishis." And the second act opens with the stage direction; "Daksha enters, takes his seat, and orders the attendants to distribute rice to the Bráhmans, for the purpose of invoking their benediction. They receive the rice, scatter it, and pronounce the *swastivachana*, or benedictory text."

The whole ceremonial of the oblation to fire is then represented contrary to the received rule, which prohibits the dramatic exhibition of sacred rites. Even some of the *mantras* are given, as *swáhá agnaye*, oblation to Agni, or fire, &c. After

these ceremonies, Dadhíchi comes to the sacrifice, when a dispute ensues between him and Daksha, upon the impropriety of omitting to invite S'iva; and the dispute becoming rather warm, Daksha orders his guest to be turned out, which closes the second act.

The third act contains little more than directions for the business. The gods partake Dadhíchi's indignation at the disrespectful mention of S'iva, and rise to depart. Daksha orders his servants to guard the door and prevent their going forth: the gods, however, force their way. The Munis then also withdraw, on which Daksha goes out, exclaiming he will give double the usual presents to those who remain. Nárada follows him, announcing his purpose of going to Kailása with the news. The next scene represents S'iva and Bhavání, to whom Nárada comes to tell them what has occurred. "He enters playing the *víná*, and singing hymns in honour of Mahádeva," one of which, of some length, is given. Nárada's communication is very brief.

S'iva. Now, Nárada, whence come you?

Nár. Your godship is omniscient, you know all that has happened, but have asked me through a wish to hear it from my lips. We were all invited to Daksha's sacrifice. Dadhíchi finding that you were not included, took Daksha to task pretty sharply, and walked o upon which I came to pay you my respects.

This having said, and prostrated himself on the ground, the Muni Nárada, with his lute hanging on his neck, again departed from Kailása mountain.

Passages of narrative being occasionally interspersed in this manner with the dialogue and stage direction. This ends the act. The author treats S'iva and Bhavání as Mr. Puff does the confidante, and leaves them to get off the stage as they can; or rather it is to be supposed that they remain on, as they begin the fourth act. The goddess asks leave to go and see her father. S'iva replies, it is quite contrary to etiquette to go without an invitation. She replies, she need not stand on

ceremony with her father; when S'iva addresses her rather uncivilly, but to the usual purport of Pauránik mysticism. "How! would you impose upon me with falsehoods? Daksha is not your father, nor is his wife your mother. You are the father of all things, the mother of the universe. Those versed in the *Vedas* declare you male and female too." The discussion on this subject occupies the rest of the act, and ends, like most matrimonial debates, in the lady's being allowed to follow her own inclinations.

In the fifth act Satí comes to her father, and vainly endeavours to impress him with respect for her husband. She quits him to throw herself into the sacrificial fire, which of course is left to the language of description. Nárada then makes his appearance, and tells Daksha to prepare for the consequences of his folly. Vírabhadra, S'iva's attendant, then enters and plays some antics, to represent the treatment this being is described to have inflicted on the assistants at the sacrifice. "Shaking the earth with his tread, and filling space with his extended arms, he rolls his eyes in wrath. Some of the gods he casts on the ground and tramples on them; he knocks out the teeth of some with his fists, plucks out the beards of some, and cuts off the ears, arms, and noses of others; some he smites double, and others he tosses into the sacrificial fire;" and ends by decapitating the cause of his master's indignation, the helpless Daksha.

This heterogeneous composition is the work of a Pańd'it of Nadiya, Vaidyanátha-Váchaspati-Bhat't'áchárya, and was composed for the festival of Govinda, by desire of Íswara-Chandra, the Rájá of Nadiya, about twenty or thirty years ago. It is so far valuable, as conveying a notion of the sort of attempts at dramatic composition made by the present race of Hindus in Bengal. The *Yátrás* or *Játrás*, which are occasionally represented in the Bengal language, follow the plan of the *Chitra-Yajna*, with still less pretension to a literary character. They are precisely the *improvvisata commedia* of the Italians, the

business alone being sketched by the author, and the whole of the dialogue supplied by the actors. The dialogue is diversified by songs, which are written and learnt by heart. Some improvements, however, have been made of late years in the representation of the performance: the details of the story are more faithfully and minutely followed, and part of the dialogue is composed and taught by the author to the actors.

THE END.

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